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PSALMS,

CAREFULLY SUITED

TO THE

Christian Worship

IN THE

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA:

BEING

Dr. WATTS' IMITATION of the *Psalms of David*, as improved by Mr. BARLOW.

Allowed by the Reverend Synod of New-York and Philadelphia, to be sung in Congregations and Families.

Isaac Watts

—PHILADELPHIA—

Printed and sold by JOHN M'CULLOCH,
No. 1, North *Third-street*.

M.DCC.XCIV.

IT is acknowledged by the beſt judges of the ſacred text, that the Book of Pſalms, in its original dreſs, is a collection of the moſt elevated and ſublime compoſitions that are to be found in any language; and it has been often lamented, that ſo much of the piety, dignity, and poetic excellence of the original, has been loſt in all the attempts that have been yet made, to give us a literal tranſlation of it in Engliſh verſe. Many Chriſtians have alſo wiſhed to ſee the ſubſtance of this excellent collection cloathed in language more adapted to the brighter diſcoveries of the goſpel, and the ſtate of the Chriſtian worſhip; that they may be ſung with underſtanding and devotion, and thereby contribute to the elevation and improvement of the Chriſtian temper. This has been happily executed by the learned and pious Dr. Watts; *and the Pſalms which he omitted have been ſupplied by Mr.* Barlow, *nearly in the ſame ſpirit and ſtile, and all local references, which were found in Dr.* Watts' *Imitation, have been carefully altered, ſo as to render the compoſition better adapted to the circumſtances of Chriſtians in every country.*

THE PSALMS OF DAVID,

IMITATED in the LANGUAGE of the NEW TESTAMENT.

PSALM I. Common Metre.

The way and end of the righteous and the wicked.

1 BLESS'D is the man who ſhuns the place
Where ſinners love to meet;
Who fears to tread their wicked ways,
And hates the ſcoffer's ſeat.

2 But in the ſtatutes of the Lord,
Has plac'd his chief delight;
By day he reads or hears the word,
And meditates by night.

[3 He like a plant of gen'rous kind
By living waters ſet,
Safe from the ſtorms and blaſting wind,
Enjoys a peaceful ſtate.]

4 Green as the leaf, and ever fair,
Shall his profeſſion ſhine;
While fruits of holineſs appear
Like cluſters on the vine.

5 Not ſo th' impious and unjuſt:
What vain deſigns they form!
Their hopes are blown away like duſt,
Or chaff, before the ſtorm.

6 Sinners in judgment ſhall not ſtand
Among the ſons of grace,
When Chriſt, the judge, at his right hand
Appoints his ſaints a place.

7 His eye beholds the path they tread,
His heart approves it well;

But crooked ways of ſinners lead
Down to the gates of hell.

PSALM I. Short Metre.

The ſaint happy, the ſinner miſerable.

1 THE man is ever bleſs'd
Who ſhuns the ſinner's ways,
Among their counſels never ſtands,
Nor takes the ſcorner's place,

2 But makes the law of God
His ſtudy and delight,
Amidſt the labours of the day,
And watches of the night.

3 He like a tree ſhall thrive,
With waters near the root:
Freſh as the leaf his name ſhall live,
His works are heav'nly fruit.

4 Not ſo th' ungodly race,
They no ſuch bleſſing find:
Their hopes ſhall flee like empty chaff
Before the driving wind.

5 How will they bear to ſtand
Before that judgment-ſeat,
Where all the ſaints at Chriſt's right hand
In full aſſembly meet?

6 He knows and he approves,
The way the righteous go;
But ſinners, and their works, ſhall meet
A dreadful overthrow.

PSALM I. Long Metre.

The difference between the righteous and the wicked.

1 HAPPY the man, whoſe cautious feet
Shun the broad way that ſinners go,
Who hates the place where Atheiſts meet,
And fears to talk as ſcoffers do.

2 He loves t' employ his morning-light
Amongſt the ſtatutes of the Lord;
And ſpends the wakeful hours of night
With pleaſure pond'ring o'er the word.

3 He, like a plant by gentle ſtreams,
Shall flouriſh in immortal green;
And Heav'n will ſhine with kindeſt beams
On ev'ry work his hands begin.

4 But ſinners find their counſels croſs'd;
As chaff before the tempeſt flies,
So ſhall their hopes be blown and loſt,
When the laſt trumpet ſhakes the ſkies.

5 In vain the rebel ſeeks to ſtand
In judgment with the pious race;
The dreadful Judge, with ſtern command,
Divides him to a diff'rent place.

6 "Strait is the way my ſaints have trode,
"I bleſs'd the path, and drew it plain,
"But you would chuſe the crooked road;
"And down it leads to endleſs pain."

PSALM II. Short Metre.

Tranſlated according to the divine pattern.
Acts iv. 24, &c.

Chriſt dying, riſing, interceding, and reigning.

[1 MAKER and ſov'reign Lord
Of heav'n, and earth, and ſeas,
Thy providence confirms thy word,
And anſwers thy decrees.

2 The things ſo long foretold
By David, are fulfill'd,
When Jews and Gentiles join to ſlay
Jeſus, thine holy child.]

3 Why did the Gentiles rage,
And Jews with one accord,
Bend all their counſels to deſtroy
Th' Anointed of the Lord?

4 Rulers and kings agree
To form a vain deſign;
Againſt the Lord their pow'rs unite,
Againſt his Chriſt they join.

5 The Lord derides their rage,
And will ſupport his throne;
He that hath rais'd him from the dead
Hath own'd him for his Son.

PAUSE.

6 Now he's aſcended high,
To rule the ſubject earth;
The merit of his blood he pleads,
And pleads his heav'nly birth.

7 Beneath his ſov'reign ſway
The Gentile nations bend:
Far as the world's remoteſt bounds
His kingdom ſhall extend.

8 The nations that rebel
Muſt feel his iron rod;
He'll vindicate thoſe honours well
Which he received from God.

[9 Be wiſe, ye rulers now
And worſhip at his throne;
With trembling joy, ye people, bow
To God's anointed Son.

10 If once his wrath ariſe,
Ye periſh on the place:
Then bleſſed is the ſoul that flies
For refuge to his grace.]

PSALM II. Common Metre.

1 WHY did the nations join to ſlay
The Lord's anointed Son?
Why did they caſt his laws away,
And tread his goſpel down?

2 The Lord, that ſits above the ſkies,
Derides their rage below,
He ſpeaks with vengeance in his eyes,
And ſtrikes their ſpirits through.

3 "I call him my eternal Son,
"And raiſe him from the dead;
"I make my holy hill his throne,
"And wide his kingdom ſpread.

4 "Aſk me, my Son, and then enjoy
"The utmoſt heathen lands:
"Thy rod of iron ſhall deſtroy
"The rebel that withſtands."

5 Be wiſe, ye rulers of the earth,
Obey th' anointed Lord;
Adore the king of heav'nly birth,
And tremble at his word.

6 With humble love addreſs his throne;
For if he frowns ye die;
Thoſe are ſecure, and thoſe alone,
Who on his grace rely.

PSALM II. Long Metre.

Chriſt's death, reſurrection, and aſcenſion.

1 WHY did the Jews proclaim their rage?
The Romans why their ſwords employ
Againſt the Lord? their powers engage
His dear Anointed to deſtroy?

2 "Come, let us break his bands, they ſay;
"This man ſhall never give us laws:"
And thus they caſt his yoke away,
And nail'd the monarch to the croſs.

3 But God, who high in glory reigns,
Laughs at their pride, their rage controuls;
He'll ſmite their heart with inward pains,
And ſpeak in thunder to their ſouls.

4 "I will maintain the King I made
"On Zion's everlaſting hill,

" My hand ſhall bring him from the dead,
" And he ſhall ſtand your Sov'reign ſtill."

[5 His wond'rous riſing from the earth
Makes his eternal Godhead known;
The Lord declares his heav'nly birth;
" This day have I begot my Son.

6 " Aſcend, my Son, to my right hand,
" There thou ſhalt aſk and I beſtow
" The utmoſt bounds of heathen lands;
" To thee their ſuppliant tribes ſhall bow."]

7 But nations that reſiſt his grace
Shall fall beneath his lifted rod;
His arms ſhall cruſh th' impious race
That dare provoke th' avenging God.

PAUSE.

8 Now ye that ſit on earthly thrones,
Be wiſe, and ſerve the Lord, the Lamb;
Now to his feet ſubmit your crowns,
Rejoice and tremble at his name.

9 With humble love addreſs the Son,
Leſt he grow angry, and ye die;
His wrath will burn to worlds unknown,
His love gives life above the ſky.

10 His ſtorms ſhall quell the ſtubborn foe,
And ſink his honour in the duſt:
Happy the ſouls their God that know,
And make his grace their only truſt.

PSALM III. Common Metre.

Doubts and fears ſuppreſſed; or, *God our defence from ſin and Satan.*

1 MY God, how many are my fears!
How faſt my foes increaſe!
Conſpiring my eternal death,
They break my preſent peace.

2 The lying tempter would perſuade
There's no relief in Heav'n,

And all my growing ſins appear
Too great to be forgiv'n.

3 But thou, my glory, and my ſtrength,
Shalt on the tempter tread,
Shalt ſilence all my threat'ning guilt,
And raiſe my drooping head.

[4 I cry'd, and from his holy hill
He bow'd a liſt'ning ear;
I call'd, my Father, and my God,
And he ſubdu'd my fear.

5 He ſhed ſoft ſlumbers on mine eyes,
In ſpite of all my foes;
I woke, and wonder'd at the grace
That guarded my repoſe.]

6 What though the hoſts of Death and Hell,
All arm'd againſt me ſtood;
Terrors no more ſhall ſhake my ſoul,
My refuge is my God.

7 Ariſe, O Lord, fulfil thy grace,
While I thy glory ſing:
My God has broke the ſerpent's teeth,
And Death has loſt his ſting.

8 Salvation to the Lord belongs,
His arm alone can ſave:
Bleſſing attend thy people here,
And reach beyond the grave.

PSALM III. ver. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 8, Long Metre.

A morning pſalm.

1 O LORD, how many are my foes
In this weak ſtate of fleſh and blood?
My peace they daily diſcompoſe;
But my defence and hope is God.

2 Tir'd with the burdens of the day,
To thee I rais'd an evening cry;

Thou heard'ſt when I began to pray,
And thine Almighty help was nigh.

3 Supported by thine heav'nly aid.
I laid me down, and ſlept ſecure;
Not death ſhall make my heart afraid,
Though I ſhould wake and riſe no more.

4 But God ſuſtain'd me all the night;
Salvation doth to God belong,
He rais'd my head to ſee the light,
And makes his praiſe my morning ſong.

PSALM IV. ver. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7. Long Metre.

Hearing of prayer; or, *God our portion, and Chriſt our hope.*

1 O God of grace and righteouſneſs,
Hear and attend when I complain;
Thou haſt enlarg'd me in diſtreſs.
Bow down a gracious ear again.

2 Ye ſons of men, in vain ye try
To turn my glory into ſhame:
How long will ſcoffers love to lie,
And dare reproach my Saviour's name.

3 Know that the Lord divides his ſaints
From all the tribes of men beſide:
He hears and pities their complaints,
For the dear ſake of Chriſt that died.

4 When our obedient hands have done
A thouſand works of righteouſneſs,
We put our truſt in God alone,
And glory in thy pard'ning grace.

5 Let the unthinking many ſay,
"Who will beſtow ſome earthly good?"
But, Lord, thy light and love we pray;
Our ſouls deſire this heav'nly food.

6 Then ſhall my chearful pow'rs rejoice
At grace divine, and love ſo great,

Nor will I change my happy choice,
For all their wealth and boasted state.

PSALM IV. ver. 3, 4, 5, 8. Common Metre.

An evening psalm.

1 LORD, thou wilt hear me when I pray:
I am for ever thine;
I fear before thee all the day,
Nor would I dare to sin.

2 And while I rest my weary head,
From cares and business free,
'Tis sweet conversing on my bed
With my own heart and thee.

3 I pay this evening sacrifice;
And when my work is done,
Great God, my faith and hope relies
Upon thy grace alone.

4 Thus, with my thoughts compos'd to peace,
I'll give mine eyes to sleep;
Thy hand in safety keeps my days,
And will my slumbers keep.

PSALM V. Common Metre.

For the Lord's day morning.

1 LORD, in the morning thou shalt hear
My voice ascending high;
To thee will I direct my pray'r,
To thee lift up mine eye.

2 Up to the hills where Christ is gone
To plead for all his saints,
Presenting at his Father's throne,
Our songs and our complaints.

3 Thou art a God before whose sight
The wicked shall not stand;
Sinners shall ne'er be thy delight,
Nor dwell at thy right hand.

4 But to thy houſe will I reſort,
To taſte thy mercies there;
I will frequent thine holy court,
And worſhip in thy fear.

5 O may thy Spirit guide my feet
In ways of righteouſneſs;
Make every path of duty ſtraight,
And plain before my face.

PAUSE.

6 My watchful enemies combine
To tempt my feet aſtray;
They flatter with a baſe deſign
To make my ſoul their prey.

7 Lord, cruſh the ſerpent in the duſt,
And all his plots deſtroy;
While thoſe that in thy mercy truſt,
For ever ſhout for joy.

8 The men that love and fear thy name,
Shall ſee their hopes fulfill'd;
The mighty God will compaſs them,
With favour, as a ſhield.

PSALM VI. Common Metre.

Complaint in ſickneſs; or, *Diſeaſes healed.*

1 IN anger, Lord, do not chaſtiſe,
Withdraw the dreadful ſtorm,
Nor let thine awful wrath ariſe
Againſt a feeble worm.

2 My ſoul bow'd down with heavy cares,
My fleſh with pain oppreſs'd,
My couch is witneſs to my tears,
My tears forbid my reſt.

3 Sorrow and grief wear out my days:
I waſte the night with cries,
And count the minutes as they paſs,
'Till the ſlow morning riſe.

4 Shall I be ſtill tormented more?
My eyes conſum'd with grief?
How long, my God, how long, before
Thine hand affords relief?

5 He hears his mourning children ſpeak,
He pities all our groans,
He ſaves us for his mercy's ſake,
And heals our broken bones.

6 The virtue of his ſov'reign word
Reſtores our fainting breath;
For ſilent graves praiſe not the Lord,
Nor is he known in death.

PSALM VI. Long Metre.

Temptations in ſickneſs overcome.

1 LORD, I can ſuffer thy rebukes,
When thou with kindneſs doth chaſtiſe;
But thy fierce wrath I cannot bear,
O let it not againſt me riſe.

2 Pity my languiſhing eſtate,
And eaſe the ſorrows that I feel;
The wounds thine heavy hand hath made,
O let thy gentler touches heal!

3 See how in ſighs I paſs my days,
And waſte in groans the weary night:
My bed is water'd with my tears;
My grief conſumes and dims my ſight.

4 Look how the powers of nature move!
How long, almighty God, how long?
When ſhall thine hour of grace return?
When ſhall I make thy grace my ſong?

5 I feel my fleſh ſo near the grave,
My thoughts are tempted to deſpair?
But graves can never praiſe the Lord,
For all is duſt and ſilence there.

6 Depart, ye tempters, from my soul,
And all despairing thoughts depart;
My God who hears my humble moan,
Will ease my flesh, and chear my heart.

PSALM VII. Common Metre.

God's care of his people, and punishment of persecutors.

1 MY trust is in my heav'nly friend,
My hope in thee, my God:
Rise, and my helpless life defend
From those that seek my blood.

2 With insolence and fury they
My soul in pieces tear,
As hungry lions rend the prey
When no deliv'rer's near.

3 If e'er my pride provok'd them first,
Or once abus'd my foe,
Then let them tread my life to dust,
And lay my honour low.

4 If there be malice found in me,
I know thy piercing eyes;
I should not dare appeal to thee,
Nor ask my God to rise.

5 Arise, my God, lift up thy hand,
Their pride and power controul;
Awake to judgment and command
Deliv'rance for my soul.

PAUSE.

[6 Let sinners and their wicked rage
Be humbled to the dust;
Shall not the God of truth engage
To vindicate the just?

7 He knows the heart, he tries the reins,
He will defend th' upright:

His ſharpeſt arrows he ordains
Againſt the ſons of ſpight.

8 Though leagu'd in guile, their malice ſpread
A snare before my way,
Their miſchiefs on their impious head
His vengeance ſhall repay.]

9 That cruel perſecuting race
Muſt feel his dreadful ſword:
Awake, my ſoul, and praiſe the grace
And juſtice of the Lord.

PSALM VIII. Short Metre.

God's ſovereignty and goodneſs, and man's dominion over the creatures.

1 O LORD, our heav'nly king,
Thy name is all divine;
Thy glories round the earth are ſpread,
And o'er the heav'ns they ſhine.

2 When to thy works on high
I raiſe my wond'ring eyes.
And ſee the moon complete in light,
Adorn the darkſome ſkies;

3 When I ſurvey the ſtars,
And all their ſhining forms,
Lord, what is man, that worthleſs thing,
A-kin to duſt and worms?

4 Lord, what is worthleſs man,
That thou ſhould love him ſo?
Next to thine angels he is plac'd,
And lord of all below.

5 Thine honours crown his head,
While beaſts, like ſlaves, obey,
And birds that cut the air with wings,
And fiſh that cleave the ſea.

6 How rich thy bounties are
And wond'rous are thy ways:

Of duſt and worms thy power can frame
A monument of praiſe.

[7 From mouths of feeble babes
And ſucklings thou canſt draw
Surpriſing honors to thy name,
And ſtrike the world with awe.

8 O Lord, our heav'nly king,
Thy name is all divine:
Thy glories round the earth are ſpread,
And o'er the heav'ns they ſhine.]

PSALM VIII. Common Metre.

Chriſt's condeſcenſion and glorification; or, *God made man.*

1 O LORD, our Lord, how wond'rous great
Is thine exalted name?
The glories of thy heav'nly ſtate
Let men and babes proclaim.

2 When I behold thy works on high,
The moon that rules the night,
And ſhining ſtars that grace the ſky,
Thoſe moving worlds of light,

3 Lord, what is man, or all his race,
Who dwells ſo far below,
That thou ſhould'ſt viſit him with grace,
And love his nature ſo?

4 That thine eternal Son ſhould bear
To take a mortal form,
Made lower than his angels are,
To ſave a dying worm.

5 Yet while he liv'd on earth unknown,
And men would not adore,
Behold obedient nature own
His Godhead and his pow'r.

The waves lay ſpread beneath his feet,
And fiſh, at his command,

Bring their large ſhoals to Peter's net,
Bring tribute his hand.

7 Theſe leſſer glories of the Son
Shone through the fleſhly cloud;
Now we behold him on his throne,
And men confeſs him God.]

8 Let him with majeſty be crown'd,
Who bow'd his head to death;
And his eternal honours ſound,
From all things that have breath.

9 Jeſus, our Lord, how wond'rous great
Is thine exalted name!
The glories of thine heav'nly ſtate
Let the whole earth proclaim.

PSALM VIII. ver. 1, 2. paraphraſed.

Firſt part. Long Metre.

The hoſanna of the children; or, *Infants praiſing God.*

1 ALMIGHTY ruler of the ſkies,
Through the wide earth thy name is ſpread,
And thine eternal glories riſe
O'er all the heav'ns thy hands have made.

2 To thee the voices of the young
Their ſounding notes of honour raiſe;
And babes, with uninſtructed tongue,
Declare the wonders of thy praiſe.

3 Thy power aſſiſts their tender age
To bring proud rebels to the ground,
To ſtill the bold blaſphemer's rage,
And all their policies confound.

4 Children amidſt thy temple throng
To ſee their great Redeemer's face;
The Son of David is their ſong,
And loud hoſannas fill the place.

5 The frowning ſcribes and angry prieſts
In vain their impious cavils bring;
Revenge ſits ſilent in their breaſts,
While Jewiſh babes proclaim their king.

PSALM VIII. ver. 3, *&c.* paraphraſed.

Second Part. Long Metre.

Adam and Chriſt, lords of the old and new creation.

1 LORD, what was man when made at firſt,
Adam, the offspring of the duſt,
That thou ſhould ſet him and his race
But juſt below an angel's place?

2 That thou ſhould raiſe his nature ſo,
And make him lord of all below,
Make every beaſt and bird ſubmit,
And lay the fiſhes at his feet?

3 But O! what brighter glories wait
To crown the ſecond Adam's ſtate!
What honours ſhall thy Son adorn,
Who condeſcended to be born?

4 See him below his angels made;
Behold him number'd with the dead,
To ſave a ruin'd world from ſin;
But he ſhall reign with power divine.

5 The world to come, redeem'd from all
The mis'ries that attend the fall,
New-made and glorious, ſhall ſubmit
At our exalted Saviour's feet.

PSALM IX. Firſt part. Common Metre.

Wrath and mercy from the judgment-ſeat.

1 WITH my whole heart I'll raiſe my ſong,
Thy wonders I'll proclaim;
Thou ſov'reign Judge of right and wrong
Wilt put thy foes to ſhame.

2 I'll ſing thy majeſty and grace;
My God prepares his throne
To judge the world in righteouſneſs,
And make his vengeance known.

3 Then ſhall the Lord a refuge prove
For all the poor oppreſs'd;
To ſave the people of his love,
And give the weary reſt.

4 The men that know thy name will truſt
In thy abundant grace:
For thou haſt ne'er forſook the juſt,
Who humbly ſeek thy face.

5 Sing praiſes to the righteous Lord,
Who dwells on Zion's hill,
Who executes his threat'ning word,
Whoſe works his grace fulfil.

PSALM IX. ver. 12. Second part. Common Metre.

The wiſdom and equity of Providence.

1 WHEN the great Judge, ſupreme and juſt,
Shall once enquire for blood,
The humble ſouls that mourn in duſt
Shall find a faithful God.

2 He from the dreadful gates of death
Does his own children raiſe;
In Zion's gates, with chearful breath,
They ſing their Father's praiſe.

3 His foes ſhall fall, with heedleſs feet
Into the pit they made;
And ſinners periſh in the net
That their own hands have ſpread.

4 Thus by thy judgment, mighty God,
Are thy deep counſels known;
When men of miſchief are deſtroy'd
In ſnares that were their own.

PAUSE.

5 The wicked ſhall ſink down to hell;
Thy wrath devour the lands,
That dare forget thee, or rebel
Againſt thy known commands.

6 Though ſaints to ſore diſtreſs are brought,
And wait and long complain,
Their cries ſhall never be forgot,
Nor ſhall their hopes be vain.

[7 Riſe, great Redeemer, from thy ſeat,
To judge and ſave the poor,
Let nations tremble at thy feet,
And man prevail no more.

8 Thy thunder ſhall affright the proud,
And put their hearts to pain,
Make them confeſs that thou art God,
And they but feeble men.]

PSALM X. Common Metre.

Prayer heard, and ſaints ſaved; or, *Pride, atheiſm, and oppreſſion puniſhed.*

For a humiliation day.

1 WHY doth the Lord depart ſo far,
And why conceal his face,
When great calamities appear,
And times of deep diſtreſs?

2 Lord, ſhall the wicked ſtill deride
Thy juſtice and thy laws?
Shall they advance their heads in pride,
And ſlight the righteous cauſe.

3 They caſt thy judgments from their ſight,
And then inſult the poor;
They boaſt in their exalted height,
That they ſhall fall no more.

4 Ariſe, O God, lift up thine hand,
Attend our humble cry;

No enemy ſhall dare to ſtand
When God aſcends on high.

PAUSE.

5 Why do the men of malice rage.
And ſay, with fooliſh pride,
"The God of heav'n will ne'er engage
"To fight on Zion's ſide."

6 But thou for ever art our Lord,
And pow'rful is thine hand,
As when the heathens felt thy ſword,
And periſh'd from thy land.

7 Thou wilt prepare our hearts to pray
And cauſe thine ear to hear;
Accept the vows thy children pay,
And free thy ſaints from fear.

8 Proud tyrants ſhall no more oppreſs,
No more deſpiſe the juſt;
And mighty ſinners ſhall confeſs
They are but earth and duſt.

PSALM XI. Long Metre.

God loves the righteous, and hates the wicked.

1 MY refuge is the God of love,
Why do my foes inſult and cry,
"Fly like a tim'rous trembling dove,
"To diſtant woods or mountains fly."

2 If government be once deſtroy'd,
(That firm foundation of our peace)
And violence make juſtice void,
Where ſhall the righteous ſeek redreſs?

3 The Lord in heav'n has fix'd his throne,
His eye ſurveys the world below;
To him all mortal things are known,
His eye-lids ſearch our ſpirits through.

4 If he afflicts his ſaints ſo far,
To prove their love, and try their grace,

What may the bold tranſgreſſors fear?
His ſoul abhors their wicked ways.

5 On impious wretches he ſhall rain
Sulphureous flames of waſting death,
Such as he kindled on the plain
Of Sodom, with his angry breath.

6 The righteous Lord loves righteous ſouls,
Whoſe thoughts and actions are ſincere,
And with a gracious eye beholds
The men that his own image bear.

PSALM XII. Long Metre.

The ſaint's ſafety and hope in evil times; or, *Sins of the tongue complained of*, viz. *blaſphemy, falſehood*, &c.

1 ALMIGHTY God, appear and ſave!
For vice and vanity prevail:
The godly periſh in the grave,
The juſt depart, the faithful fail.

2 The whole diſcourſe, when crowds are met,
Is fill'd with trifles looſe and vain;
Their lips are flattery and deceit,
And their proud language is profane.

3 But lips that with deceit abound
Shall not maintain their triumph long:
The God of vengeance will confound
The flattering and blaſpheming tongue.

4 "Yet ſhall our words be free, they cry:
"Our tongues ſhall be controul'd by none:
"Where is the Lord, will aſk us why?
"Or ſay, our lips are not our own?"

5 The Lord, who ſees the poor oppreſs'd,
And hears th' oppreſſor's haughty ſtrain,
Will riſe to give his children reſt,
Nor ſhall they truſt his word in vain.

6 Thy word, O Lord, though often try'd,
Void of deceit ſhall ſtill appear;
Not ſilver, ſev'n times purify'd
From droſs and mixture, ſhines ſo clear.

7 Thy grace ſhall in the darkeſt hour
Defend from danger and ſurpriſe;
Though when the vileſt men have power,
On ev'ry ſide oppreſſors riſe.

PSALM XII. Common Metre.

Complaint of a general corruption of manners; or, The promiſe and ſigns of Chriſt's coming to judgment.

HELP, Lord, for men of virtue fail,
Religion loſes ground;
The ſons of violence prevail,
And treacheries abound.

Their oaths and promiſes they break,
Yet act the flatt'rer's part;
With fair deceitful lips they ſpeak,
And with a double heart.

If we reprove ſome hateful lie,
They ſcorn our faithful word:
"Are not our lips their own, they cry,
"And who ſhall be our Lord?"

Scoffers appear on ev'ry ſide,
Where a vile race of men
Is rais'd to ſeats of power and pride,
And bears the ſword in vain.

PAUSE.

Lord, when iniquities abound,
And blaſphemy grows bold,
When faith is rarely to be found,
And love is waxing cold;

Is not thy chariot haſt'ning on?
Haſt thou not given the ſign?

May we not truſt and live upon
A promiſe ſo divine?

7 "Yes, ſaith the Lord, now will I riſe,
"And make th' oppreſſors flee;
"I ſhall appear to their ſurpriſe,
"And ſet my ſervants free."

8 Thy word, like ſilver ſev'n times try'd,
Through ages ſhall endure;
The men that in thy truth confide
Shall find thy promiſe ſure.

PSALM XIII. Common Metre.

Complaint under temptation of the devil.

1 HOW long wilt thou conceal thy face?
My God, how long delay?
When ſhall I feel thoſe heav'nly rays
That chaſe my fears away?

2 How long ſhall my poor lab'ring ſoul
Wreſtle and toil in vain?
Thy word can all my foes controul,
And eaſe my raging pain.

3 See how the prince of darkneſs tries
All his malicious arts;
He ſpreads a miſt around my eyes,
And throws his fiery darts.

4 Be thou my ſun, and thou my ſhield,
My ſoul in ſafety keep;
Make haſte, before mine eyes are ſeal'd
In death's eternal ſleep.

5 How ſhould the tempter boaſt aloud
Should I become his prey?
Behold the ſons of hell grow proud
To ſee thy long delay.

6 But they ſhall fly at thy rebuke,
And Satan hide his head;
He knows the terrors of thy look,
And hears thy voice with dread.

7 Thou wilt diſplay that ſov'reign grace
Whence all my comforts ſpring:
I ſhall employ my lips in praiſe,
And thy ſalvation ſing.

PSALM XIV. First part. Common Metre.

By nature all men are ſinners.

1 FOOLS, in their hearts, believe and ſay,
"That all religion's vain,
"There is no God that reigns on high,
"Or minds th' affairs of men."

2 From thoughts ſo dreadful and profane
Corrupt diſcourſe proceeds;
And in their impious hands are found
Abominable deeds.

3 The Lord from his celeſtial throne,
Look'd down on things below,
To find the man that ſought his grace,
Or did his juſtice know.

4 By nature all are gone aſtray,
Their practice all the ſame;
There's none that fears his Maker's hand,
There's none that loves his name.

5 Their tongues are us'd to ſpeak deceit,
Their ſlanders never ceaſe;
How ſwift to miſchief are their feet!
Nor know the paths of peace.

6 Such ſeeds of ſin (that bitter root)
In ev'ry heart are found;
Nor can they bear diviner fruit,
'Till grace refine the ground.

PSALM XIV. Second part. Common Metre.

The folly of perſecutors.

ARE ſinners now ſo ſenſeleſs grown
That they thy ſaints devour?

And never worſhip at thy throne,
Nor fear thine awful pow'r?

2 Great God, appear to their ſurpriſe;
Reveal thy dreadful name;
Let them no more thy wrath deſpiſe,
Nor turn our hope to ſhame.

3 Doſt thou not dwell among the juſt?
And yet our foes deride,
That we ſhould make thy name our truſt:
Great God confound their pride.

4 O that the joyful day were come
To finiſh our diſtreſs!
When God ſhall bring his children home
Our ſongs ſhall never ceaſe.

PSALM XV. Common Metre.

Characters of a ſaint, or a citizen of Zion; or the qualifications of a Chriſtian.

1 WHO ſhall inhabit in thy hill,
O God of holineſs?
Whom will the Lord admit to dwell
So near his throne of grace?

2 The man that walks in pious ways,
And works with righteous hands;
That truſts his Maker's promis'd grace,
And follows his commands.

3 He ſpeaks the meaning of his heart,
Nor ſlanders with his tongue:
Will ſcarce believe an ill report,
Nor do his neighbour wrong.

4 The wealthy ſinner he contemns,
Loves all that fear the Lord;
And though to his own hurt he ſwears,
Still he performs his word.

5 His hands diſdain a golden bribe,
And never wrong the poor:

This man ſhall dwell with God on earth
And find his heav'n ſecure.

PSALM XV. Long Metre.

Religion and juſtice, goodneſs and truth, or duties to God and man; or, *The qualifications of a Chriſtian.*

1 WHO ſhall aſcend thy heav'nly place,
Great God, and dwell before thy face?
The man that minds religion now,
And humbly walks with God below.

2 Whoſe hands are pure, whoſe heart is clean;
Whoſe lips ſtill ſpeak the thing they mean;
No ſlanders dwell upon his tongue:
He hates to do his neighbour wrong.

[3 Scarce will he truſt an ill report,
Or vent it to his neighbour's hurt:
Sinners of ſtate he can deſpiſe,
But ſaints are honour'd in his eyes.]

[4 Firm to his word he ever ſtood,
And always makes his promiſe good:
Nor dares to change the thing he ſwears,
Whatever pain or loſs he bears.]

[5 He never deals in bribing gold;
And mourns that juſtice ſhould be ſold;
While others ſcorn and wrong the poor,
Sweet Charity attends his door.]

6 He loves his enemies, and prays
For thoſe that curſe him to his face;
And doth to all men ſtill the ſame
That he would hope or wiſh from them.

7 Yet, when his holieſt works are done,
His ſoul depends on grace alone:
This is the man thy face ſhall ſee,
And dwell for ever, Lord, with thee.

PSALM XVI. First part. Long Metre.

Confession of our poverty, and saints the best company; or, *Good works profit men, not God.*

1 PRESERVE me, Lord, in time of need,
For succour to thy throne I flee,
But have no merits there to plead;
My goodness cannot reach to thee.

2 Oft have my heart and tongue confess'd
How empty and how poor I am:
My praise can never make thee bless'd,
Nor add new glories to thy name.

3 Yet, Lord, thy saints on earth may reap
Some profit by the good we do;
These are the company I keep,
These are the choicest friends I know.

4 Let others chuse the sons of mirth
To give a relish to their wine,
I love the men of heav'nly birth,
Whose thoughts and language are divine.

PSALM XVI. Second part. Long Metre.

Christ's all-sufficiency.

1 HOW fast their guilt and sorrows rise,
Who haste to seek some idol-god!
I will not taste their sacrifice,
Their off'rings of forbidden blood.

2 My God provides a richer cup,
And nobler food to live upon,
He for my life, has offer'd up
Jesus, his best beloved Son.

3 His love is my perpetual feast;
By day his counsels guide me right:
And be his name for ever bless'd
Who gives me sweet advice by night.

4 I set him still before mine eyes;
At my right hand he stands prepar'd

To keep my ſoul from all ſurpriſe,
And be my everlaſting guard.

PSALM XVI. Third part. Long Metre.

Courage in death, and hope of the reſurrection.

1 WHEN God is nigh, my faith is ſtrong,
His arm is my almighty prop:
Be glad, my heart, rejoice, my tongue,
My dying fleſh ſhall reſt in hope.

2 Though in the duſt I lay my head,
Yet, gracious God, thou wilt not leave
My ſoul for ever with the dead,
Nor loſe thy children in the grave.

3 My fleſh ſhall thy firſt call obey,
Shake off the duſt, and riſe on high;
Then ſhalt thou lead the wond'rous way
Up to the throne above the ſky.

4 There ſtreams of endleſs pleaſure flow;
And full diſcoveries of thy grace,
(Which we but taſted here below),
Spread heav'nly joys through all the place.

PSALM XVI. ver. 1,—8. Firſt part. Common Metre.

Support and counſel from God without merit.

1 SAVE me, O Lord from every foe;
In thee my truſt I place,
Though all the good that I can do
Can ne'er deſerve thy grace;

2 Yet if my God prolong my breath,
The ſaints may ſtill rejoice,
The ſaints, the glory of the earth,
The people of my choice.

Let heathens to their idols haſte,
And worſhip wood or ſtone;
But my delightful lot is caſt
Where the true God is known.

4 His hand provides my conſtant food,
He fills my daily cup;
Much am I pleas'd with preſent good
But more rejoice in hope.

5 God is my portion and my joy;
His counſels are my light:
He gives me ſweet advice by day,
And gentle hints by night.

6 My ſoul would all her thoughts approve
To his all-ſeeing eye;
Not death, nor hell, my hope ſhall move
While ſuch a friend is nigh.

PSALM XVI. Second part. Common Metre.

The death and reſurrection of Chriſt.

1 "I SET the Lord before my face,
"He bears my courage up;
"My heart, my tongue, their joys expreſs,
"My fleſh ſhall reſt in hope.

2 "My ſpirit, Lord, thou wilt not leave
"Where ſouls departed are;
"Nor quit my body to the grave
"To ſee corruption there.

3 "Thou wilt reveal the path of life,
"And raiſe me to thy throne,
"Thy courts immortal pleaſure give,
"Thy preſence joys unknown."

4 Thus in the name of Chriſt, the Lord,
The holy David ſung,
And providence fulfils the word
Of his prophetic tongue.

5 Jeſus, whom every ſaint adores,
Was crucify'd and ſlain;
Behold, the tomb its prey reſtores!
Behold, he lives again!

6 When ſhall my feet ariſe and ſtand
On heav'n's eternal hills?

There ſits the Son at God's right hand,
And there the Father ſmiles.

PSALM XVII. ver. 13, &c Short Metre.

Portion of ſaints and ſinners; or, Hope and deſpair in death.

1 ARISE, my gracious God,
And make the wicked flee;
They are but thy chaſtiſing rod,
To drive thy ſaints to thee.

2 Behold the ſinner dies,
His haughty words are vain;
Here, in this life, his pleaſure lies,
And all beyond is pain.

3 Then let his pride advance,
And boaſt of all his ſtore;
The Lord is my inheritance,
My ſoul can wiſh no more.

4 I ſhall behold the face
Of my forgiving God;
And ſtand complete in righteouſneſs,
Waſh'd in my Saviour's blood.

5 There's a new heav'n begun
When I awake from death,
Dreſt in the likeneſs of thy Son,
And draw immortal breath.

PSALM XVII. Long Metre.

The ſinner's portion and ſaints hope; or, The heaven of ſeperate ſouls, and the reſurrection.

LORD, I am thine; but thou wilt prove
My faith, my patience, and my love;
When men of ſpite againſt me join,
They are the ſword, the hand is thine.

Their hope and portion lie below;
'Tis all the happineſs they know,

'Tis all they ſeek; they take their ſhares;
And leave the reſt among their heirs.

3 What ſinners value, I reſign;
Lord, 'tis enough that thou art mine:
I ſhall behold thy bliſsful face,
And ſtand complete in righteouſneſs.

4 This life's a dream, an empty ſhow;
But the bright world, to which I go,
Hath joys ſubſtantial and ſincere;
When ſhall I wake and find me there?

5 O glorious hour! O bleſt abode!
I ſhall be near, and like my God;
And fleſh and ſin no more controul
The ſacred pleaſures of the ſoul.

6 My fleſh ſhall ſlumber in the ground,
Till the laſt trumpet's joyful ſound:
Then burſt the chains with ſweet ſurpriſe
And in my Saviour's image riſe.

PSALM XVIII. ver. 1—9, 15—18.
Firſt part. Long Metre.

Deliverance from deſpair; or, *Temptation overcome.*

1 THEE will I love, O Lord, my ſtrength,
My rock, my tower, my high defence;
Thy mighty arm ſhall be my truſt,
For I have found ſalvation thence.

2 Death, and the terrors of the grave,
Stood round me with their diſmal ſhade,
While floods of high temptations roſe,
And made my ſinking ſoul afraid.

3 I ſaw the opening gates of hell,
With endleſs pains and ſorrows there,
(Which none but they that fell can tell)
While I was hurry'd in deſpair

4 In my diſtreſs I call'd my God,
When I could ſcarce believe him mine,

He bow'd his ear to my complaint;
And prov'd his saving grace divine.

[5 With speed he flew to my relief,
As on a cherub's wing he rode;
Awful and bright as light'ning shone
The face of my deliv'rer God.

6 Temptations fled at his rebuke,
The blast of his almighty breath:
He sent salvation from on high,
And drew me from the deeps of death.]

7 Great were my fears, my foes were great,
Much was their strength, and more their rage;
But Christ, my Lord, is conqu'ror still
In all the wars the proud can wage.

8 My song for ever shall record
That terrible that joyful hour;
And give the glory to the Lord
Due to his mercy and his power.

PSALM XVIII. ver. 20, 26. Long Metre.
Second part.

Sincerity proved and rewarded.

1 LORD, thou hast seen my soul sincere,
Hast made thy truth and love appear;
Before mine eyes I set thy laws,
And thou hast own'd my righteous cause.

2 Since I have learn'd thy holy ways,
I've walk'd upright before thy face:
Or if my feet did e'er depart,
Thy love reclaim'd my wandering heart.

What sore temptations broke my rest!
What wars and struggligs in my breast!
But through thy grace that reigns within,
I guard against my darling sin.

That sin that close besets me still,
That works and strives against my will;

When ſhall thy Spirit's ſovereign power
Deſtroy it, that it riſe no more.

5 With an impartial hand, the Lord
Deals out to mortals their reward:
The kind and faithful ſouls ſhall find
A God as faithful and as kind.

6 And men that love revenge ſhall know,
God hath an arm of vengeance too.
The juſt and pure ſhall ever ſay,
Thou art more pure, more juſt than they.

PSALM XVIII. ver. 30, 31, 34, 35, 46, &c. Third part. Long Metre.

Rejoicing in God; or, *Salvation and triumph.*

1 JUST are thy ways, and true thy word,
Great Rock of my ſecure abode:
Who is a God beſides the Lord?
Or where's a refuge like our God?

2 'Tis he that girds me with his might,
Gives me his holy ſword to wield;
And while with ſin and hell I fight,
Spreads his ſalvation for my ſhield.

3 He lives, and bleſſings crown his reign,
The God of my ſalvation lives,
The dark deſigns of hell are vain;
While heavenly peace my Father gives.

4 Before the ſcoffers of the age,
I will exalt my Father's name,
Nor tremble at their mighty rage,
But meet reproach and bear the ſhame.

5 To David and his royal ſeed
Thy grace for ever ſhall extend;
Thy love to ſaints, in Chriſt their head,
Knows not a limit, nor an end.

PSALM XVIII. First part. Common Metre.

Victory and triumph over temporal enemies.

1 WE love thee, Lord, and we adore,
Now is thine arm reveal'd;
Thou art our ſtrength, our heav'nly tow'r,
Our bulwark, and our ſhield.

2 We fly to our eternal Rock,
And find a ſure defence;
His holy name our lips invoke,
And draw ſalvation thence.

3 When God our leader ſhines in arms,
What mortal heart can bear
The thunder of his loud alarms?
The light'ning of his ſpear?

4 He rides upon the winged wind,
And angels in array,
In millions, wait to know his mind,
And, ſwift as flames, obey.

5 He ſpeaks, and at his fierce rebuke
Whole armies are diſmay'd;
His voice, his frown, his angry look,
Strikes all their courage dead.

6 He forms our gen'rals for the field,
With all their dreadful ſkill;
Gives them his awful ſword to wield,
And makes their hearts of ſteel.

7 Oft has the Lord whole nations bleſs'd,
For his own church's ſake;
The pow'rs that give his people reſt
Shall of his care partake.

PSALM XVIII. Second part. Common Metre.

The conqueror's ſong.

TO thine almighty arm we owe
The triumphs of the day;
Thy terrors, Lord, confound the foe,
And melt their ſtrength away.

2 'Tis by thy aid our troops prevail,
And break united pow'rs;
Or burn their boaſted fleets, or ſcale
The proudeſt of their tow'rs.

3 How have we chas'd them through the field,
And trod them to the ground,
While thy ſalvation was our ſhield,
But they no ſhelter found!

4 In vain to idol ſaints they cry,
And periſh in their blood;
Where is a rock ſo great, ſo high,
So pow'rful, as our God.

5 The God of Iſrael ever lives,
His name be ever bleſs'd;
'Tis his own arm the victory gives,
And gives his people reſt.

PSALM XIX. First part. Short Metre.

The book of nature and ſcripture.

For a Lord's day morning.

1 BEHOLD the lofty ſky
Declares its maker God,
And all his ſtarry works on high
Proclaim his pow'r abroad.

2 The darkneſs and the light
Still keep their courſe the ſame;
While night to day, and day to night,
Divinely teach his name.

3 In ev'ry different land
Their gen'ral voice is known
They ſhew the wonders of his hand,
And orders of his throne.

4 Ye Chriſtian lands rejoice:
Here he reveals his word;
We are not left to Nature's voice
To bid us know the Lord.

5 His ſtatutes and commands
Are ſet before our eyes,
He puts his goſpel in our hands,
Where our ſalvation lies.

6 His laws are juſt and pure,
His truth without deceit,
His promiſes for ever ſure,
And his rewards are great.

7 Not honey to the taſte
Affords ſo much delight;
Nor gold that has the furnace paſs'd,
So much allures the ſight.

8 While of thy works I ſing,
Thy glory to proclaim,
Accept the praiſe, my God, my King,
In my Redeemer's name.

PSALM XIX. Second part. Short Metre.

God's word moſt excellent; or, *Sincerity and watchfulneſs.*

For a Lord's day morning.

1 BEHOLD the morning ſun
Begins his glorious way;
His beams through all the nations run,
And life and light convey.

2 But where the goſpel comes,
It ſpreads diviner light;
It calls dead ſinners from their tombs,
And gives the blind their ſight.

3 How perfect is thy word!
And all thy judgments juſt;
For ever ſure thy promiſe, Lord,
And men ſecurely truſt.

4 My gracious God, how plain
Are thy directions giv'n?
O may I never read in vain,
But find the path to heaven!

PAUSE.

5 I heard thy word with love,
And I would fain obey;
Send thy good Spirit from above
To guide me, leſt I ſtray.

6 O who can ever find
The errors of his ways?
Yet, with a bold preſumptuous mind,
I would not dare tranſgreſs.

7 Warn me of ev'ry ſin,
Forgive my ſecret faults,
And cleanſe this guilty ſoul of mine,
Whoſe crimes exceed my thoughts.

8 While, with my heart and tongue,
I ſpread thy praiſe abroad;
Accept the worſhip and the ſong,
My Saviour, and my God.

PSALM XIX. Long Metre.

The books of nature and ſcripture compared; or, *The glory and ſucceſs of the goſpel.*

1 THE heavens declare thy glory, Lord,
In every ſtar thy goodneſs ſhines;
But when our eyes behold thy word,
We read thy name in fairer lines.

2 The rolling ſun, the changing light,
And nights and days thy power confeſs;
But the bleſt volume thou haſt writ,
Reveals thy juſtice and thy grace.

3 Sun, moon, and ſtars, convey thy praiſe
Round the whole earth, and never ſtand;
So when thy truth began its race,
It touch'd and glanc'd on every land.

4 Nor ſhall thy ſpreading goſpel reſt
Till through the world thy truth has run;
Till Chriſt has all the nations bleſt,
That ſee the light, or feel the ſun.

5 Great Sun of righteouſneſs, ariſe,
Bleſs the dark world with heavenly light;
Thy goſpel makes the ſimple wiſe,
Thy laws are pure, thy judgments right.

6 Thy nobleſt wonders here we view,
In ſouls renew'd and ſins forgiv'n,
Lord, cleanſe my ſins, my ſoul renew,
And make thy word my guide to heav'n.

PSALM XIX. To the tune of the 113th Pſalm.

The book of nature and ſcripture.

1 GREAT God, the heav'n's well order'd frame
Declares the glories of thy name:
There thy rich works of wonder ſhine,
A thouſand ſtarry beauties there,
A thouſand radiant marks appear
Of boundleſs pow'r and ſkill divine.

2 From night to day, from day to night,
The dawning and the dying light,
Lectures of heav'nly wiſdom read;
With ſilent eloquence they raiſe
Our thoughts to our Creator's praiſe,
And neither ſound nor language need.

3 Yet their divine inſtructions run
Far as the journeys of the ſun,
And ev'ry nation knows their voice.
The ſun, like ſome young bridegroom dreſt,
Breaks from the chambers of the eaſt,
Rolls round, and makes the earth rejoice,

4 Where'er he ſpreads his beams abroad,
He ſmiles, and ſpeaks his maker God;
All nature joins to ſhew thy praiſe:
Thus God in ev'ry creature ſhines;
Fair is the book of nature's lines,
But fairer is the book of grace.

PAUSE.

5 I love the volumes of thy word;
What light and joy thoſe leaves afford
To ſouls benighted and diſtreſt!

Thy precepts guide my doubtful way,
Thy fear forbids my feet to ſtray,
Thy promiſe leads my heart to reſt.

6 From the diſcov'ries of thy law
The perfect rules of life I draw;
Theſe are my ſtudy and delight;
Not honey ſo invites the taſte,
Nor gold that hath the furnace paſt,
Appears ſo pleaſing to the ſight.

7 Thy threat'nings wake my ſlumbering eyes,
And warn me where my danger lies;
But 'tis thy bleſſed goſpel, Lord,
That makes my guilty conſcience clean,
Converts my ſoul, ſubdues my ſin,
And gives a free, but large reward.

8 Who knows the errors of his thoughts?
My God forgive my ſecret faults,
And from preſumptuous ſin reſtrain;
Accept my poor attempts of praiſe,
That I have read thy book of grace,
And book of nature, not in vain.

PSALM XX. Long Metre.

Prayer, and hope of victory.

For a day of prayer in time of war.

1 NOW may the God of pow'r and grace
Attend his people's humble cry!
Jehovah hears when Iſrael prays,
And brings deliverance from on high.

2 The name of Jacob's God defends,
When bucklers fail and brazen walls;
He from his ſanctuary ſends
Succour and ſtrength when Zion calls.

3 Well he remembers all our ſighs,
His love exceeds our beſt deſerts;
His love accepts the ſacrifice
Of humble groans and broken hearts.

4 In his ſalvation is our hope,
And in the name of Iſra'l's God
Our troops ſhall lift their banners up,
Our navies ſpread their flags abroad.

5 Some truſt in horſes train'd for war,
And ſome of chariots make their boaſts;
Our ſureſt expectations are
From thee, the Lord of heav'nly hoſts.

[6 O may the memory of thy name
Inſpire our armies for the fight!
Our foes ſhall fall and die with ſhame,
Or quit the field with coward flight.]

7 Now ſave us, Lord, from ſlaviſh fear,
Now let our hopes be firm and ſtrong,
'Till thy ſalvation ſhall appear,
And joy and triumph raiſe the ſong.

PSALM XXI. Common Metre.

National bleſſings acknowledged.

1 IN thee, great God, with ſongs of praiſe,
Our favour'd realms rejoice;
And, bleſs'd with thy ſalvation, raiſe
To heav'n their chearful voice.

3 Thy ſure defence through nations round,
Hath ſpread our riſing name,
And all our feeble efforts crown'd
With freedom and with fame.

4 In deep diſtreſs our injur'd land
Implor'd thy power to ſave;
For life we pray'd: thy bounteous hand
The timely bleſſing gave.

Thy mighty arm, eternal Pow'r,
Oppos'd their deadly aim,
In mercy ſwept them from our ſhore,
And ſpread their ſails with ſhame.

On thee, in woe or pain,
Our hearts alone rely:

Our rights thy mercy will maintain,
And all our wants ſupply.

6 Thus, Lord, thy wond'rous pow'r declare,
And ſtill exalt thy fame;
While we glad ſongs of praiſe prepare
For thine almighty name.

PSALM XXI. ver. 1,—9. Long Metre.

Chriſt exalted to the kingdom.

1 DAVID rejoic'd in God his ſtrength,
Rais'd to the throne by ſpecial grace,
But Chriſt, the Son, appears at length,
Fulfils the triumph and the praiſe.

2 How great the bleſt Meſſiah's joy
In the ſalvation of thy hand!
Lord, thou haſt rais'd his kingdom high,
And giv'n the world to his command.

3 Thy goodneſs grants whate'er he will,
Nor doth the leaſt requeſt withhold;
Bleſſings of love prevent him ſtill,
And crowns of glory, not of gold.

4 Honour and majeſty divine
Around his ſacred temples ſhine;
Bleſs'd with the favour of thy face,
And length of everlaſting days.

5 Thine hand ſhall find out all his foes;
And as a fiery oven glows
With raging heat, and living coals,
So ſhall thy wrath devour their ſouls.

PSALM XXII. ver. 1,—16. Firſt part.
Common Metre.

The ſufferings and death of Chriſt.

1 WHY has my God my ſoul forſook,
Nor will a ſmile afford?
(Thus David once in anguiſh ſpoke,
And thus our dying Lord.)

2 Though 'tis thy chief delight to dwell
Among thy praising saints,
Yet thou canst hear our groans as well,
And pity our complaints.

3 Our fathers trusted in thy name,
And great deliv'rance found;
But I'm a worm despis'd of men,
And trodden to the ground.

4 With shaking head they pass me by,
And laugh my soul to scorn;
"*In vain he trusts in God*, they cry,
"*Neglected and forlorn.*"

5 But thou art he, who form'd my flesh,
By thine Almighty word;
And since I hung upon the breast,
My hope is in the Lord.

6 Why will my Father hide his face
When foes stand threat'ning round,
In the dark hour of deep distress,
And not an helper found?

PAUSE.

7 Behold thy darling left among
The cruel and the proud,
By foes encompass'd, fierce and strong,
As lions roaring loud

8 From earth and hell my sorrows meet;
To multiply the smart;
They nail my hands, they pierce my feet,
And try to vex my heart.

9 Yet if thy sov'reign hand let loose
The rage of earth and hell,
Why will my heavenly Father bruise
The Son he loves so well?

10 My God, if possible it be,
Withhold this bitter cup;
But I resign my will to thee,
And drink the sorrows up.

11 My heart diſſolves with pangs unknown,
In groans I waſte my breath:
Thy heavy hand has brought me down,
Low as the duſt of death.

12 Father, I give my ſpirit up,
And, truſt it in thy hand;
My dying fleſh ſhall reſt in hope,
And riſe at thy command.

PSALM XXII. ver. 20, 21, 27, 31. Second Part Common Metre.

1 "NOW from the roaring lion's rage,
"O Lord, protect thy Son,
"Nor leave thy darling to engage
"The pow'rs of hell alone."

2 Thus did our ſuffering Saviour pray
With mighty cries and tears,
God heard him in that dreadful day,
And chas'd away his fears.

3 Great was the victory of his death,
His throne exalted high;
And all the kindreds of the earth
Shall worſhip or ſhall die.

4 A numerous offspring muſt ariſe
From his expiring groans;
They ſhall be reckon'd in his eyes
For daughters and for ſons.

5 The meek and humble ſouls ſhall ſee
His table richly ſpread;
And all that ſeek the Lord ſhall be
With joys immortal fed.

6 The iſles ſhall know the righteouſneſs
Of our incarnate God,
And nations yet unborn profeſs
Salvation in his blood.

PSALM XXII. Long Metre.

Christ's sufferings and exaltation.

1 NOW let our mournful songs record
The dying sorrows of our Lord,
When he complain'd in tears of blood,
As one forsaken of his God.

2 The Jews behold him thus forlorn,
And shake their heads and laugh in scorn;
"He rescu'd others from the grave;
"Now let him try himself to save.

3 "This is the man did once pretend
"God was his father and his friend;
"If God the blessed lov'd him so,
"Why doth he fail to help him now?"

4 Oh savage people! cruel priests!
How they stood round like raging beasts;
Like lions gaping to devour,
When God hath left him in their power.

5 They wound his head, his hands, his feet,
Till streams of blood each other meet;
By lot his garments they divide,
And mock the pangs in which he died.

6 But God his father heard his cry;
Rais'd from the dead he reigns on high;
The nations learn his righteousness,
And humble sinners taste his grace.

PSALM XXIII. Long Metre.

God our shepherd.

MY shepherd is the living Lord;
Now shall my wants be well supply'd;
His providence and holy word
Become my safety and my guide.

In pastures where salvation grows
He makes me feed, he makes me rest,
There living waters gently flows,
And all the food divinely blest.

3 My wandering feet his ways miſtake;
But he reſtores my ſoul to peace,
And leads me for his mercy's ſake,
In the fair paths of righteouſneſs.

4 Tho' I walk thro' the gloomy vale,
Where death and all its terrors are,
My heart and hope ſhall never fail,
For God, my ſhepherd's with me there.

5 Amidſt the darkneſs and the deeps
Thou art my comfort, thou my ſtay;
Thy ſtaff ſupports my feeble ſteps,
Thy rod directs my doubtful way.

6 The ſons of earth and ſons of hell
Gaze at thy goodneſs, and repine
To ſee my table ſpread ſo well
With living bread and chearful wine.

[7 How I rejoice, when on my head
Thy Spirit condeſcends to reſt!
'Tis a divine anointing ſhed,
Like oil of gladneſs at a feaſt.

8 Surely the mercies of the Lord
Attend his houſhold all their days;
There will I dwell to hear his word,
To ſeek his face, and ſing his praiſe.]

PSALM XXIII. Common Metre.

1 MY Shepherd will ſupply my need,
JEHOVAH is his name;
In paſtures freſh he makes me feed,
Beſide the living ſtream.

2 He brings my wandering ſpirit back
When I forſake his ways,
And leads me for his mercy's ſake
In paths of truth and grace.

3 When I walk through the ſhades of death,
Thy preſence is my ſtay;

One word of thy ſupporting breath
Drives all my fears away.

4 Thy hand, in ſight of all my foes,
Doth ſtill my table ſpread;
My cup with bleſſings overflows,
Thine oil anoints my head.

5 The ſure proviſions of my God
Attend me all my days;
Oh may thy houſe be my abode,
And all my work be praiſe!

6 There would I find a ſettled reſt,
(While others go and come);
No more a ſtranger and a gueſt,
But like a child at home.

PSALM XXIII. Short Metre.

1 THE Lord my ſhepherd is,
I ſhall be well ſupply'd;
Since he is mine and I am his,
What can I want beſide?

2 He leads me to the place
Where heavenly paſture grows,
Where living waters gently paſs,
And full ſalvation flows.

If e'er I go aſtray,
He doth my ſoul reclaim,
And guides me in his own right way,
For his moſt holy name.

While he affords his aid,
I cannot yield to fear;
Tho' I ſhould walk thro' death's dark ſhade,
My Shepherd's with me there.

Amidſt ſurrounding foes
Thou doſt my table ſpread,
My cup with bleſſings overflows,
And joy exalts my head.

6 The bounties of thy love
Shall crown my following days;
Nor from thy houſe will I remove,
Nor ceaſe to ſpeak thy praiſe.

PSALM XXIV. Common Metre.

Dwelling with God.

1 THE earth for ever is the Lord's,
With Adam's numerous race;
He rais'd its arches o'er the floods,
And built it on the ſeas.

2 But who among the ſons of men
May viſit thine above?
He that has hands from miſchief clean,
Whoſe heart is right with God.

3 This is the man may riſe and take
The bleſſings of his grace;
This is the lot of thoſe that ſeek
The God of Jacob's face.

4 Now let our ſoul's immortal pow'rs,
To meet the Lord prepare,
Lift up their everlaſting doors,
The King of glory's near.

5 The King of glory! who can tell
The wonders of his might?
He rules the nations; but to dwell
With ſaints in his deligh.

PSALM XXIV. Long Metre.

Saints dwell in heaven; or, *Chriſt's aſcenſion.*

1 THIS ſpacious earth is all the Lord's,
And men and worms, and beaſts and birds
He rais'd the building on the ſeas,
And gave it for their dwelling place.

2 But there's a brighter world on high,
Thy palace, Lord, above the ſky;
Who ſhall aſcend that bleſs'd abode,
And dwell ſo near his maker God?

3 He that abhors and fears to ſin,
Whoſe heart is pure, whoſe hands are clean,
Him ſhall the Lord the Saviour bleſs,
And clothe his ſoul with righteouſneſs.

4 Theſe are the men, the pious race,
That ſeek the God of Jacob's face:
Theſe ſhall enjoy the bliſsful ſight,
And dwell in everlaſting light.

PAUSE.

5 Rejoice, ye ſhining worlds on high,
Behold the King of glory nigh!
Who can the King of glory be?
The mighty Lord, the Saviour's he.

6 Ye heav'nly gates, your leaves diſplay,
To make the Lord, the Saviour, way:
Laden and ſpoils from earth and hell,
The Conqu'ror comes with God to dwell.

Rais'd from the dead in awful ſtate,
He opens heav'n's eternal gate,
To give his ſaints a bleſs'd abode
Near their Redeemer and their God.

PSALM XXV. ver. I,—II. Firſt part. Short Metre.

Waiting for pardon and direction.

I LIFT my ſoul to God,
My truſt is in his name;
Let not my foes that ſeek my blood
Still triumph in my ſhame.

Sin, and the pow'rs of hell,
Perſuade me to deſpair;
Lord make me know thy cov'nant well,
That I may 'ſcape the ſnare.

From beams of dawning light
'Till evening ſhades ariſe,
For thy ſalvation, Lord, I wait,
With ever longing eyes.

4 Remember all thy grace,
And lead me in thy truth;
Forgive the ſins of riper days,
And follies of my youth.

5 The Lord is juſt and kind,
The meek ſhall learn his ways;
And ev'ry humble ſinner find
The methods of his grace.

6 For his own goodneſs' ſake
He ſaves my ſoul from ſhame;
He pardons (though my guilt be great)
Through my Redeemer's name.

PSALM XXV. ver. 12, 14, 10, 13.
Second part. Short Metre.

Divine inſtruction.

1 WHERE ſhall the man be found
That fears t' offend his God,
That loves the goſpel's joyful ſound,
And trembles at the rod?

2 The Lord ſhall make him know
The ſecrets of his heart,
The wonders of his cov'nant ſhow,
And all his love impart.

3 The dealings of his pow'r
Are truth and mercy ſtill,
With ſuch as keep his cov'nant ſure,
And love to do his will.

4 Their ſoul ſhall dwell at eaſe,
Before their Maker's face;
Their ſeed ſhall taſte the promiſes
In their extenſive grace.

PSALM XXV. ver. 15—22. Third part.
Short Metre.

Diſtreſs of ſoul; or, *Backſliding and deſertion.*

1 MINE eyes and my deſire
Are ever to the Lord;

I love to plead his promis'd grace,
And rest upon his word.

2 Turn, turn thee to my soul,
Bring thy salvation near;
When will thy hand assist my feet
To 'scape the deadly snare?

3 When shall the sov'reign grace
Of my forgiving God
Restore me from those dang'rous ways
My wand'ring feet have trod!

4 The tumult of my thoughts
Doth but enlarge my woe;
My spirit languishes, my heart
Is desolate and low.

5 With every morning light
My sorrow new begins;
Look on my anguish and my pain,
And pardon all my sins.

PAUSE.

6 Behold, the hosts of hell,
How cruel is their hate!
Against my life they rise, and join
Their fury with deceit.

7 O keep my soul from death,
Nor put my hope to shame;
For I have plac'd my only trust
In my Redeemer's name.

8 With humble faith I wait
To see thy face again;
Of Isra'l it shall ne'er be said,
He sought the Lord in vain.

PSALM XXVI. Long Metre.

Self-examination; or, *Evidences of grace.*

1 JUDGE me, O Lord, and prove my ways,
And try my reins, and try my heart;

My faith upon thy promiſe ſtays,
Nor from thy law my feet depart.

2 I hate to walk, I hate to ſit,
With men of vanity and lies;
The ſcoffer and the hypocrite
Are the abhorrence of mine eyes.

3 Amongſt thy ſaints will I appear,
Array'd in robes of innocence;
But when I ſtand before thy bar,
The blood of Chriſt is my defence.

4 I love thy habitation, Lord,
The temple where thine honours dwell;
There ſhall I hear thy holy word,
And there thy works of wonder tell.

5 Let not my ſoul be join'd at laſt
With men of treachery and blood,
Since I my days on earth have paſs'd
Among the ſaints, and near my God.

PSALM XXVII. ver. 1, 6. Firſt part. Common Metre.

The church is our delight and ſafety.

1 THE Lord of glory is my light,
And my ſalvation too;
God is my ſtrength; nor will I fear
What all my foes can do.

2 One privilege my heart deſires;
O grant me mine abode
Among the churches of thy ſaints,
The temples of my God!

3 There ſhall I offer my requeſts,
And ſee thy beauty ſtill:
Shall hear thy meſſages of love,
And there enquire thy will.

4 When troubles riſe, and ſtorms appear,
There may his children hide;

God has a ſtrong pavilion, where
He makes my ſoul abide.

Now ſhall my head be lifted high
Above my foes around,
And ſongs of joy and victory
Within thy temple ſound.

PSALM XXVII. ver. 8, 9, 13, 14.
Second part. Common Metre.

Prayer and hope.

SOON as I heard my Father ſay,
"Ye children, ſeek my grace,"
My heart reply'd without delay,
"I'll ſeek my Father's face."

Let not thy face be hid from me,
Nor frown my ſoul away;
God of my life, I flee to thee
In a diſtreſſing day.

Should friends and kindred near and dear
Leave me to want or die,
My God would make my life his care,
And all my need ſupply.

My fainting fleſh had died with grief,
Had not my ſoul believ'd,
To ſee thy grace provide relief,
Nor was my hope deceiv'd.

Wait on the Lord, ye trembling ſaints,
And keep your courage up;
He'll raiſe your ſpirit when it faints,
And far exceed your hope.

PSALM XXVIII. Long Metre.

God the refuge of the afflicted.

TO thee, O Lord, I raiſe my cries;
My fervent pray'r in mercy hear;
For ruin waits my trembling ſoul,
If thou refuſe a gracious ear.

2 When ſuppliant tow'rd thy holy hill,
I lift my mournful hands to pray,
Afford thy grace, nor drive me ſtill
With impious hypocrites away.

3 To ſons of falſehood, that deſpiſe
The works and wonders of thy reign,
Thy vengeance gives the due reward,
And ſinks their ſouls to endleſs pain.

4 But ever bleſſed be the Lord,
Whoſe mercy hears my mournful voice,
My heart, that truſted in his word,
In his ſalvation ſhall rejoice.

5 Let every ſaint, in ſore diſtreſs,
By faith approach his Saviour God;
Then grant, O Lord, thy pardoning grace,
And feed thy church with heavenly food.

PSALM XXIX. Long Metre.

Storm and thunder.

1 GIVE to the Lord, ye ſons of fame,
Give to the Lord renown and power,
Aſcribe due honours to his name,
And his eternal might adore.

2 The Lord proclaims his power aloud
Thro' every ocean, every land;
His voice divides the wat'ry cloud
And lightnings blaze at his command.

3 He ſpeaks, and tempeſt, hail, and wind,
Lay the wide foreſt bare around;
The fearful hart and frighted hind,
Leap at the terror of the ſound.

4 To Lebanon he turns his voice,
And, lo, the ſtately cedars break;
The mountains tremble at the noiſe,
The vallies roar, the deſerts quake.

5 The Lord ſits ſov'reign on the flood,
The Thund'rer reigns for ever King;

But makes his church his bleſt abode,
Where we his awful glories ſing.

6 In gentler language, there the Lord
The counſel of his grace imparts:
Amidſt the raging ſtorm, his word
Speaks peace and courage to our hearts.

PSALM XXX. Firſt part. Long Metre.

Sickneſs healed, and ſorrows removed.

1 I WILL extol thee, Lord, on high,
At thy command diſeaſes fly:
Who but a God can ſpeak and ſave
From the dark borders of the grave?

2 Sing to the Lord, ye ſaints, and prove
How large his grace, how kind his love;
Let all your pow'rs rejoice, and trace
The wond'rous records of his grace.

3 His anger but a moment ſtays;
His love is life and length of days;
Though grief and tears the night employ,
The morning ſtar reſtores the joy.

PSALM XXX. ver. 6. Second part. Long Metre.

Health, ſickneſs, and recovery.

FIRM was my health, my day was bright,
And I preſum'd 'twould ne'er be night;
Fondly I ſaid within my heart,
"Pleaſure and peace ſhall ne'er depart."

But I forgot thine arm was ſtrong,
Which made my mountain ſtand ſo long;
Soon as thy face began to hide,
My health was gone, my comforts died.

I cried aloud to thee, my God,
"What canſt thou profit by my blood?
"Deep in the duſt can I declare
"Thy truth, or ſing thy goodneſs there?

4 "Hear me, O God of grace, (I said)
"And bring me from among the dead:"
Thy word rebuk'd the pains I felt,
Thy pard'ning love remov'd my guilt.

5 My groans and tears, and forms of woe,
Are turn'd to joy and praiſes now;
I throw my ſackcloth on the ground,
And eaſe and gladneſs gird me round.

6 My tongue, the glory of my frame,
Shall ne'er be ſilent of thy name;
Thy praiſe ſhall ſound thro' earth and heav'n
For ſickneſs heal'd, and ſins forgiv'n.

PSALM XXXI. ver. 5, 13,—19, 22, 23.
Firſt part. Common Metre.

Deliverance from death.

1 TO thee, O God of truth and love,
My ſpirit I commit;
Thou haſt redeem'd my ſoul from death,
And ſav'd me from the pit.

2 Deſpair and comfort, hope and fear,
Maintain'd a doubtful ſtrife;
While ſorrow, pain, and ſin, conſpir'd
To take away my life.

3 "My time is in thy hand," I cried,
"Though I draw near the duſt;"
Thou art the refuge where I hide,
The God in whom I truſt.

4 Oh make thy reconciled face
Upon thy ſervant ſhine,
And ſave me for thy mercy's ſake,
For I'm entirely thine.

PAUSE.

5 'Twas in my haſte my ſpirit ſaid,
"I muſt deſpair and die,
"I am cut off before thine eyes;"
But thou haſt heard my cry.

6 Thy goodneſs how divinely free!
How ſweet thy ſmiling face,
To thoſe that fear thy majeſty,
And truſt thy promis'd grace.

7 Oh love the Lord, all ye his ſaints,
And ſing his praiſes loud;
He'll bend his ear to your complaints,
And recompence the proud.

PSALM XXXI. ver. 7, 33, 11, 21.
Second part. Common Metre.

Deliverance from ſlander and reproach.

1 MY heart rejoices in thy name,
My God, my heav'nly truſt;
Thou haſt preſerv'd me free from ſhame,
Mine honour from the duſt.

2 "My life is ſpent with grief," I cried,
"My years conſum'd in groans,
"My ſtrength decays, mine eyes are dried,
"And ſorrow waſtes my bones."

3 Among mine enemies my name
A proverb vile was grown,
While to my neighbours I became
Forgotten and unknown.

4 Slander and fear on every ſide
Seiz'd and beſet me round,
I to thy throne of grace applied,
And ſpeedy reſcue found.

PAUSE.

How great deliv'rance thou haſt wrought
Before the ſons of men!
The lying lips to ſilence brought,
And made their boaſting vain!

Thy children from the ſtrife of tongues
Shall thy pavilion hide,
Guard them from infamy and wrongs,
And cruſh the ſons of pride.

7 Within thy secret presence, Lord,
Let me for ever dwell:
No fenced city, wall'd and barr'd,
Secures a saint so well.

PSALM XXXII. Short Metre.

Forgiveness of sins upon confession.

1 OH blessed souls are they
Whose sins are cover'd o'er!
Divinely bless'd to whom the Lord
Imputes their guilt no more.

2 They mourn their follies past,
And keep their hearts with care,
Their lips and lives without deceit
Shall prove their faith sincere.

3 While I conceal'd my guilt,
I felt the fest'ring wound,
'Till I confess'd my sins to thee,
And ready pardon found.

4 Let sinners learn to pray,
Let saints keep near the throne;
Our help in times of deep distress
Is found in God alone.

PSALM XXXII. Common Metre.

Free pardon and sincere obedience; or, *Confession and forgiveness.*

1 HOW bless'd the man to whom his God
No more imputes his sin,
But wash'd in the Redeemer's blood,
Hath made his garments clean!

2 And blest beyond expression he
Whose debts are thus discharg'd;
While from the guilty bondage free
He feels his soul enlarg'd.

3 His spirit hates deceit and lies,
His words are all sincere;

He guards his heart, he guards his eyes,
To keep his conſcience clear.

4 While I my inward guilt ſuppreſt,
No quiet could I find;
Thy wrath lay burning in my breaſt,
And rack'd my tortur'd mind.

5 Then I confeſs'd my troubled thoughts,
My ſecret ſins reveal'd,
Thy pard'ning grace forgave my faults,
Thy grace my pardon ſeal'd.

6 This ſhall invite thy ſaints to pray;
When, like a raging flood,
Temptations riſe, our ſtrength and ſtay
Is a forgiving God.

PSALM XXXII. Firſt part. Long Metre.

Repentance and free pardon; or, *Juſtification and ſanctification.*

1 BLESS'D is the man, for ever bleſs'd,
Whoſe guilt is pardon'd by his God,
Whoſe ſins with ſorrow are confeſs'd,
And cover'd with his Saviour's blood.

2 Before his judgment ſeat the Lord
No more permits his crimes to riſe;
He pleads no merit of reward,
And not on works, but grace, relies.

3 From guile his heart and lips are free,
His humble joy, his holy fear,
With deep repentance well agree,
And join to prove his faith ſincere.

4 How glorious is that righteouſneſs
That hides and cancels all his ſins?
While a bright evidence of grace
Through all his life appears and ſhines.

PSALM XXXII. Second part. Long Metre.

A guilty conſcience eaſed by confeſſion and pardon.

1 WHILE I keep ſilence, and conceal
My heavy guilt within my heart,
What torments doth my conſcience feel!
What agonies of inward ſmart!

2 I ſpread my ſins before the Lord,
And all my ſecret faults confeſs;
Thy goſpel ſpeaks a pard'ning word,
Thine holy Spirit ſeals the grace.

3 For this ſhall every humble ſoul
Make ſwift addreſſes to thy ſeat;
When floods of huge temptations roll,
There ſhall they find a bleſs'd retreat.

4 How ſafe beneath thy wings I lie,
When days grow dark, and ſtorms appear!
And when I walk, thy watchful eye
Shall guide me ſafe from ev'ry ſnare.

PSALM XXXIII. Firſt part. Common Metre.

Works of creation and providence.

1 REJOICE, ye righteous, in the Lord,
This work belongs to you:
Sing of his name, his ways, his word,
How holy, juſt, and true!

2 His mercy and his righteouſneſs
Let heav'n and earth proclaim;
His works of nature and of grace
Reveal his wond'rous name.

3 His word, with energy divine,
Thoſe heav'nly arches ſpread,
Bade ſtarry hoſts around them ſhine,
And light the heav'ns pervade.

4 He taught the ſwelling waves to flow
To their appointed deep;

Bade raging ſeas their limits know,
And ſtill their ſtation keep.

5 Ye tenants of the ſpacious earth,
With fear before him ſtand;
He ſpake, and nature took its birth,
And reſts on his command.

6 He ſcorns the angry nations' rage,
And breaks their vain deſigns;
His counſel ſtands through ev'ry age,
And in full glory ſhines.

PSALM XXXIII. Second part. Common Metre.

Creatures vain, and God all-ſufficient.

BLESS'D is the nation where the Lord
Hath fix'd his gracious throne;
Where he reveals his heav'nly word,
And calls their tribes his own.

His eye, with infinite ſurvey,
Does the whole world behold;
He form'd us all of equal clay,
And knows our feeble mould.

Kings are not reſcu'd by the force
Of armies from the grave;
Nor ſpeed nor courage of an horſe
Can his bold rider ſave.

Vain is the ſtrength of beaſts or men,
Nor ſprings our ſafety thence;
But holy ſouls from God obtain
A ſtrong and ſure defence.

God is their fear, and God their truſt;
When plagues or famine ſpread,
His watchful eye ſecures the juſt,
Among ten thouſand dead.

Lord, let our hearts in thee rejoice,
And bleſs us from thy throne;
For we have made thy word our choice,
And truſt thy grace alone.

PSALM XXXIII. As the 113th Pſalm. Firſt part

Works of creation and providence.

1 YE holy ſouls, in God rejoice,
Your Maker's praiſe becomes your voice,
Great is your theme, your ſongs be new;
Sing of his name, his word, his ways,
His works of nature, and of grace,
How wi e and holy, juſt and true!

2 Behold, to earth's remoteſt ends
His goodneſs flows, his truth extends;
His pow'r the heav'nly arches ſpread;
His word, with energy divine,
Bade ſtarry hoſts around them ſhine,
And light the circling heav'ns pervade.

3 His hand collects the flowing ſeas;
Thoſe wat'ry treaſures know their place,
And fill the ſtore-houſe of the deep:
He ſpake, and gave all nature birth;
And fires and ſeas, and heav'n and earth,
His everlaſting orders keep.

4 Let mortals tremble and adore
A God of ſuch reſiſtleſs pow'r;
Nor dare indulge their feeble rage:
Vain are your tho'ts, and weak your hands,
But his eternal counſel ſtands,
And rules the world from age to age.

PSALM XXXIII. As the 113th Pſalm.
Second part.

Creatures vain, and God all-ſufficient

1 OH happy nation, where the Lord
Reveals the treaſure of his word,
And builds his church, his earthly throne!
His eye the heathen world ſurveys,
He form'd their hearts, he knows their ways
But God their maker is unknown.

2 Let kings rely upon their hoſt,
And of his ſtrength the champion boaſt;
In vain they boaſt, in vain rely;
In vain we truſt the brutal force,
Or ſpeed, or courage of an horſe,
To guard his rider, or to fly.

3 The arm of our almighty Lord
Doth more ſecure defence afford,
When deaths, or dangers threat'ning ſtand;
Thy watchful eye preſerves the juſt,
Who make thy name their fear and truſt,
When wars or famine-waſte the land.

In ſickneſs, or the bloody field,
Our great Phyſician and our Shield
Shall ſend ſalvation from his throne;
We wait to ſee thy goodneſs ſhine;
Let us rejoice in help divine,
For all our hope is God alone.

PSALM XXXIV. First part. Long Metre.

God's care of the ſaints; or, Deliverance by prayer.

LORD, I will bleſs thee all my days,
Thy praiſe ſhall dwell upon my tongue:
My ſoul ſhall glory in thy grace,
While ſaints rejoice to hear the ſong.

Come, magnify the Lord with me,
Let ev'ry heart exalt his name;
I ſought th' eternal God, and he
Has not expos'd my hope to ſhame.

I told him all my ſecret grief,
My ſecret groaning reach'd his ear;
He gave my inward pains relief,
And calm'd the tumult of my fears.

4 To him the poor lift up their eyes,
With heav'nly joy their faces ſhine,
A beam of mercy from the ſkies
Fills them with light and love divine.

5 His holy angels pitch their tents
Around the men that ſerve the Lord;
Oh fear and love him, all his ſaints,
Taſte of his grace, and truſt his word.

6 The wild young lions, pinch'd with pain
And hunger, roar through all the wood;
But none ſhall ſeek the Lord in vain,
Nor want ſupplies of real good.

PSALM XXXIV. ver. 11, 22. Second part.
Long Metre.

Religious education; or, *Inſtruction of piety.*

1 CHILDREN, in years and knowledge young,
Your parents' hope, your parents' joy,
Attend the counſels of my tongue,
Let pious thoughts your minds employ.

2 If you deſire a length of days,
And peace, to crown your mortal ſtate,
Reſtrain your feet from impious ways,
Your lips from ſlander and deceit.

3 The eyes of God regard his ſaints,
His ears are open to their cries;
He ſets his frowning face againſt
The ſons of violence and lies.

4 To humble ſouls and broken hearts
God with his grace is ever nigh;
Pardon and hope his love imparts,
When men in deep contrition lie.

5 He tells their tears, he counts their groans,
His Son redeems their ſouls from death,
His Spirit heals their broken bones,
His praiſe employs their tuneful breath.

PSALM XXXIV. ver. 1,—10. Firſt part.
Common Metre.

Prayer and praiſe for eminent deliverance.

1 I'LL bleſs the Lord from day to day,
How good are all his ways!

Ye humble ſouls that uſe to pray,
Come, help my lips to praiſe.

2 Sing to the honour of his name,
How a poor ſuff'rer cry'd,
Nor was his hope expos'd to ſhame,
Nor was his ſuit deny'd.

3 When threat'ning ſorrows round me ſtood,
And endleſs fears aroſe,
Like the loud billows of a flood,
Redoubling all my woes:

4 I told the Lord my ſore diſtreſs,
With heavy groans and tears;
He gave my ſharpeſt torments eaſe,
And ſilenc'd all my fears.

PAUSE.

5 O ſinners, come and taſte his love,
Come, learn his pleaſant ways,
And let your own experience prove
The ſweetneſs of his grace.

6 He bids the angels pitch their tents
Round where his children dwell:
What ills their heavenly care prevents
No earthly tongue can tell.]

7 O love the Lord, ye ſaints of his;
His eye regards the juſt!
How richly bleſt their portion is
Who make the Lord their truſt!

Young lions, pinch'd with hunger, rear,
And famiſh in the wood:
But God ſupplies his holy poor
With ev'ry needful good.]

PSALM XXXIV. ver. 11, 22. Second part.
Common Metre.

Exhortation to peace and holineſs.

COME, children, learn to fear the Lord,
And that your days be long,

Let not a falſe or ſpiteful word
Be found upon your tongue.

2 Depart from miſchief, practiſe love,
Purſue the works of peace;
So ſhall the Lord your ways approve,
And ſet your ſouls at eaſe.

3 His eyes awake to guard the juſt,
His ears attend their cry:
When broken ſpirits dwell in duſt,
The God of grace is nigh.

4 What though the ſorrows here they taſte
Are ſharp and tedious too,
The Lord, that ſaves them all at laſt,
Is their ſupporter now.

5 Evil ſhall ſmite the wicked dead;
But God ſecures his own,
Prevents the miſchief when they ſlide,
Or heals the broken bone.

6 When deſolation, like a flood,
O'er the proud ſinner rolls,
Saints find a refuge in their God,
For he redeem'd their ſouls.

PSALM XXXV. ver. 12, 13, 14.
Common Metre.

Love to enemies; or, *The love of Chriſt to ſinners typified in David.*

1 BEHOLD the love, the gen'rous love,
That holy David ſhows:
Behold his kind compaſſion move
For his afflicted foes!

2 When they are ſick his ſoul complains,
And ſeems to feel the ſmart;
The ſpirit of the goſpel reigns,
And melts his pious heart.

3 How did his flowing tears condole,
As for a brother dead!

And fasting, mortify'd his soul,
While for their life he pray'd.

4 They groan'd, and curs'd him on their bed,
Yet still he pleads and mourns;
And double blessings on his head
The righteous God returns.

5 O glorious type of heav'nly grace!
Thus Christ the Lord appears;
While sinners curse, the Saviour prays,
And pities them with tears.

6 He, the true David, Isra'l's King,
Bless'd and belov'd of God,
To save us rebels dead in sin
Pay'd his own dearest blood.

PSALM XXXVI. ver. 5, 9. Long Metre.

The perfections and providence of God; or, General providence and special grace.

1 HIGH in the heav'ns, eternal God,
Thy goodness in full glory shines;
Thy truth shall break through ev'ry cloud
That veils and darkens thy designs.

2 For ever firm thy justice stands,
As mountains their foundations keep;
Wise are the wonders of thy hands,
Thy judgments are a mighty deep.

3 Thy providence is kind and large,
Both man and beast thy bounty share;
The whole creation is thy charge,
But saints are thy peculiar care.

4 My God! how excellent thy grace,
Whence all our hope and comfort springs;
The sons of Adam in distress
Fly to the shadow of thy wings.

5 From the provisions of thy house
We shall be fed with sweet repast;

There mercy, like a river, flows,
And brings salvation to our taste.

6 Life, like a fountain rich and free,
Springs from the presence of my Lord;
And in thy light our souls shall see
The glories promis'd in thy word.

PSALM XXXVI. ver. 1, 2, 5, 6, 7, 9. Common Metre.

Practical atheism exposed; or, *The being and attributes of God asserted.*

1 WHILE men grow bold in wicked ways,
And yet a God they own,
My heart within me often says,
"Their thoughts believe there's none."

2 Their thoughts and ways at once declare,
(Whate'er their lips profess)
God hath no wrath for them to fear,
Nor will they seek his grace.

3 How strange self-flatt'ry blinds their eyes!
But there's a hast'ning hour
When they shall see, with sore surprise,
The terrors of thy pow'r.

4 Thy justice shall maintain its throne,
Though mountains melt away;
Thy judgments are a world unknown,
A deep unfathom'd sea.

5 Above these heav'ns' created rounds,
Thy mercy, Lord, extend;
Thy truth outlives the narrow bounds
Where time and nature end.

6 Safety to man thy goodness brings,
Nor overlooks the beast;
Beneath the shadow of thy wings
Thy children chuse to rest.

[7 From thee, when creature streams run low,
And mortal comforts die,

Perpetual ſprings of life ſhall flow,
And raiſe our pleaſures high.

8 Though all created light decay,
And death cloſe up our eyes,
Thy preſence makes eternal day,
Where clouds can never riſe.]

PSALM XXXVI. ver. 1,—7. Short Metre.

The wickedneſs of man, and the majeſty of God; or,
Practical atheiſm expoſed.

WHEN man grows bold in ſin,
My heart within me cries,
"He hath no faith of God within,
"Nor fear before his eyes."

He walks a while conceal'd
In a ſelf-flatt'ring dream,
Till his dark crimes, at once reveal'd,
Expoſe his hateful name.]

His heart is falſe and foul,
His words are ſmooth and fair;
Wiſdom is baniſh'd from his ſoul,
And leaves no goodneſs there.

He plots upon his bed
New miſchiefs to fulfil;
He ſets his heart, and hand, and head,
To practiſe all that's ill.

ut there's a dreadful God,
Though men renounce his fear;
is juſtice, hid behind the cloud,
Shall one great day appear.

s truth tranſcends the ſky,
In heav'n his mercies dwell;
ep as the ſea his judgments ly,
His anger burns to hell.

w excellent his love,
Whence all our ſafety ſprings!

O never let my soul remove
From underneath his wings!

PSALM XXXVII. ver. 1,—15. First part.
Common Metre.

The cure of envy, fretfulness, and unbelief; or,
The rewards of the righteous and the wicked.

1 WHY should I vex my soul, and fret
To see the wicked rise?
Or envy sinners waxing great
By violence and lies?

2 As flow'ry grass, cut down at noon,
Before the ev'ning fades,
So shall their glories vanish soon
In everlasting shades.

3 Then let me make the Lord my trust,
And practise all that's good;
So shall I dwell among the just,
And he'll provide me food.

4 I to my God my ways commit,
And chearful wait his will:
Thy hand, which guides my doubtful feet,
Shall my desires fulfil.

5 Mine innocence shalt thou display,
And make thy judgments known,
Fair as the light of dawning day,
And glorious as the noon.

6 The meek at last the earth possess,
And are the heirs of heav'n;
True riches, with abundant peace,
To humble souls are giv'n.

PAUSE.

7 Rest in the Lord, and keep his way,
Nor let your anger rise,
Though providence should long delay
To punish haughty vice.

8 Let sinners join to break your peace,
And plot, and rage, and foam;

The Lord derides them, for he sees
Their day of vengeance come.

They have drawn out the threat'ning sword,
Have bent the murd'rous bow,
To slay the men that fear the Lord,
And bring the righteous low.

My God shall break their bows, and burn
Their persecuting darts;
Shall their own swords against them turn,
And pierce their stubborn hearts.

PSALM XXXVII. ver. 16, 21, 26, 31. Second part. Common Metre.

harity to the poor; or, *Religion in words and deeds.*

WHY do the wealthy wicked boast,
And grow profanely bold?
The meanest portion of the just,
Excels the sinners' gold.

The wicked borrows of his friends,
But ne'er designs to pay;
The saint is merciful, and lends,
Nor turns the poor away.

His alms, with lib'ral heart, he gives
Amongst the sons of need;
His mem'ry to long ages lives,
And blessed is his seed.

His lips abhor to talk profane,
To slander or defraud;
His ready tongue declares to men
What he has learn'd of God.

The law and gospel of the Lord
Deep in his heart abide;
led by the Spirit and the Word,
His feet shall never slide.

When sinners fall, the righteous stand
Preserv'd from ev'ry snare;

They ſhall poſſeſs the promis'd land,
And dwell for ever there.

PSALM XXXVII. ver. 23,—37. Third part. Common Metre.

The way and end of the righteous and wicked.

1 MY God, the ſteps of pious men
Are order'd by thy will;
Though they ſhould fall, they riſe again,
Thy hand ſupports them ſtill.

2 The Lord delights to ſee their ways,
Their virtue he approves;
He'll ne'er deprive them of his grace,
Nor leave the men he loves.

3 The heav'nly heritage is theirs,
Their portion and their home;
He feaſts them now, and makes them heirs
Of bleſſings long to come.

4 Wait on the Lord, ye ſons of men,
Nor fear when tyrants frown;
Ye ſhall confeſs their pride was vain,
When juſtice caſts them down.

PAUSE.

5 The haughty ſinner have I ſeen,
Not fearing man nor God,
Like a tall bay-tree, fair and green,
Spreading his arms abroad.

6 And, lo, he vaniſh'd from the ground,
Deſtroy'd by hands unſeen;
Nor root, nor branch, nor leaf, was found,
Where all that pride had been.

7 But mark the man of righteouſneſs,
His ſev'ral ſteps attend;
True pleaſure runs through all his ways,
And peaceful is his end.

PSALM XXXVIII. Common Metre.

Guilt of conſcience and relief; or, *Repentance and prayer for pardon and health.*

1 AMIDST thy wrath remember love,
Reſtore thy ſervant, Lord;
Nor let a Father's chaſt'ning prove
Like an avenger's ſword.

2 Thine arrows ſtick within my heart,
My fleſh is ſorely preſs'd;
Between the ſorrow and the ſmart
My ſpirit finds no reſt.

3 My ſins a heavy load appear,
And o'er my head are gone;
Too heavy they for me to bear,
Too hard for me t'atone.

4 My thoughts are like a troubled ſea,
That ſinks my comforts down;
And I go mourning all the day
Beneath my Father's frown.

5 Lord, I am weaken'd and diſmay'd,
None of my powers are whole;
My wounds with piercing anguiſh bleed,
The anguiſh of my ſoul.

6 All my deſires to thee are known,
Thine eye counts every tear,
And ev'ry ſigh, and ev'ry groan,
Is notic'd by thine ear.

7 Thou art my God, my only hope,
My God will hear my cry;
My God will bear my ſpirit up
When Satan bids me die.

8 My foes rejoice whene'er I ſlide,
To ſee my virtue fail;
They raiſe their pleaſure and their pride
Whene'er their wiles prevail.

9 But I'll confeſs my guilty ways,
And grieve for all my ſin;
I'll mourn how weak the ſeeds of grace,
And beg ſupport divine.

10 My God forgive my follies paſt,
And be for ever nigh,
O Lord of my ſalvation haſte,
Before thy ſervant die.]

PSALM XXXIX. ver. 1, 2, 3.
First part. Common Metre.

Watchfulneſs over the tongue; or, *Prudence and zeal.*

1 THUS I reſolv'd before the Lord,
"Now will I watch my tongue,
"Leſt I let ſlip one ſinful word,
"Or do my neighbour wrong."

2 Whene'er conſtrain'd a while to ſtay
With men of life profane,
I'll ſet a double guard that day,
Nor let my talk be vain.

3 I'll ſcarce allow my lips to ſpeak
The pious thoughts I feel,
Leſt ſcoffers ſhould th' occaſion take
To mock my holy zeal.

4 Yet if ſome proper hour appear,
I'll not be overaw'd,
But let the ſcoffing ſinner hear
That we can ſpeak for God.

PSALM XXXIX. ver. 4, 5, 6, 7.
Second part. Common Metre.

The vanity of man as mortal.

1 TEACH me the meaſure of my days,
Thou Maker of my frame;
I would ſurvey life's narrow ſpace,
And learn how frail I am.

2 A ſpan is all that we can boaſt,
An inch or two of time;
Man is but vanity and duſt
In all his flower and prime.

3 See the vain race of mortals move
Like ſhadows o'er the plain;
They rage and ſtrive, deſire and love,
But all the noiſe is vain.

4 Some walk in honour's gaudy ſhow,
Some dig for golden ore,
They toil for heirs, they know not who,
And ſtraight are ſeen no more.

5 What ſhould I wiſh or wait for then
From creatures, earth, and duſt?
They make our expectations vain,
And diſappoint our truſt.

6 Now I forbid my carnal hope,
My fond deſires recall:
I give my mortal intereſt up,
And make my God my all.

PSALM XXXIX. ver. 9,—13. Third part.
Common Metre.

Sick-bed devotion; or, *Pleading without repining.*

1 GOD of my life, look gently down,
Behold the pains I feel;
But I am dumb before thy throne,
Nor dare diſpute thy will.

2 Diſeaſes are thy ſervants, Lord,
They come at thy command;
I'll not attempt a murm'ring word
Againſt thy chaſt'ning hand.

3 Yet I may plead with humble cries,
Remove thy ſharp rebukes:
My ſtrength conſumes, my ſpirit dies,
Through thy repeated ſtrokes.

4 Cruſh'd as a moth beneath thy hand,
We moulder to the duſt:
Our feeble pow'rs can ne'er withſtand,
And all our beauty's loſt.

5 I'm but a ſtranger here below,
As all my fathers were;
May I be well prepar'd to go,
When I thy ſummons hear!

6 But if my life be ſpar'd a while
Before my laſt remove,
Thy praiſe ſhall be my bus'neſs ſtill,
And I'll declare thy love.

PSALM XL. ver. 1, 2, 3, 5, 17. Firſt part.
Common Metre.

A ſong of deliverance from great diſtreſs.

1 I WAITED patient for the Lord,
He bow'd to hear my cry;
He ſaw me reſting on his word,
And brought ſalvation nigh.

2 He rais'd me from a horrid pit,
Where mourning long I lay,
And from my bonds releas'd my feet,
Deep bonds of miry clay.

3 Firm on a rock he made me ſtand,
And taught my chearful tongue
To praiſe the wonders of his hand,
In a new thankful ſong.

4 I'll ſpread his works of grace abroad;
The ſaints with joy ſhall hear,
And ſinners learn to make my God
Their only hope and fear.

5 How many are thy thoughts of love;
Thy mercies, Lord, how great!
We have not words nor hours enough
Their numbers to repeat.

7 When I'm afflicted, poor and low,
And light and peace depart,
My God beholds my heavy woe,
And bears me on his heart.

PSALM XL. ver. 6,—9. Second part. Common Metre.

The incarnation and sacrifice of Christ.

1 THUS saith the Lord, "Your work is vain,
"Give your burnt-offerings o'er,
"In dying goats and bullocks slain
"My soul delights no more."

2 Then spake the Saviour, "Lo, I'm here,
"My God, to do thy will;
"What e'er thy sacred books declare,
"Thy servant shall fulfil.

3 "Thy love is ever in my sight,
"I keep it near my heart;
"Mine eyes are open'd with delight
"To what thy lips impart."

4 And see! the bless'd Redeemer comes!
Th' eternal Son appears,
And at th' appointed time assures
The body God prepares.

5 Much he reveal'd his Father's grace,
And much his truth he shew'd,
And preach'd the way of righteousness
Where great assemblies stood.

6 His Father's honour touch'd his heart;
He pitied sinners' cries,
And to fulfil a Saviour's part
Was made a sacrifice.

PAUSE.

7 No blood of beasts on altars shed
Could wash the conscience clean,
But the rich sacrifice he paid
Atones for all our sin.

8 Then was the great ſalvation ſpread,
And Satan's kingdom ſhook;
Thus by the woman's promis'd ſeed
The ſerpent's head was broke.

PSALM XL. ver. 5,—10. Long Metre.

Chriſt our ſacrifice.

1 THE wonders, Lord, thy love has wrought,
Exceed our praiſe, ſurmount our thought;
Should I attempt the long detail,
My ſpeech would faint, my numbers fail.

2 No blood of beaſts, on altars ſpilt,
Can cleanſe the ſouls of men from guilt;
But thou haſt ſet before our eyes
An all-ſufficient ſacrifice.

3 Lo! thine eternal Son appears,
To thy deſigns he bows his ears,
Aſſumes a body well prepar'd,
And well performs a work ſo hard.

4 "Behold I come," the Saviour cries,
With love and duty in his eyes;
"I come to bear the heavy load
"Of ſins, and do thy will, my God.

5 "'Tis written in thy great decree,
"'Tis in thy book foretold of me;
"I muſt fulfil the Saviour's part,
"And, lo! thy law is in my heart.

6 "I'll magnify thy holy law,
"And rebels to obedience draw,
"When on my croſs I'm lifted high,
"Or to my crown above the ſky.

7 "The Spirit ſhall deſcend and ſhow
"What thou haſt done, and what I do;
"The wond'ring world ſhall learn thy grace,
"And all creation tune thy praiſe."

PSALM XLI. ver. 1, 2, 3. Long Metre.

Charity to the poor; or, Pity to the afflicted.

BLESS'D is the man whose breast can move,
And melt with pity to the poor,
Whose soul, by sympathizing love,
Feels what his fellow-saints endure.

His heart contrives for their relief
More good than his own hands can do;
He, in the time of gen'ral grief,
Shall find the Lord has mercy too.

His soul shall live secure on earth,
With secret blessings on his head,
When drought, and pestilence, and dearth,
Around him multiply their dead.

Or if he languish on his couch,
God will pronounce his sins forgiv'n,
Will save him with a healing touch,
Or take his willing soul to heav'n.

PSALM XLII. ver. 1,—9. First part. Common Metre.

Desertion and hope; or, Complaint of absence from public worship.

WITH earnest longings of the mind,
My God, to thee I look;
So pants the hunted hart to find
And taste the cooling brook.

When shall I see thy courts of grace,
And meet my God again?
So long an absence from thy face
My heart endures with pain.

Temptations vex my weary soul,
And tears are my repast;
The foe insults without controul,
"And where's your God at last?"

'Tis with a mournful pleasure now
I think on ancient days;

Then to thy houſe did numbers go,
And all our work was praiſe.

5 But why, my ſoul, ſunk down ſo far
Beneath this heavy load?
My ſpirit why indulge deſpair,
And ſin againſt my God?

6 Hope in the Lord, whoſe mighty hand
Can all thy woes remove,
For I ſhall yet before him ſtand,
And ſing reſtoring love.

PSALM XLII. ver. 6,—11. Second part
Long Metre.

Melancholy thoughts reproved; or, Hope in affliction.

1 MY Spirit ſinks within me, Lord,
But I will call thy name to mind,
And times of paſt diſtreſs record,
When I have found my God was kind.

2 Huge troubles, with tumultuous noiſe,
Swell like a ſea, and round me ſpread;
The riſing waves drown all my joys,
And roll tremendous o'er my head.

3 Yet will the Lord command his love,
When I addreſs his throne by day,
Nor in the night his grace remove;
The night ſhall hear me ſing and pray.

4 I'll caſt myſelf before his feet,
And ſay, "My God, my heav'nly Rock,
"Why doth thy love ſo long forget
"The ſoul that groans beneath thy ſtroke?"

5 I'll chide my heart that ſinks ſo low;
Why ſhould my ſoul indulge her grief?
Hope in the Lord, and praiſe him too;
He is my reſt, my ſure relief.

My God, my moſt exceeding joy,
Thy light and truth ſhall guide me ſtill,

Thy word ſhall my beſt thoughts employ,
And lead me to thine heav'nly hill.

PSALM XLIII. Common Metre.

Safety in divine protection.

JUDGE me, O God, and plead my cauſe,
Againſt a ſinful race;
From vile oppreſſion and deceit
Secure me by thy grace.

2 On thee my ſtedfaſt hope depends,
And am I left to mourn?
To ſink in ſorrows, and in vain
Implore thy kind return?

3 Oh ſend thy light to guide my feet,
And bid thy truth appear,
Conduct me to thy holy hill,
To taſte thy mercies there.

4 Then to thy altar, oh, my God,
My joyful feet ſhall riſe,
And my triumphant ſongs ſhall praiſe
The God that rules the ſkies.

5 Sink not, my ſoul, beneath thy fear,
Nor yield to weak deſpair;
For I ſhall live to praiſe the Lord,
And bleſs his guardian care.

PSALM XLIV. ver. 1, 2, 3, 8, 15,—26. Common Metre.

The church's complaint in perſecution.

LORD, we have heard thy works of old,
Thy works of pow'r and grace,
When to our ears our fathers told
The wonders of their days:

They ſaw thy beauteous churches riſe,
The ſpreading goſpel run;
While light and glory from the ſkies
Through all their temples ſhone.

3 In God they boaſted all the day,
And in a cheerful throng
Did thouſands meet to praiſe and pray,
And grace was all their ſong.

4 But now our ſouls are ſeiz'd with ſhame,
Confuſion fills our face,
To hear the enemy blaſpheme,
And fools reproach thy grace.

5 Yet have we not forgot our God,
Nor falſely dealt with heav'n;
Nor have our ſteps declin'd the road
Of duty thou haſt giv'n,

6 Though dragons all around us roar,
With their deſtructive breath,
And thine own hand has bruis'd us ſore,
Hard by the gates of death.

PAUSE.

7 We are expos'd all day to die,
As martyrs for thy name;
As ſheep for ſlaughter bound we lie,
And wait the kindling flame.

8 Awake, ariſe, almighty Lord,
Why ſleeps thy wonted grace?
Why ſhould we ſeem like men abhorr'd,
Or baniſh'd from thy face.

9 Wilt thou for ever caſt us off,
And ſtill neglect our cries?
For ever hide thine heav'nly love
From our afflicted eyes?

10 Down to the duſt our ſoul is bow'd,
And dies upon the ground;
Riſe for our help, rebuke the proud,
And all their pow'rs confound.

11 Redeem us from perpetual ſhame,
Our Saviour and our God;
We plead the honours of thy name,
The merits of thy blood.

PSALM XLV. Short Metre.

The glory of Christ; the success of the gospel; and the Gentile church.

MY Saviour and my King,
Thy beauties are divine;
Thy lips with blessings overflow,
And ev'ry grace is thine.

2 Now make thy glory known,
Gird on thy dreadful sword,
And rise in majesty to spread
The conquests of thy word.

3 Strike through thy stubborn foes,
Or make their hearts obey,
While justice, meekness, grace, and truth,
Attend thy glorious way.

4 Thy laws, O God, are right,
Thy throne shall ever stand;
And thy victorious gospel prove
A sceptre in thy hand.

5 Thy Father and thy God
Hath without measure shed
His Spirit, like a grateful oil,
T' anoint thy sacred head.]

6 Behold, at thy right hand
The Gentile church is seen,
A beauteous bride, in rich attire,
And princes guard the queen.]

7 Fair bride, receive his love,
Forget thy father's house;
Forsake thy gods, thy idol gods,
And pay thy Lord thy vows.

8 Oh let thy God and King
Thy sweetest thoughts employ;
Thy children shall his honour sing,
And taste the heav'nly joy.

PSALM XLV. Common Metre.

The perſonal glories and government of Chriſt.

1 I'LL ſpeak the honours of my King,
His form divinely fair:
None of the ſons of mortal race
May with the Lord compare.

2 Sweet is thy ſpeech, and heav'nly grace,
Upon thy lips is ſhed;
Thy God with bleſſings infinite
Hath crown'd thy ſacred head.

3 Gird on thy ſword, victorious prince,
Ride with majeſtic ſway;
Thy terror ſhall ſtrike through thy foes,
And make the world obey.

4 Thy throne, O God, for ever ſtands,
Thy word of grace ſhall prove
A peaceful ſceptre in thy hands,
To rule thy ſaints by love.

5 Juſtice and truth attend thee ſtill,
But mercy is thy choice;
And God, thy God, thy ſoul ſhall fill
With moſt peculiar joys.

PSALM XLV. Firſt part. Long Metre.

The glory of Chriſt, and power of his goſpel.

1 NOW be my heart inſpired to ſing
The glories of my Saviour King,
Jeſus, the Lord; how heav'nly fair
His form! how bright his beauties are!

2 O'er all the ſons of human race
He ſhines with far ſuperior grace,
Love from his lips divinely flows,
And bleſſings all his ſtate compoſe.

3 Dreſs thee in arms, moſt mighty Lord;
Gird on the terror of thy ſword,
In majeſty and glory ride,
With truth and meekneſs at thy ſide.

Thine anger, like a pointed dart,
Shall pierce the foes of ſtubborn heart;
Or words of mercy, kind and ſweet,
Shall melt the rebels at thy feet.

Thy throne, O God, for ever ſtands,
Grace is the ſceptre in thy hands;
Thy laws and works are juſt and right,
But grace and juſtice thy delight.

God, thine own God, has richly ſhed
His oil of gladneſs on thy head;
And with his ſacred Spirit bleſt
His firſt-born Son above the reſt.

SALM XLV. Second part. Long Metre.

hriſt and his church; or, *The myſtical marriage.*

THE King of ſaints, how fair his face,
Adorn'd with majeſty and grace!
He comes with bleſſings from above,
And wins the nations to his love.

At his right hand our eyes behold
The queen, array'd in pureſt gold;
The world admires her heav'nly dreſs,
Her robes of joy and righteouſneſs.

He forms her beauties like his own,
He calls and ſeats her near his throne;
Fair ſtranger, let thine heart forget
The idols of thy native ſtate.

So ſhall the King the more rejoice
In thee, the favorite of his choice;
Let him be lov'd, and yet ador'd,
For he's thy Maker and thy Lord.

Oh happy hour, when thou ſhalt riſe
To his fair palace in the ſkies,
And all thy ſons (a numerous train)
Each like a prince in glory reign.

Let endleſs honours crown his head;
Let ev'ry age his praiſes ſpread;

While we with cheerful ſongs approve
The condeſcenſion of his love.

PSALM XLVI. First part. Long Metre.

The church's ſafety and triumph among national deſolations.

1 GOD is the refuge of his ſaints,
When ſtorms of ſharp diſtreſs invade;
Ere we can offer our complaints,
Behold him preſent with his aid.

2 Let mountains from their ſeats be hurl'd
Down to the deep, and buried there;
Convulſions ſhake the ſolid world;
Our faith ſhall never yield to fear.

3 Loud may the troubled ocean roar,
In ſacred peace our ſouls abide,
While ev'ry nation, ev'ry ſhore
Trembles, and dreads the ſwelling tide

4 There is a ſtream, whoſe gentle flow
Supplies the city of our God!
Life, love, and joy, ſtill gliding through,
And wat'ring our divine abode.

5 That ſacred ſtream, thine holy word,
Supports our faith, our fear controuls;
Sweet peace thy promiſes afford,
And give new ſtrength to fainting ſouls.

6 Zion enjoys her monarch's love,
Secure againſt a threat'ning hour;
Nor can her firm foundation move,
Built on his truth, and arm'd with pow'r.

PSALM XLVI. Second part. Long Metre.

God fights for his church.

1 LET Zion in her King rejoice,
Though tyrants rage, and kingdoms riſe;
He utters his almighty voice,
The nations melt, the tumult dies.

The Lord of old for Jacob fought,
And Jacob's God is ſtill our aid;
Behold the works his hands has wrought,
What deſolations he has made.

From ſea to ſea, through all the ſhores
He makes the noiſe of battle ceaſe;
When from on high his thunder roars,
He awes the trembling world to peace,

He breaks the bow, he cuts the ſpear,
Chariots he burns with heav'nly flame;
Let earth in ſilent wonder hear
The ſound and glory of his name.

"Be ſtill, and learn that I am God,
"I reign exalted o'er the lands;
"I will be known and fear'd abroad,
"But ſtill my throne in Zion ſtands."

O Lord of hoſts, almighty King,
While we ſo near thy preſence dwell,
Our faith ſhall ſit ſecure, and ſing,
Nor fear the raging pow'rs of hell.

PSALM XLVII. Common Metre.

Chriſt aſcending and reigning.

OH for a ſhout of ſacred joy
To God the ſov'reign King!
Let ev'ry land their tongues employ,
And hymns of triumph ſing.

Jeſus, our God, aſcends on high,
His heav'nly guards around
Attend him, riſing through the ſky,
With trumpet's joyful ſound.

While angels ſhout and praiſe their King,
Let mortals learn their ſtrains;
Let all the earth his honours ſing;
O'er all the earth he reigns.

Rehearſe his praiſe with awe profound,
Let knowledge guide the ſong;

Nor mock him with a solemn sound
Upon a thoughtless tongue.

5 In Israel stood his ancient throne,
He lov'd that chosen race;
But now he calls the world his own,
And heathens taste his grace.

6 The Gentile nations are the Lord's,
There Abrah'm's God is known;
While powers and princes, shields and swords,
Submit before his throne.

PSALM XLVIII. ver. 1,—3. First part. Short Metre.

The church is the honour and safety of a nation.

[1 GREAT is the Lord our God,
And let his prai'e be great;
He makes his churches his abode,
His most delightful seat.

2 These temples of his grace,
How beautiful they stand!
The honours of our native place,
And bulwarks of our land.]

3 In Zion God is known
A refuge in distress;
How bright has his salvation shone,
How fair his heav'nly grace!

4 When kings against her join'd,
And saw the Lord was there,
In wild confusion of the mind
They fled with hasty fear.

5 When navies, tall and proud,
Attempt to spoil our peace,
He sends his tempest roaring loud,
And sinks them in the seas

6 Oft have our fathers told,
Our eyes have often seen,

How well our God ſecures the fold
Where his own flocks have been.

In ev'ry new diſtreſs
We'll to his houſe repair,
Recal to mind his wond'rous grace,
And ſeek deliv'rance there.

SALM XLVIII. ver. 10,—14. Second part. Short Metre.

he beauty of the church; or, *Goſpel worſhip and order.*

FAR as thy name is known
The world declares thy praiſe;
Thy ſaints, O Lord, before thy throne
Their ſongs of honour raiſe.

With joy thy people ſtand
On Zion's choſen hill,
Proclaim the wonders of thy hand,
And counſels of thy will.

Let ſtrangers walk around
The city where we dwell,
Compaſs and view thine holy ground,
And mark the building well.

The orders of thy houſe,
Thy worſhip of thy court,
The chearful ſongs, the ſolemn vows,
And make a fair report.

How decent and how wiſe!
How glorious to behold!
Beyond the pomp that charms the eyes,
And rites adorn'd with gold.

The God we worſhip now
Will guide us till we die;
Will be our God while here below,
And ours above the ſky.

PSALM XLIX. ver. 6,—14. First part. Common Metre.

Pride and death; or, *The vanity of life and riche*

1 WHY doth the man of riches grow
To inſolence and pride,
To ſee his wealth and honours flow
With ev'ry riſing tide?

[2 Why doth he treat the poor with ſcorn,
Made of the ſelf-ſame clay,
And boaſt as though his fleſh were born
Of better duſt than they?]

3 Not all his treaſures can procure
His ſoul a ſhort reprieve,
Redeem from death one guilty hour,
Or make his brother live.

[4 Eternal life can ne'er be ſold,
The ranſom is too high;
Juſtice will ne'er be brib'd with gold,
That man may never die.]

5 He ſees the brutiſh and the wiſe,
The timorous and the brave,
Quit their poſſeſſions, cloſe their eyes,
And haſten to the grave.

6 Yet 'tis his inward thought and pride,
"My houſe ſhall ever ſtand;
"And that my name may long abide
"I'll give it to my land."

[7 Vain are his thoughts, his hopes are loſt,
How ſoon his mem'ry dies!
His name is buried in the duſt,
Where his own body lies.]

PAUSE.

8 This is the folly of their way!
And yet their ſons, as vain,
Approve the words their fathers ſay,
And act their works again.

Men void of wisdom and of grace,
Though honour raise them high,
Live like the beast, a thoughtless race,
And like the beast they die.

o Laid in the grave, like silly sheep,
Death triumphs o'er them there,
Till the last trumpet breaks their sleep,
And wakes them in despair.]

PSALM XLIX. ver. 14, 15. Second part.
Common Metre.

Death and the resurrection.

YE sons of pride, that hate the just,
And trample on the poor,
When death has brought you down to dust,
Your pomp shall rise no more.

The last great day shall change the scene;
When will that hour appear?
When shall the just revive, and reign
O'er all that scorn'd them here?

God will my naked soul receive,
Call'd from the world away,
And break the prison of the grave,
To raise my mould'ring clay.

Heav'n is my everlasting home,
Th' inheritance is sure;
Let men of pride their rage resome,
But I'll repine no more.

PSALM XLIX. Long Metre.

The rich sinner's death, and the saint's resurrection.

WHY do the proud insult the poor,
And boast the large estates they have?
How vain are riches to secure
Their haughty owners from the grave!

They can't redeem an hour from death
With all the wealth in which they trust;

Nor give a dying brother breath,
When God commands him down to duſt.

3 There the dark earth, and diſmal ſhade,
Shall claſp their naked bodies round:
That fleſh, ſo delicately fed,
Lies cold, and moulders in the ground.

4 Like thoughtleſs ſheep the ſinner dies,
And leaves his glories in the tomb:
The ſaints ſhall in the morning riſe,
And hear the oppreſſor's awful doom.

5 His honours periſh in the duſt,
And pomp and beauty, birth and blood:
That glorious day exalts the juſt
To full dominion o'er the proud.

6 My Saviour ſhall my life reſtore,
And raiſe me from my dark abode;
My fleſh and ſoul ſhall part no more,
But dwell for ever near my God.

PSALM L. ver. 1,—6. Firſt part. Common Metre.

The laſt judgment; or, *The ſaints rewarded.*

1 THE Lord, the Judge, before his throne
Bids the whole earth draw nigh,
The nations near the riſing ſun,
And near the weſtern ſky.

2 No more ſhall bold blaſphemers ſay,
"Judgment will ne'er begin;"
No more abuſe his long delay
To impudence and ſin.

3 Thron'd on a cloud our God ſhall come,
Bright flames prepare his way,
Thunder and darkneſs, fire and ſtorm,
Lead on the dreadful day.

4 Heav'n from above his call ſhall hear,
Attending angels come,

And earth and hell ſhall know, and fear
His juſtice and their doom.

" But gather all my ſaints, (he cries)
" That made their peace with God,
' By the Redeemer's ſacrifice,
" And ſeal'd it with his blood.

' Their faith and works, brought forth to light,
" Shall make the world confeſs
' My ſentence of reward is right,
" And heav'n adore my grace."

PSALM L. ver. 10, 11, 14, 15, 23.
Second part Common Metre.

Obedience is better than ſacrifice.

THUS ſaith the Lord, " The ſpacious fields,
" And flocks and herds, are mine;
' O'er all the cattle of the hills
" I claim a right divine.

' I aſk no ſheep for ſacrifice,
" Nor bullocks burnt with fire;
' To hope and love, to pray and praiſe,
" Is all that I require.

' Invoke my name when trouble's near,
" My hand ſhall ſet thee free;
' Then ſhall thy thankful lips declare
" The honour due to me.

' The man that offers humble praiſe,
" Declares my glory beſt:
' And thoſe that tread my holy ways
" Shall my ſalvation taſte.

PSALM L. ver. 1, 5, 8, 16, 21, 22.
Third part. Common Metre.

The judgment of hypocrites.

WHEN Chriſt to judgment ſhall deſcend,
And ſaints ſurround their Lord,
He calls the nations to attend,
And hear his awful word.

2 "Not for the want of bullocks slain,
"Will I the world reprove;
"Altars, and rites, and forms, are vain
"Without the fire of love.

3 "And what have hypocrites to do
"To bring their sacrifice?
"They call my statutes just and true,
"But deal in theft and lies.

4 "Could you expect to 'scape my sight,
"And sin without controul?
"But I shall bring your crimes to light
"With anguish in your soul."

5 Consider, ye that slight the Lord,
Before his wrath appear;
If once you fall beneath his sword,
There's no deliv'rer there.

PSALM L. Long Metre.

Hypocrisy exposed.

1 THE Lord, the Judge, his churches warns
Let hypocrites attend and fear,
Who place their hopes in rites and forms,
But make not faith nor love their care.

2 Vile wretches dare rehearse his name,
With lips of falsehood and deceit;
A friend or brother they defame,
And soothe and flatter those they hate.

3 They watch to do their neighbours wrong,
Yet dare to seek their Maker's face;
They take his covenant on their tongue,
But break his laws, abuse his grace.

4 To heav'n they lift their hands unclean,
Defil'd with lust, defil'd with blood;
By night they practise every sin,
By day their mouths draw near to God.

5 And while his judgments long delay,
They grow secure, and sin the more;

They think he ſleeps as well as they,
And put far off the dreadful hour.

O dreadful hour! when God draws near,
And ſets their crimes before their eyes!
His wrath their guilty ſouls ſhall tear,
And no deliv'rer dare to riſe.

PSALM L. To a new tune.

The laſt judgment.

THE Lord, the Sov'reign, ſends his ſummons forth,
Calls the ſouth nations, and awakes the north;
From eaſt to weſt the ſov'reign orders ſpread,
Thro' diſtant worlds and regions of the dead:
No more ſhall athieſts mock his long delay;
His vengeance ſleeps no more: behold the day!

Behold, the Judge deſcends; his guards are nigh,
Tempeſt and fire attend him down the ſky.
Heav'n, earth, and hell draw near; let all things come
To hear his juſtice, and the ſinner's doom:
"But gather firſt my ſaints," the Judge commands,
"Bring them, ye angels, from their diſtant lands.

Behold, my cov'nant ſtands for ever good,
Seal'd by th' eternal ſacrifice in blood,
And ſign'd with all their names; the Greek, the Jew,
That paid the ancient worſhip, or the new,
There's no diſtinction here; prepare their thrones,
And near me ſeat my fav'rites and my ſons.

, their almighty Saviour, and their God,
am their Judge: ye heav'ns proclaim abroad
Iy juſt eternal ſentence, and declare
Thoſe awful truths that ſinners dread to hear;
inners in Zion, tremble, and retire;
doom the painted hypocrite to fire.

5 Not for the want of goats or bullocks ſlain,
Do I condemn thee; bulls and goats are vain
Without the flames of love; in vain the ſtor
Of brutal off'rings, that were mine before;
Mine are the tamer beaſts, and ſavage breed,
Flocks, herds, and fields, and foreſts wher
they feed.

6 If I were hungry, would I aſk thee food?
When did I thirſt, or taſte the victim's blood
Can I be flatter'd with thy cringing bows,
Thy ſolemn chat'rings, and fantaſtic vows?
Are my eyes charm'd thy veſtments to behold
Glaring in gems, and gay in woven gold?

7 Unthinking wretch! how could'ſt thou hope t
pleaſe
A God, a Spirit, with ſuch toys as theſe?
While, with my grace and ſtatutes on thy tongue
Thou lov'ſt deceit, and doſt thy brother wrong
In vain to pious forms thy zeal pretends,
Thieves and adult'rers are thy choſen friend

8 Silent, I waited with long-ſuff'ring love,
But didſt thou hope that I ſhould ne'er reprove
And cheriſh ſuch an impious thought within,
That God the righteous would indulge thy ſin
Behold my terrors now; my thunders roll,
And thy own crimes affright thy guilty ſoul.

9 Sinners, awake betimes; ye fools be wiſe;
Awake before this dreadful morning riſe;
Change your vain thoughts, your ſinful worl
amend,
Fly to the Saviour, make the Judge your friend
Leſt, like a lion, his laſt vengeance tear
Your trembling ſouls, and no deliv'rer near

PSALM I. To the old proper tune.

The laſt judgment.

1 THE God of glory ſends his ſummons forth,
Calls the ſouth nations, and awakes the nort

From east to west the sov'reign orders spread,
Thro' distant worlds and regions of the dead.
The trumpet sounds, hell trembles, heaven rejoices;
Lift up your heads, ye saints, with cheerful voices.

No more shall atheists mock his long delay;
His vengeance sleeps no more: behold the day!
Behold, the Judge descends; his guards are nigh,
Tempests and fire attend him down the sky.
When God appears, all nature shall adore him;
While sinners tremble, saints rejoice before him.

Heav'n, earth, and hell, draw near; let all things come
To hear my justice, and the sinner's doom:
But gather first my saints, the Judge commands,
Bring them, ye angels, from their distant lands.
When Christ returns, wake every cheerful passion,
And shout, ye saints; he comes for your salvation.

Behold, my cov'nant stands for ever good,
Seal'd by th' eternal sacrifice in blood, [Jew,
And sign'd with all their names; the Greek, the
That paid the ancient worship, or the new.
There's no distinction here; join all your voices,
And raise your heads, ye saints, for Heav'n rejoices.

Here, saith the Lord, ye angels spread their thrones,
And near me seat my fav'rites and my sons:
Come, my redeem'd, possess the joys prepar'd
Ere time began, 'tis your divine reward.
When Christ returns, wake every cheerful passion,
And shout, ye saints; he comes for your salvation.

PAUSE the first.

I am the Saviour, I th' almighty God, [broad
The sov'reign Judge; ye heav'ns proclaim a-
My just eternal sentence, and declare
Those awful truths that sinners dread to hear.
When God appears, all nature shall adore him;
While sinners tremble, saints rejoice before him.

7 Stand forth, thou bold blaſpheмer, and profane
Now feel my wrath, nor call my threat'ning
vain;
Thou hypocrite, once dreſs'd in ſaint's attire
I doom the painted hypocrite to fire.
Judgment proceeds, hell trembles, heaven rejoice.
Lift up your heads, ye ſaints, with cheerful voice.

8 Not for the want of goats or bullocks ſlain
Do I condemn thee; bulls and goats are vain
Without the flames of love: in vain the ſtor
Of brutal off'rings, that were mine before.
Earth is the Lord's, all nature ſhall adore him;
While ſinners tremble, ſaints rejoice before him

9 If I were hungry, would I aſk thee food?
When did I thirſt? or drink thy bullock's bloo
Mine are the tamer beaſts, and ſavage bree
Flocks, herds; and fields and foreſts, whe
they feed.
All is the Lord's; he rules the wide creation;
Gives ſinners vengeance, and the ſaints ſalvatio

10 Can I be flatter'd with thy cringing bows,
Thy ſolemn chatt'rings, and fantaſtic vows
Are my eyes charm'd thy veſtments to behol
Glaring in gems, and gay in woven gold?
God is the judge of hearts, no fair diſguiſes
Can ſcreen the guilty when his vengeance riſes.

PAUSE the ſecond. [plea

11 Unthinking wretch! how could thou hope
A God, a Spirit, with ſuch toys as theſe:
While, with my grace and ſtatutes on thy tongu
Thou lov'ſt deceit, and doſt thy brother wro
Judgment proceeds, hell trembles, heav'n rejoic
Lift up your heads, ye ſaints, with cheerful voi

12 In vain to pious forms thy zeal pretends;
Thieves and adult'rers are thy choſen frien
While the falſe flatt'rer at mine altar wait
. H.. harden'd ſoul divine inſtruction hates.

God is the judge of hearts, no fair disguises
Can screen the guilty when his vengeance rises.

13 Silent I waited, with long-suff'ring love,
But did'st thou hope that I should ne'er reprove;
And cherish such an impious thought within,
That the All-holy would indulge thy sin?

See, God appears; all nations join t' adore him;
Judgment proceeds, and sinners fall before him.

14 Behold my terrors now; my thunders roll,
And thy own crimes affright thy guilty soul;
Now, like a lion, shall my vengeance tear
Thy bleeding heart, and no deliv'rer near.

Judgment concludes, hell trembles, heav'n rejoices;
Lift up your heads, ye saints, with cheerful voices.

EPIPHONEMA.

Sinners, awake betimes; ye fools, be wise;
Awake before this dreadful morning rise;
Change your vain thoughts, your sinful works amend;
Fly to the Saviour, make the Judge your friend.

Then join, ye saints; wake every cheerful passion;
When Christ returns, he comes for your salvation.

PSALM LI. First part. Long Metre.

A penitent pleading for pardon.

SHEW pity, Lord; O Lord, forgive;
Let a repenting rebel live:
Are not thy mercies large and free?
May not a sinner trust in thee?

My crimes are great, but can't surpass
The pow'r and glory of thy grace:
Great God, thy nature hath no bound,
So let thy pard'ning love be found.

O wash my soul from ev'ry sin,
And make my guilty conscience clean;
Here, on my heart, the burden lies,
And past offences pain mine eyes.

4 My lips with ſhame my ſins confeſs,
Againſt thy law, againſt thy grace;
Lord, ſhould thy judgment grow ſevere,
I am condemn'd, but thou art clear.

5 Should ſudden vengeance ſeize my breath,
I muſt pronounce thee juſt in death:
And if my ſoul were ſent to hell,
Thy righteous law approves it well.

6 Yet ſave a trembling ſinner, Lord,
Whoſe hope, ſtill hov'ring round thy word,
Would light on ſome ſweet promiſe there,
Some ſure ſupport againſt deſpair.

PSALM LI. Second part. Long Metre.

Original and actual ſin confeſſed.

1 LORD, I am vile, conceiv'd in ſin,
And born unholy and unclean:
Sprung from the man whoſe guilty fall
Corrupts the race, and taints us all.

2 Soon as we drew our infant breath,
The ſeeds of ſin grew up for death;
The law demands a perfect heart,
But we're defil'd in ev'ry part.

[3 Great God, create my heart anew,
And form my ſpirit pure and true:
O make me wiſe betimes to ſpy
My danger and my remedy.]

4 Behold, I fall before thy face;
My only refuge is thy grace:
No outward forms can make me clean;
The leproſy lies deep within.

5 No bleeding bird, nor bleeding beaſt,
Nor hyſſop branch, nor ſprinkling prieſt,
Nor running brook, nor flood, nor ſea,
Can waſh the diſmal ſtain away.

6 Jeſus, my God, thy blood alone
Hath pow'r ſufficient to atone;

Thy blood can make me white as snow;
No Jewish types could cleanse me so.

While guilt disturbs and breaks my peace,
Nor flesh, nor soul, hath rest or ease;
Lord, let me hear thy pard'ning voice,
And make my broken heart rejoice.

PSALM LI. Third part. Long Metre.

The backslider restored; or, *Repentance and faith in the blood of Christ.*

1 O THOU that hear'st when sinners cry,
Though all my crimes before thee lie,
Behold them not with angry look,
But blot their mem'ry from thy book.

2 Create my nature pure within,
And form my soul averse to sin;
Let thy good Spirit ne'er depart,
Nor hide thy presence from my heart.

3 I cannot live without thy light,
Cast out and banish'd from thy sight:
Thine holy joys, my God, restore,
And guard me that I fall no more.

4 Though I have griev'd thy Spirit, Lord,
Thy help and comfort still afford;
And let a wretch come near thy throne,
To plead the merits of thy Son.

5 A broken heart, my God, my King,
Is all the sacrifice I bring;
The God of grace will ne'er despise
A broken heart for sacrifice.

6 My soul lies humbled in the dust,
And owns thy dreadful sentence just;
Look down, O Lord, with pitying eye,
And save the soul condemn'd to die.

7 Then will I teach the world thy ways;
Sinners shall learn thy sov'reign grace;

I'll lead them to my Saviour's blood,
And they ſhall praiſe a pard'ning God.

8 O may thy love inſpire my tongue!
Salvation ſhall be all my ſong;
And all my pow'rs ſhall join to bleſs
The Lord, my ſtrength and righteouſneſs.

PSALM LI. ver. 3,—13. First part. Common Metre.

Original and actual ſin confeſſed and pardoned.

1 LORD, I would ſpread my ſore diſtreſs
And guilt before thine eyes;
Againſt thy laws, againſt thy grace,
How high my crimes ariſe!

2 Should'ſt thou condemn my ſoul to hell,
And cruſh my fleſh to duſt,
Heav'n would approve thy vengeance well,
And earth muſt own it juſt.

3 I from the ſtock of Adam came
Unholy and unclean;
All my original is ſhame,
And all my nature ſin.

4 Born in a world of guilt, I drew
Contagion with my breath;
And, as my days advanc'd, I grew
A juſter prey for death.

5 Cleanſe me, O Lord, and chear my ſoul
With thy forgiving love;
O make my broken ſpirit whole,
And bid my pains remove.

6 Let not thy Spirit e'er depart,
Nor drive me from thy face;
Create anew my vicious heart,
And fill it with thy grace.

7 Then will I make thy mercy known
Before the ſons of men;

Backſliders ſhall addreſs thy throne,
And turn to God again.

PSALM LI. ver. 14,—17. Second part.
Common Metre.

Repentance and faith in the blood of Chriſt.

O GOD of mercy, hear my call,
My loads of guilt remove,
Break down this ſeparating wall
That bars me from thy love.

Give me the preſence of thy grace,
Then my rejoicing tongue
Shall ſpeak aloud thy righteouſneſs,
And make thy praiſe my ſong.

No blood of goats, nor heifer ſlain,
For ſin could e'er atone;
The death of Chriſt ſhall ſtill remain
Sufficient and alone.

A ſoul oppreſs'd with ſin's deſert
My God will ne'er deſpiſe:
A humble groan, a broken heart,
Is our beſt ſacrifice.

PSALM LII. Common Metre.

The diſappointment of the wicked.

WHY ſhould the mighty make their boaſt,
And heav'nly grace deſpiſe?
In their own arm they put their truſt,
And fill their mouth with lies.

But God in vengeance ſhall deſtroy,
And drive them from his face;
No more ſhall they his church annoy,
Nor find on earth a place.

But like a cultur'd olive grove,
Dreſs'd in immortal green,
Thy children blooming in thy love,
Amid thy courts are ſeen.

4 On thine eternal grace, O Lord,
Thy ſaints ſhall reſt ſecure,
And all who truſt thy holy word,
Shall find ſalvation ſure.

PSALM LII. Long Metre.

The folly of ſelf-dependence.

1 WHY ſhould the haughty hero boaſt,
His vengeful arm, his warlike hoſt?
While blood defiles his cruel hand,
And deſolation waſtes the land.

2 He joys to hear the captive's cry,
The widow's groan, the orphan's ſigh;
And when the wearied ſword would ſpare,
His falſehood ſpreads the fatal ſnare.

3 He triumphs in the deeds of wrong,
And arms with rage his impious tongue;
With pride proclaims his dreadful power,
And bids the trembling world adore.

4 But God beholds, and with a frown,
Caſts to the duſt his honours down;
The righteous freed, their hopes recall,
And hail the proud oppreſſors fall.

5 How low th' inſulting tyrant lies,
Who dar'd th' eternal power deſpiſe;
And vainly deem'd, with envious joy,
His arm almighty to deſtroy.

6 We praiſe thee, Lord, who heard our cries,
And ſent ſalvation from the ſkies;
The ſaints who ſaw our mournful days,
Shall join our grateful ſongs of praiſe.

PSALM LIII. ver. 4,—6. Common Metre

Victory and deliverance from perſecution.

1 ARE all the foes of Zion fools,
Who thus deſtroy her ſaints?
Do they not know her Saviour rules,
And pities her complaints?

2 They ſhall be ſeiz'd with ſad ſurpriſe;
For God's avenging arm
Shall cruſh the hand that dares ariſe
To do his children harm.

3 In vain the ſons of Satan boaſt
Of armies in array;
When God has firſt deſpis'd their hoſt,
They fall an eaſy prey.

4 O for a word from Zion's King,
Her captives to reſtore!
Thy joyful ſaints thy praiſe ſhall ſing,
And Iſrael weep no more.

PSALM LIV. Common Metre.

1 BEHOLD us, Lord, and let our cry
Before thy throne aſcend,
Caſt thou on us a pitying eye,
And ſtill our lives defend.

2 For ſlaughtering foes inſult us round,
Oppreſſive, proud, and vain;
They caſt thy temples to the ground,
And all our rites profane.

3 Yet thy forgiving grace we truſt,
And in thy power rejoice;
Thine arm ſhall cruſh our foes to duſt,
Thy praiſe inſpire our voice.

4 Be thou with thoſe whoſe friendly hand
Upheld us in diſtreſs,
Extend thy truth through every land,
And ſtill thy people bleſs.

PSALM LV. ver. 1,—3, 16, 17, 18, 22. Common Metre.

Support for the afflicted and tempted ſoul.

1 O GOD, my refuge, hear my cries,
Behold my flowing tears,
For earth and hell my hurt deviſe,
And triumph in my fears.

2 Their rage is level'd at my life,
My ſoul with guilt they load,
And fill my thoughts with inward ſtrife,
To ſhake my hope in God.

3 What inward pains my heart-ſtrings wound,
I groan with ev'ry breath;
Horror and fear beſet me round
Amongſt the ſhades of death.

4 O were I like a feather'd dove,
And innocence had wings,
I'd fly, and make a long remove
From all theſe reſtleſs things.

5 Let me to ſome wild deſert go,
And find a peaceful home,
Where ſtorms of malice never blow,
Temptations never come.

6 Vain hopes, and vain inventions all,
To 'ſcape the rage of hell!
The mighty God, on whom I call,
Can ſave me here as well.

PAUSE.

7 By morning light I'll ſeek his face,
At noon repeat my cry,
The night ſhall hear me aſk his grace,
Nor will he long deny.

8 God ſhall preſerve my ſoul from fear,
Or ſhield me when afraid;
Ten thouſand angels muſt appear
If he command their aid.

9 I caſt my burdens on the Lord,
The Lord ſuſtains them all;
My courage reſts upon his word,
That ſaints ſhall never fall.

10 My higheſt hopes ſhall not be vain,
My lips ſhall ſpread his praiſe;
While cruel and deceitful men
Scarce live out half their days.

SALM LV. ver. 15, 16, 17, 19, 22. Short Metre.

LET ſinners take their courſe,
And chuſe the road to death;
But in the worſhip of my God
I'll ſpend my daily breath.

My thoughts addreſs his throne,
When morning brings the light;
I ſeek his bleſſing ev'ry noon,
And pay my vows at night.

Thou wilt regard my cries,
O my eternal God,
While ſinners periſh in ſurpriſe
Beneath thine angry rod.

Becauſe they dwell at eaſe,
And no ſad changes feel,
They neither fear nor truſt thy name,
Nor learn to do thy will.

But I, with all my cares,
Will lean upon the Lord;
I'll caſt my burdens on his arm,
And reſt upon his word.

His arm ſhall well ſuſtain
The children of his love;
The ground on which their ſafety ſtands
No earthly pow'r can move.

PSALM LVI. Common Metre.

Deliverance from oppreſſion and falſehood; or, *God's care of his people, in anſwer to faith and prayer.*

O THOU, whoſe juſtice reigns on high,
And makes th' oppreſſion ceaſe,
Behold how envious ſinners try
To vex and break my peace.

The ſons of violence and lies
Join to devour me, Lord;

But as my hourly dangers riſe,
My refuge is thy word.

3 In God moſt holy, juſt, and true,
I have repos'd my truſt;
Nor will I fear what fleſh can do,
The offspring of the duſt.

4 They wreſt my words to miſchief ſtill,
Charge me with unknown faults;
For miſchief all their counſels fill,
And malice all their thoughts.

5 Shall they eſcape without thy frown?
Muſt their devices ſtand?
Oh caſt the haughty ſinner down,
And let him know thy hand!

PAUSE.

6 God ſees the ſorrows of his ſaints,
Their groans affect his ears:
Thy mercy counts my juſt complaints,
And numbers all my tears.

7 When to thy throne I raiſe my cry,
The wicked fear and flee:
So ſwift is prayer to reach the ſky,
So near is God to me.

8 In thee, moſt holy, juſt, and true,
I have repos'd my truſt;
Nor will I fear what man can do,
The offspring of the duſt.

9 Thy ſolemn vows are on me, Lord,
Thou ſhalt receive my praiſe;
I'll ſing, "How faithful is thy word!
"How righteous all thy ways!"

10 Thou haſt ſecur'd my ſoul from death;
O ſet thy priſoner free,
That heart and hand, and life and breath,
May be employ'd for thee.

PSALM LVII. Long Metre.

Praiſe for protection; grace and truth.

MY God, in whom are all the ſprings
Of boundleſs love and grace unknown,
Hide me beneath thy ſpreading wings,
Till the dark cloud is overblown.

Up to the heav'ns I ſend my cry,
The Lord will my deſires perform;
He ſends his angel from the ſky,
And ſaves me from the threat'ning ſtorm.

Be thou exalted, O my God,
Above the heav'ns, where angels dwell;
Thy pow'r on earth be known abroad,
And land to land thy wonders tell.

My heart is fix'd; my ſong ſhall raiſe
Immortal honours to thy name;
Awake, my tongue, to ſound his praiſe,
My tongue, the glory of my frame.

High o'er the earth his mercy reigns,
And reaches to the utmoſt ſky;
His truth to endleſs years remains,
When lower worlds diſſolve and die.

Be thou exalted, O my God,
Above the heav'ns where angels dwell;
Thy pow'r on earth be known abroad,
And land to land thy wonders tell.

PSALM LVIII. As the 113th Pſalm.

Warning to magiſtrates.

JUDGES, who rule the world by laws,
Will ye deſpiſe the righteous cauſe?
When vile oppreſſion waſtes the land,
Dare ye condemn the righteous poor,
And let rich ſinners 'ſcape ſecure,
While gold and greatneſs bribe your hand?

Have ye forgot, or never knew
That God will judge the judges too?

High in the heav'ns his juſtice reigns;
Yet you invade the rights of God;
And ſend your bold decrees abroad,
To bind the conſcience in your chains.

3 A poiſon'd arrow is your tongue,
The arrow ſharp, the poiſon ſtrong,
And death attends where'er it wounds;
You hear no councils, cries, or tears;
So the deaf adder ſtops her ears!
Againſt the power of charming ſounds.

4 Break out their teeth, eternal God,
Thoſe teeth of lions dy'd in blood;
And cruſh the ſerpents in the duſt.
As empty chaff, when whirlwinds riſe,
Before the ſweeping tempeſt flies,
So let their hopes and names be loſt.

5 Th' Almighty thunders from the ſky,
Their grandeur melts, their titles die,
As hills of ſnow diſſolve and run;
Or ſnails that periſh in their ſlime,
Or births that come before their time,
Vain births that never ſee the ſun.

6 Thus ſhall the vengeance of the Lord
Safety and joy to ſaints afford;
And all that hear ſhall join and ſay,
"Sure there's a God that rules on high,
"A God that hears his children cry,
"And will their ſufferings well repay."

PSALM LIX. Short Metre.

Prayer for national deliverance.

1 FROM foes that round us riſe,
O God of heav'n defend,
Who brave the vengeance of the ſkies,
And with thy ſaints contend.

2 Behold, from diſtant ſhores
And deſert wilds they come,

Combine for blood their barb'rous force,
And through thy cities roam.

Beneath the silent shade
Their secret plots they lay,
Our peaceful walls by night invade,
And waste the fields by day.

And will the God of grace,
Regardless of our pain,
Permit, secure, that impious race
To riot in their reign?

In vain their secret guile
Or open force they prove;
His eye can pierce the deepest veil,
His hand their strength remove.

Yet save them, Lord, from death,
Lest we forget their doom;
But drive them, with thine angry breath,
Through distant lands to roam.

Then shall our grateful voice
Proclaim our guardian God;
The nations round the earth rejoice,
And sound thy praise abroad.

PSALM LX. Common Metre.

Looking to God in the distress of war.

LORD, thou hast scourg'd our guilty land,
Behold thy people mourn;
Shall vengeance ever guide thy hand,
And mercy ne'er return?

Beneath the terrors of thine eye
Earth's haughty tow'rs decay;
Thy frowning mantle spreads the sky,
And mortals melt away.

Our Zion trembles at thy stroke,
And dreads thy lifted hand!
Oh, heal the people thou hast broke,
And save the sinking land.

4 Exalt thy banner in the field,
For thoſe that fear thy name;
From barb'rous hoſts our nation ſhield,
And put our foes to ſhame.

5 Attend our armies to the fight,
And be their guardian God;
In vain ſhall numerous pow'rs unite
Againſt thy lifted rod.

6 Our troops beneath thy guiding hand,
Shall gain a glad renown:
'Tis God who makes the feeble ſtand,
And treads the mighty down.

PSALM LXI. ver. 1,—6, Short Metre

Safety in God.

1 WHEN overwhelm'd with grief
My heart within me dies,
Helpleſs, and far from all relief,
To heav'n I lift mine eyes.

2 Oh lead me to the Rock
That's high above my head,
And make the covert of thy wings
My ſhelter and my ſhade.

3 Within thy preſence, Lord,
For ever I'll abide;
Thou art the tower of my defence,
The refuge where I hide.

4 Thou giveſt me the lot
Of thoſe that fear thy name;
If endleſs life be their reward,
I ſhall poſſeſs the ſame.

PSALM LXII. ver. 5,—12. Long Me

No truſt in the creatures; or, *Faith in di*
grace and power.

1 MY ſpirit looks to God alone;
My rock and refuge is his throne;

In all my fears, in all my ſtraits,
My ſoul on his ſalvation waits.

2 Truſt him, ye ſaints, in all your ways,
Pour out your hearts before his face;
When helpers fail, and foes invade,
God is our all-ſufficient aid.

3 Fal'e are the men of high degree,
The baſer ſort are vanity;
Laid in the balance both appear
Light as a puff of empty air.

4 Make not increaſing gold your truſt,
Nor ſet your hearts on glitt'ring duſt;
Why will you graſp the fleeting ſmoke,
And not believe what God has ſpoke.

5 Once has his awful voice declar'd,
Once and again my ears have heard,
All power is his eternal due;
He muſt be fear'd and truſted too.

6 For ſov'reign pow'r reigns not alone,
Grace is a partner of the throne:
Thy grace and juſtice, mighty Lord,
Shall well divide our laſt reward.

PSALM LXIII. ver. 1, 2, 5, 3, 4. Firſt part.
Common Metre.

The morning of a Lord's day.

1 EARLY, my God, without delay,
I haſte to ſeek thy face;
My thirſty ſpirit faints away,
Without thy cheering grace.

2 So pilgrims, on the ſcorching ſand,
Beneath a burning ſky,
Long for a cooling ſtream at hand,
And they muſt drink or die.

3 I've ſeen thy glory and thy power
Through all thy temple ſhine;

My God, repeat that heav'nly hour,
That viſion ſo divine.

4 Not all the bleſſings of a feaſt
Can pleaſe my ſoul ſo well,
As when thy richer grace I taſte,
And in thy preſence dwell.

5 Not life itſelf, with all its joys,
Can my beſt paſſions move,
Or raiſe ſo high my cheerful voice,
As thy forgiving love.

6 Thus till my laſt expiring day,
I'll bleſs my God and King;
Thus will I lift my hands to pray,
And tune my lips to ſing.

PSALM LXIII. ver. 6,—10. Second part. Common Metre.

Midnight thoughts recollected.

1 'TWAS in the watches of the night
I thought upon thy power,
I kept thy lovely face in ſight
Amidſt the darkeſt hour.

2 My fleſh lay reſting on my bed,
My ſoul aroſe on high;
"My God, my life, my hope," I ſaid,
"Bring thy ſalvation nigh."

3 My ſpirit labors up thine hill,
And climbs the heav'nly road;
But thy right hand upholds me ſtill,
While I purſue my God.

4 Thy mercy ſtretches o'er my head
The ſhadow of thy wings;
My heart rejoices in thine aid,
My tongue awakes and ſings.

5 But the deſtroyers of my peace
Shall fret and rage in vain;

The tempter ſhall for ever ceaſe,
And all my ſins be ſlain.

6 Thy ſword ſhall give my foes to death,
And ſend them down to dwell
In the dark caverns of the earth,
Or in the deeps of hell.

PSALM LXIII. Long Metre.

Longing after God; or, The love of God better than life.

1 GREAT God, indulge my humble claim,
Thou art my hope, my joy, my reſt;
The glories that compoſe thy name
Stand all engag'd to make me bleſt.

2 Thou great and good, thou juſt and wiſe,
Thou art my Father and my God;
And I am thine by ſacred ties,
Thy ſon, thy ſervant, bought with blood.

3 With heart, and eyes, and lifted hands,
For thee I long, to thee I look,
As travellers in thirſty lands
Pant for the cooling water brook.

4 With early feet I love t' appear
Among thy ſaints, and ſeek thy face,
Oft' have I ſeen thy glory there,
And felt the power of ſov'reign grace.

5 Not fruits or wines, that tempt our taſte,
No pleaſures that to ſenſe belong
Could make me ſo divinely bleſt,
Or raiſe ſo high my cheerful ſong.

6 My life itſelf without thy love
No taſte or pleaſure could afford;
'Twould but a tireſome burden prove,
If I were baniſh'd from the Lord.

7 Amidſt the wakeful hours of night,
When buſy cares afflict my head,

One thought of thee gives new delight,
And adds refreſhment to my bed.

8 I'll lift my hands, I'll raiſe my voice,
While I have breath to pray or praiſe;
This work ſhall make my heart rejoice,
And bleſs the remnant of my days.

PSALM LXIII. Short Metre.

Seeking God.

1 MY God, permit my tongue
This joy, to call thee mine;
And let my early cries prevail
To taſte thy love divine.

2 My thirſty fainting ſoul
Thy mercy does implore:
Not travellers in deſert lands
Can pant for waters more.

3 Within thy churches, Lord,
I long to find my place,
Thy power and glory to behold,
And feel thy quick'ning grace.

4 For life without thy love
No reliſh can afford;
No joy can be compar'd with this,
To ſerve and pleaſe the Lord.

5 To thee I'll lift my hands,
And praiſe thee while I live;
Not the rich dainties of a feaſt
Such food or pleaſure give.

6 In wakeful hours of night
I call my God to mind;
I think how wiſe thy counſels are,
And all thy dealings kind.

7 Since thou haſt been my help,
To thee my ſpirit flies,
And on thy watchful providence
My cheerful hope relies.

3 The ſhadow of thy wings
My ſoul in ſafety keeps:
I follow where my Father leads,
And he ſupports my ſteps.

PSALM LXIV. Long Metre.

1 GREAT God, attend to my complaint,
Nor let my drooping ſpirit faint;
When foes in ſecret ſpread the ſnare,
Let my ſalvation be thy care.

2 Shield me without, and guard within,
From treach'rous foes and deadly ſin;
May envy, luſt, and pride depart,
And heav'nly grace expand my heart.

3 Thy juſtice and thy power diſplay,
And ſcatter far thy foes away;
While liſt'ning nations learn thy word,
And ſaints triumphant bleſs the Lord.

4 Then ſhall thy church exalt her voice,
And all that love thy name rejoice;
By faith approach thine awful throne,
And plead the merits of thy Son.

PSALM LXV. ver. 1,—5. Firſt part. Long Metre.

Public prayer and praiſe.

1 THE praiſe of Zion waits for thee,
My God; and praiſe becomes thine houſe;
There ſhall thy ſaints thy glory ſee,
And there perform their public vows.

2 O thou, whoſe mercy bends the ſkies,
To ſave when humble ſinners pray,
All lands to thee ſhall lift their eyes,
And every yielding heart obey.

3 Againſt my will my ſins prevail,
But grace ſhall purge away the ſtain;
The blood of Chriſt will never fail
To waſh my garments white again.

4 Blefs'd is the man whom thou fhalt chooſe,
And give him kind acceſs to thee;
Give him a place within thy houſe,
To taſte thy love divinely free.

PAUSE.

5 Let Babel fear when Zion prays;
Babel, prepare for long diſtreſs,
When Zion's God himſelf arrays
In terror and in righteouſneſs.

6 With dreadful glory God fulfils
What his afflicted ſaints requeſt;
And with almighty wrath reveals
His love, to give his churches reſt.

7 Then ſhall the flocking nations run
To Zion's hill, and own their Lord;
The riſing and the ſetting ſun
Shall ſee the Saviour's name ador'd.

PSALM LXV. ver. 5,—13. Second part. Long Metre.

Divine Providence in air, earth, and ſea; or, *The God of nature and grace.*

1 THE God of our ſalvation hears
The groans of Zion, mix'd with tears;
Yet when he comes with kind deſigns,
Through all the way his terror ſhines.

2 On him the race of man depends,
Far as the earth's remoteſt ends,
Where the Creator's name is known
By nature's feeble light alone.

3 Sailors, that travel o'er the flood,
Addreſs their frighted ſouls to God,
When tempeſts rage, and billows roar,
At dreadful diſtance from the ſhore.

4 He bids the noiſy tempeſts ceaſe;
He calms the raging crowd to peace,
When a tumultuous nation raves,
Wild as the winds, and loud as waves.

5 Whole kingdoms, ſhaken by the ſtorm,
He ſettles in a peaceful form;
Mountains eſtabliſh'd by his hand,
Firm on their old foundations ſtand.

6 Behold, his enſigns ſweep the ſky,
Now comets blaze, and light'nings fly;
The heathen lands, with ſwift ſurpriſe,
From the bright horrors turn their eyes.

7 At his command the morning ray
Smiles in the eaſt, and leads the day;
He guides the ſun's declining wheels
Over the tops of weſtern hills.

8 Seaſons and times obey his voice;
The ev'ning and the morn rejoice,
To ſee the earth made ſoft with ſhowers,
Laden with fruit, and dreſs'd in flowers.

9 'Tis from his wat'ry ſtores on high
He gives the thirſty ground ſupply:
He walks upon the clouds, and thence
Doth his enriching drops diſpenſe.

10 The deſert grows a fruitful field,
Abundant fruit the vallies yield;
The vallies ſhout with cheerful voice,
And neighbouring hills repeat their joys.

11 The paſtures ſmile in green array,
There lambs and larger cattle play;
The larger cattle and the lamb,
Each in his language ſpeaks thy name.

12 Thy works pronounce thy pow'r divine;
O'er ev'ry field thy glories ſhine,
Through ev'ry month thy gifts appear;
Great God, thy goodneſs crowns the year.

PSALM LXV. First part. Long Metre.

A prayer-hearing God; and the Gentiles called.

1 PRAISE waits in Zion, Lord, for thee,
There ſhall our vows be paid;

Thou haſt an ear when ſinners pray,
All fleſh ſhall ſeek thine aid.

2 Lord, our iniquities prevail,
But pard'ning grace is thine,
And thou wilt grant us power and ſkill
To conquer ev'ry ſin.

3 Bleſs'd are the men whom thou wilt chuſe
To bring them near thy face,
Give them a dwelling in thine houſe,
To feaſt upon thy grace.

4 In anſw'ring what thy church requeſts,
Thy truth and terror ſhine,
And works of dreadful righteouſneſs
Fulfil thy kind deſign.

5 Thus ſhall the wond'ring nations ſee
The Lord is good and juſt;
And diſtant iſlands fly to thee.
And make thy name their truſt.

6 They dread thy glitt'ring tokens, Lord,
When ſigns in heav'n appear;
But they ſhall learn thy holy word,
And love as well as fear.

PSALM LXV. Second part. Common Metre

The providence of God in air, earth, and ſea; or
The bleſſings of rain.

1 'TIS by thy ſtrength the mountains ſtand,
God of eternal power;
The ſea grows calm at thy command,
And tempeſts ceaſe to roar.

2 Thy morning light and ev'ning ſhade
Succeſſive comforts bring:
Thy plenteous fruits make harveſt glad,
Thy flowers adorn the ſpring.

3 Seaſons and times, and moons, and hours,
Heav'n, earth, and air, are thine;

When clouds distil in fruitful showers,
The author is divine.

4 Those wand'ring cisterns in the sky
Borne by the winds around,
Whose wat'ry treasures well supply
The furrows of the ground.

5 The thirsty ridges drink their fill,
And ranks of corn appear;
Thy ways abound with blessings still,
Thy goodness crowns the year.

PSALM LXV. Third part. Common Metre.

The blessings of the spring; or, *God gives rain.*

A Psalm for the Husbandman.

1 GOD is the Lord, the heav'nly King,
Who makes the earth his care;
Visits the pastures ev'ry spring,
And bids the grass appear.

2 The clouds, like rivers, rais'd on high,
Pour out at his command
Their wat'ry blessings from the sky,
To cheer the thirsty land.

3 The soften'd ridges of the field
Permit the corn to spring;
The vallies rich provision yield,
And the poor lab'rers sing.

4 The little hills on ev'ry side
Rejoice at falling show'rs;
The meadows, dress'd in beauteous pride,
Perfume the air with flow'rs.

5 The barren clods, refresh'd with rain,
Promise a joyful crop;
The parched grounds look green again,
And raise the reapers' hope.

6 The various months thy goodness crowns,
How bounteous are thy ways!

The bleating flocks ſpread o'er the downs,
And ſhepherds ſhout thy praiſe.

PSALM LXVI. Firſt part. Common Metre.

Governing power and goodneſs; or, Our grace tried by affliction.

1 SING, all ye nations, to the Lord,
Sing with a joyful noiſe;
With melody of ſound record
His honours and your joys.

2 Say to the Pow'r that form'd the ſky,
"How terrible art thou!
"Sinners before thy preſence fly,
"Or at thy feet they bow."

[3 Come, ſee the wonders of our God,
How glorious are his ways?
In Moſes' hand he put the rod,
And clave the frighted ſeas.

4 He made the ebbing channel dry,
While Iſra'l paſs'd the flood;
There did the church begin their joy,
And triumph in their God]

5 He rules by his reſiſtleſs might;
Will rebel mortals dare
Provoke th' Eternal to the fight,
And tempt that dreadful war?

6 O bleſs our God, and never ceaſe
Ye ſaints, fulfil his praiſe;
He keeps our life, maintains our peace,
And guides our doubtful ways.

7 Lord, thou haſt prov'd our ſuff'ring ſouls,
To make our graces ſhine;
So ſilver bears the burning coals,
The metal to refine.

8 Through wat'ry deeps and fiery ways
We march at thy command,

Led to poſſeſs the promis'd place
By thine unerring hand.

PSALM LXVI. ver. 13,—20. Second part. Common Metre.

Praiſe to God for hearing prayer.

1 NOW ſhall my ſolemn vows be paid
To that almighty Pow'r,
That heard the long requeſts I made
In my diſtreſsful hour.

2 My lips and cheerful heart prepare
To make his mercies known;
Come, ye that fear my God, and hear
The wonders he has done.

3 When on my head huge ſorrows fell,
I ſought the heav'nly aid;
He ſav'd my ſinking ſoul from hell,
And death's eternal ſhade.

4 If ſin lay cover'd in my heart
While pray'r employ'd my tongue,
The Lord had ſhown me no regard,
Nor I his praiſes ſung.

5 But God (his name be ever bleſs'd!)
Has ſet my ſpirit free,
Nor turn'd from him my poor requeſt,
Nor turn'd his heart from me.

PSALM LXVII. Common Metre.

The nation's proſperity, and the church's increaſe.

1 SHINE, mighty God, on Zion ſhine,
With beams of heavenly grace:
Reveal thy pow'r through all our coaſts,
And ſhew thy ſmiling face.

[2 Amidſt our realm, exalted high
Do thou our glory ſtand,
And, like a wall of guardian fire,
Surround the fav'rite land.]

3 When ſhall thy name from ſhore to ſhore
Sound all the earth abroad,
And diſtant nations know and love
Their Saviour and their God?

4 Sing to the Lord, ye diſtant lands,
Sing loud, with ſolemn voice;
Let every tongue exalt his praiſe,
And every heart rejoice.

5 He, the great Lord, the ſov'reign Judge,
That ſits enthron'd above,
In wiſdom rules the worlds he made
And bids them taſte his love.

6 Earth ſhall obey his high command,
And yield a full increaſe;
Our God will crown his choſen land
With fruitfulneſs and peace.

7 God the Redeemer ſcatters round
His choiceſt favours here,
While the creation's utmoſt bound
Shall ſee, adore, and fear.

PSALM LXVIII. First part. ver. 1,—6, 32,—35.
Long Metre.

The vengeance and compaſſion of God.

1 LET God ariſe in all his might,
And put the troops of hell to flight;
As ſmoke, that ſought to cloud the ſkies,
Before the riſing tempeſt flies.

[2 He comes, array'd in burning flames;
Juſtice and Vengeance are his names:
Behold, his fainting foes expire,
Like melting wax before the fire.]

3 He rides and thunders through the ſky;
His name JEHOVAH ſounds on high:
Sing to his name, ye ſons of grace;
Ye ſaints, rejoice before his face.

4 The widow and the fatherleſs
Fly to his aid in ſharp diſtreſs!
In him the poor and helpleſs find
A Judge that's juſt, a Father kind.

5 He breaks the captive's heavy chain,
And pris'ners ſee the light again;
But rebels, that diſpute his will,
Shall dwell in chains and darkneſs ſtill.

PAUSE.

6 Kingdoms and thrones to God belong;
Crown him, ye nations, in your ſong;
His wond'rous names and pow'rs rehearſe,
His honours ſhall enrich your verſe.

7 He ſhakes the heav'ns with loud alarms;
How terrible is God in arms!
In Iſra'l are his mercies known,
Iſra'l is his peculiar throne.

8 Proclaim him King, pronounce him bleſs'd;
He's your defence, your joy, your reſt:
When terrors riſe, and nations faint,
God is the ſtrength of ev'ry ſaint.

PSALM LXVIII. ver. 17, 18. Second part. Long Metre.

Chriſt's aſcenſion, and the gift of the Spirit.

1 LORD, when thou didſt aſcend on high,
Ten thouſand angels fill'd the ſky;
Thoſe heav'nly guards around thee wait,
Like chariots that attend thy ſtate.

2 Not Sinai's mountain could appear
More glorious when the Lord was there,
While he pronounc'd his dreadful law,
And ſtruck the choſen tribes with awe.

3 How bright the triumph none can tell,
When the rebellious pow'rs of hell,
That thouſand ſouls had captive made,
Were all in chains, like captives, led.

4 Rais'd by his Father to the throne,
He sent his promis'd Spirit down,
With gifts and grace for rebel men,
That God might dwell on earth again.

PSALM LXVIII. ver. 19, 9, 20, 21, 22.
Third part. Long Metre.

Praise for temporal blessings; or, *Common and special mercies.*

1 WE bless the Lord, the just, the good,
Who fills our hearts with heav'nly food;
Who pours his blessings from the skies,
And loads our days with rich supplies.

2 He sends his sun his circuit round,
To cheer the fruits, to warm the ground;
He bids the clouds, with plenteous rain,
Refresh the thirsty earth again.

3 'Tis to his care we owe our breath,
And all our near escapes from death:
Safety and health to God belong;
He heals the weak, and guards the strong.

4 He makes the saint and sinner prove
The common blessings of his love;
But the wide diff'rence that remains
Is endless joy or endless pains.

5 The Lord, that bruis'd the serpent's head,
On all the serpent's seed shall tread,
The stubborn sinner's heart confound,
And smite him with a lasting wound.

6 But his right hand his saints shall raise
From the deep earth, or deeper seas;
And bring them to his court above,
There shall they taste his special love.

PSALM LXIX. ver. 1,—14. First part.
Common Metre.

The sufferings of Christ for our salvation.

1 "SAVE me, O God, the swelling floods,
"Break in upon my soul:

" I ſink; and ſorrows o'er my head,
" Like mighty waters, roll.

2 " I cry 'till all my voice be gone,
" In tears I waſte the day;
" My God, behold my longing eyes,
" And ſhorten thy delay.

3 " They hate my ſoul without a cauſe,
" And ſtill their number grows;
" More than the hairs around my head,
" And mighty are my foes.

4 " 'Twas then I paid that dreadful debt
" That men could never pay,
" And gave thoſe honours to thy law
" Which ſinners took away."

5 Thus, in the great Meſſiah's name,
The royal prophet mourns;
Thus he awakes our hearts to grief,
And gives us joy by turns.

6 " Now ſhall the ſaints rejoice, and find
" Salvation in my name;
" For I have borne their heavy load
" Of ſorrow, pain, and ſhame.

7 " Grief, like a garment, cloth'd me round.
" And ſackcloth was my dreſs,
" While I procur'd for naked ſouls
" A robe of righteouſneſs.

8 " Amongſt my brethren, and the Jews,
" I like a ſtranger ſtood,
" And bore their vile reproach, to bring
" The Gentiles near to God.

9 " I came, in ſinful mortals' ſtead,
" To do my Father's will;
" Yet, when I cleans'd my Father's houſe,
" They ſcandaliz'd my zeal.

10 " My faſtings and my holy groans
" Were made the drunkard's ſong;

" But God, from his celeſtial throne,
" Heard my complaining tongue.

11 " He ſav'd me from the dreadful deep,
" Where fears beſet me round;
" He rais'd and fix'd my ſinking feet,
" On well eſtabliſh'd ground.

12 " 'Twas in a moſt accepted hour
" My pray'r aroſe on high,
" And, for my ſake, my God ſhall hear
" The dying ſinner's cry."

PSALM LXIX. ver. 14,—21, 26, 29, 32.
Second part. Common Metre.

The paſſion and exaltation of Chriſt.

1 NOW let our lips, with holy fear,
And mournful pleaſure, ſing
The ſuff'rings of our great High Prieſt,
The ſorrows of our King.

2 He ſinks in floods of deep diſtreſs;
How high the waters riſe!
While to his heav'nly Father's ear
He ſends perpetual cries.

3 " Hear me, O Lord, and ſave thy Son,
" Nor hide thy ſhining face;
" Why ſhould thy fav'rite look like one
" Forſaken of thy grace?

With rage they perſecute the man
" That groans beneath thy wound,
While for a ſacrifice I pour,
" My life upon the ground.

They tread my honour to the duſt,
" And laugh when I complain;
Their ſharp inſulting ſlanders add
" Freſh anguiſh to my pain.

All my reproach is known to thee,
" The ſcandal and the ſhame;

" Reproach hath broke my bleeding heart,
" And lies defil'd my name.

" I look'd for pity, but in vain;
" My kindred are my grief;
" I ask my friends for comfort round,
" But meet with no relief.

" With vinegar they mock my thirst,
" They give me gall for food;
" And, sporting with my dying groans,
" They triumph in my blood.

" Shine into my distressed soul,
" Let thy compassion save;
" And though my flesh sink down to death,
" Redeem it from the grave.

" I shall arise to praise thy name,
" Shall reign in worlds unknown,
" And thy salvation, O my God,
" Shall seat me on thy throne."

PSALM LXIX. Third part. Common Metre.

Christ's obedience and death; or, God glorified and sinners saved.

1 FATHER, I sing thy wond'rous grace,
I bless my Saviour's name,
He brought salvation for the poor,
And bore the sinner's shame.

2 His deep distress has rais'd us high,
His duty and his zeal
Fulfill'd the law which mortals broke,
And finish'd all thy will.

3 His dying groans, his living songs,
Shall better please my God,
Than harp or trumpet's solemn sound,
Than goat's or bullock's blood.

4 This shall his humble foll'wers see,
And set their hearts at rest;

They by his death draw near to thee,
And live for ever bleſs'd.

5 Let heav'n, and all that dwell on high,
To God their voices raiſe,
While lands and ſeas aſſiſt the ſky,
And join t' advance his praiſe.

6 Zion is thine, moſt holy God;
Thy Son ſhall bleſs her gates;
And glory, purchas'd by his blood,
For thine own Iſra'l waits.

PSALM LXIX. First part. Long Metre.

Chriſt's paſſion, and ſinner's ſalvation.

1 DEEP in our hearts let us record
The deeper ſorrows of our Lord;
Behold, the riſing billows roll,
To overwhelm his holy ſoul!

2 In long complaints he ſpends his breath,
While hoſts of hell, and pow'rs of death,
And all the ſons of malice join
To execute their curs'd deſign.

3 Yet, gracious God, thy pow'r and love
Has made the curſe a bleſſing prove;
Thoſe dreadful ſuff'rings of thy Son
Aton'd for crimes which we have done.

4 The pangs of our expiring Lord,
The honours of thy law reſtor'd;
His ſorrows made thy juſtice known,
And paid for follies not his own.

5 O for his ſake our guilt forgive,
And let the mourning ſinner live;
The Lord will hear us in his name;
Nor ſhall our hope be turn'd to ſhame.

PSALM LXIX. ver. 7, *&c.* Second part. Long Met.

Chriſt's ſufferings and zeal.

1 'TWAS for our ſake, eternal God,
Thy Son ſuſtain'd that heavy load

Of baſe reproach, and ſore diſgrace,
While ſhame defil'd his ſacred face.

2 The Jews, his brethren and his kin,
Abus'd the Man that check'd their ſin;
While he fulfill'd thy holy laws,
They hate him, but without a cauſe.

[3 "My Father's houſe, ſaid he, was made
"A place for worſhip, not for trade;"
Then, ſcatt'ring all their gold and braſs,
He ſcourg'd the merchants from the place.]

[4 Zeal for the temple of his God
Conſum'd his life, expos'd his blood:
Reproaches at thy glory thrown
He felt, he mourn'd them as his own.]

[5 His friends forſook, his followers fled,
While foes and arms ſurround his head;
They curſe him with a ſland'rous tongue,
And the falſe judge maintains the wrong.]

[6 His life they load with hateful lies,
And charge his lips with blaſphemies;
They nail him to the ſhameful tree:
There hung the Man that died for me]

7 But God beheld, and, from his throne,
Marks out the men that hates his Son;
The hand that rais'd him from the dead,
Shall pour the veng'ance on their head.

PSALM LXX. Common Metre.

Protection againſt perſonal enemies.

1 IN haſte, O God, attend my call,
Nor hear my cries in vain;
O let thy ſpeed prevent my fall,
And ſtill my hope ſuſtain.

2 When foes inſidious wound my name,
And tempt my ſoul aſtray,
Then let them fall, with laſting ſhame,
To their own plots a prey.

3 While all that love thy name rejoice,
And glory in thy word,
In thy ſalvation raiſe their voice,
And magnify the Lord.

4 O thou my help in time of need,
Behold my ſore diſmay;
In pity haſten to my aid,
Nor let thy grace de'ay

PSALM LXXI. ver. 5—9. Firſt part. Common Metre.

The aged ſaints reflection and hope.

1 MY God, my everlaſting hope,
I live upon thy truth;
Thine hands have held my childhood up,
And ſtrength'ned all my youth.

2 My fleſh was faſhion'd by thy power,
With all theſe limbs of mine;
And from my mother's painful hour,
I've been entirely thine.

3 Still has my life new wonders ſeen
Repeated ev'ry year;
Behold, my days that yet remain
I truſt them to thy care.

4 Caſt me not off when ſtrength declines,
When hoary hairs ariſe;
And round me let thy glory ſhine,
Whene'er thy ſervant dies.

5 Then, in the hiſtory of my age,
When men review my days,
They'll read thy love in ev'ry page,
In ev'ry line thy praiſe.

PSALM LXXI. ver. 15, 14, 16, 23, 22, 24. Second part. Common Metre.

Chriſt our ſtrength and righteouſneſs.

1 MY Saviour, my almighty Friend,
When I begin thy praiſe,

Where will the growing numbers end,
The numbers of thy grace?

2 Thou art my everlasting trust,
Thy goodness I adore;
And since I knew thy graces first,
I speak thy glories more.

3 My feet shall travel all the length
Of the celestial road,
And march with courage, in thy strength,
To see my Father God.

4 When I am fill'd with sore distress
For some surprising sin,
I'll plead thy perfect righteousness,
And mention none but thine.

5 How will my lips rejoice to tell
The vict'ries of my King!
My soul, redeem'd from death and hell,
Shall thy salvation sing.

[6 My tongue shall all the day proclaim
My Saviour and my God,
His death has brought my foes to shame,
And sav'd me by his blood.]

7 Awake, awake, my tuneful pow'rs;
With this delightful song
I'll entertain the darkest hours,
Nor think the season long.

PSALM LXXI. ver. 17.—21. Third part. Common Metre.

The aged Christian's prayer and song; or, *Old age, death, and the resurrection.*

1 GOD of my childhood, and my youth,
The guide of all my days,
I have declar'd thy heav'nly truth,
And told thy wond'rous ways.

2 Wilt thou forsake my hoary hairs,
And leave my fainting heart?

Who ſhall ſuſtain my ſinking years
If God my ſtrength depart?

3 Let me thy pow'r and truth proclaim
Before the riſing age,
And leave a ſavour of thy name
When I ſhall quit the ſtage.

4 The land of ſilence and of death
Attends my next remove;
O may theſe poor remains of breath
Teach the wide world thy love!

PAUSE.

5 Thy righteouſneſs is deep and high,
Unſearchable thy deeds;
Thy glory ſpreads beyond the ſky,
And all my praiſe exceeds.

6 Oft have I heard thy threat'nings roar,
And oft endur'd the grief;
But when thy hand has preſs'd me ſore,
Thy grace was my relief.

7 By long experience have I known
Thy ſov'reign power to ſave;
At thy command I venture down
Securely to the grave.

8 When I lie buried deep in duſt,
My fleſh ſhall be thy care;
Theſe w ther'd limbs with thee I truſt,
To raiſe them ſtrong and fair.

PSALM LXXII. Firſt part. Long Metre.

The kingdom of Chriſt.

1 GREAT God, whoſe univerſal ſway
The known and unknown worlds obey,
Now give the kingdom to thy Son,
Extend his power, exalt his throne.

2 Thy ſceptre well becomes his hands,
All heav'n ſubmits to his commands;

His juſtice ſhall avenge the poor,
And pride and rage prevail no more.

3 With power he vindicates the juſt,
And treads the oppreſſor in the duſt;
His worſhip and his fear ſhall laſt,
Till hours, and years, and time be paſt.

4 As rain on meadows newly mown,
So ſhall he ſend his influence down;
His grace on fainting ſouls diſtils,
Like heav'nly dew on thirſty hills.

5 The heathen lands that lie beneath
The ſhades of overſpreading death,
Revive at his firſt dawning light,
And deſerts bloſſom at the ſight.

6 The ſaints ſhall flouriſh in his days,
Dreſs'd in the robes of joy and praiſe;
Peace, like a river, from his throne,
Shall flow to nations yet unknown.

PSALM LXXII. Second part. Long Metre.

Chriſt's kingdom among the Gentiles.

1 JESUS ſhall reign where'er the ſun
Does his ſucceſſive journeys run;
His kingdom ſtretch from ſhore to ſhore,
Till moons ſhall wax and wane no more.

[2 Behold the nations with their kings;
There Europe her beſt tribute brings;
From north to ſouth the princes meet
To pay their homage at his feet.

3 There Perſia, glorious to behold,
And India ſhines in eaſtern gold;
While weſtern empires own their Lord,
And ſavage tribes attend his word.]

4 For him ſhall endleſs pray'r be made,
And endleſs praiſes crown his head;
His name, like ſweet perfume, ſhall riſe
With ev'ry morning ſacrifice.

5 People and realms of ev'ry tongue
Dwell on his love with ſweeteſt ſong;
And infant voices ſhall proclaim
Their early bleſſings on his name.

6 Bleſſings abounds where'er he reigns,
The joyful pris'ner burſts his chains;
The weary find eternal reſt,
And all the ſons of want are bleſt.

[7 Where he diſplays his healing power,
Death and the curſe are known no more;
In him the tribes of Adam boaſt
More bleſſings than their father loſt.

8 Let ev'ry creature riſe and bring
Peculiar honours to our King:
Angels deſcend with ſongs again,
And earth repeats the loud Amen.]

PSALM LXXIII. First part. Long Metre.

Afflicted ſaints happy, and proſperous ſinners curſed.

1 NOW I'm convinc'd the Lord is kind
To men of heart ſincere,
Yet once my fooliſh thoughts repin'd,
And border'd on deſpair.

2 I griev'd to ſee the wicked thrive,
And ſpoke with angry breath,
"How pleaſant and profane they live;
"How peaceful is their death!

3 "With well fed fleſh and haughty eyes
"They lay their fears to ſleep;
"Againſt the heav'ns their ſlanders riſe,
"While ſaints in ſilence weep.

4 "In vain I lift my hands to pray,
"And cleanſe my heart in vain;
"For I am chaſten'd all the day,
"The night renews my pain."

5 Yet while my tongue indulg'd complaints,
I feel my heart reprove,

" Sure I ſhall thus offend thy ſaints,
" And grieve the men I love."

But ſtill I found my doubts too hard,
The conflict too ſevere,
'Till I retired to ſearch thy word,
And learn thy ſecrets there.

There, as in ſome prophetic glaſs,
I ſaw the ſinner ſit
High mounted on a ſlipp'ry place,
Beſide a fiery pit.

I heard the wretch profanely boaſt,
'Till at thy frown he fell;
His honours in a dream were loſt,
And he awakes in hell.

Lord, what an envious fool I was!
How like a thoughtleſs beaſt!
Thus to ſuſpect thy promis'd grace,
And think the wicked bleſt.

Yet I was kept from full deſpair,
Upheld by pow'r unknown;
That bleſſed hand that broke the ſnare
Shall guide me to thy throne.

PSALM LXXIII. ver. 23,—28, Second part. Common Metre.

God our portion here and hereafter.

GOD, my ſupporter and my hope,
My help for ever near,
Thine arm of mercy held me up
When ſinking in deſpair.

Thy councils, Lord, ſhall guide my feet
Through life's bewilder'd race;
Thine hand conduct me near thy ſeat,
To dwell before thy face.

Were I in heav'n without my God,
'Twould be no joy to me;

And whilſt this earth is my abode,
I long for none but thee.

4 What if the ſprings of life ſhould break,
And fleſh and heart ſhould faint,
God is my ſoul's eternal rock,
The ſtrength of every ſaint.

5 Behold, the ſinners that remove
Far from thy preſence die;
Not all the idol gods they love
Can ſave them when they cry.

6 But to draw near to thee, my God,
Shall be my ſweet employ;
My tongue ſhall ſound thy works abroad,
And tell the world my joy.

PSALM LXXIII. ver. 22, 3, 6, 17,—20.

Long Metre.

The proſperity of ſinners curſed.

1 LORD, what a thoughtleſs wretch was I
To mourn, and murmur, and repine,
To ſee the wicked plac'd on high,
In pride and robes of honour ſhine.

2 But, oh, their end, their dreadful end!
Thy ſanctuary taught me ſo:
On ſlipp'ry rocks I ſee them ſtand,
And fiery billows roll below.

3 Now let them boaſt how tall they riſe,
I'll never envy them again;
There they may ſtand with haughty eyes,
'Till they plunge deep in endleſs pain.

4 Their fancy'd joys, how faſt they flee!
Like dreams, as fleeting and as vain;
Their ſongs of ſofteſt harmony,
Are but a prelude to their pain.

5 Now I eſteem their mirth and wine
Too dear to purchaſe with my blood;

Lord, 'tis enough that thou art mine,
My life, my portion, and my God.

PSALM LXXIII. Short Metre.

The myſtery of Providence unfolded.

SURE there's a righteous God,
Nor is religion vain;
Though men of vice may boaſt aloud,
And men of grace complain.

I ſaw the wicked riſe,
And felt my heart repine,
While haughty fools with ſcornful eyes
In robes of honour ſhine.

Pamper'd with wanton eaſe,
Their fleſh looks full and fair,
Their wealth rolls in like flowing ſeas,
And grows without their care.

Free from the plagues and pains
That pious ſouls endure,
Through all their life oppreſſion reigns,
And racks the humble poor.

Their impious tongues blaſpheme
The everlaſting God;
Their malice blaſts the good man's name,
And ſpreads their lies abroad.

6 But I with flowing tears
Indulg'd my doubts to riſe;
" Is there a God that ſees or hears
" The things below the ſkies?"]

7 The tumult of my thought
Held me in hard ſuſpence,
'Till to thine houſe my feet were brought
To learn thy juſtice thence.

8 Thy word, with light and power,
Did my miſtake amend;
I view'd the ſinners life before,
But here I learn'd their end.

9 On what a ſlipp'ry ſteep
The thoughtleſs wretches go!
And, oh! that dreadful fiery deep
That waits their fall below!

10 Lord at thy feet I bow,
My thoughts no more repine:
I call my God my portion now,
And all my powers are thine.

PSALM LXXIV. Common Metre.

The church pleading with God under ſore perſecution.

1 WILL God for ever caſt us off?
His wrath for ever ſmoke
Againſt the people of his love,
His little choſen flock?

2 Think of the tribes ſo dearly bought;
With their Redeemer's blood;
Nor let thy Zion be forgot,
Where once thy glory ſtood.

3 Lift up thy feet, and march in haſte,
Aloud our ruin calls;
See what a wide and fearful waſte
Is made within thy walls.

4 Where once thy churches pray'd and ſang,
Thy foes profanely rage;
Amidſt thy gates their enſigns hang,
And there their hoſts engage.

5 How are the ſeats of worſhip broke?
They tear the buildings down,
And he that deals the heavieſt ſtroke
Procures the chief renown.

6 With flames they threaten to deſtroy
Thy children in their reſt;
"Come let us burn at once" (they cry)
"The temple and the prieſt."

nd ſtill, to heighten our diſtreſs,
Thy preſence is withdrawn;
hy wonted ſigns of power and grace,
Thy pow'r and grace are gone.

o prophet ſpeaks to calm our grief,
But all in ſilence mourn;
or know the times of our relief,
The hour of thy return.

PAUSE.

ow long, eternal God, how long
Shall men of pride blaſpheme;
hall ſaints be made their endleſs ſong,
And bear immortal ſhame.

Canſt thou for ever ſit and hear
Thy holy name profan'd?
And ſtill thy jealouſy forbear,
And ſtill withhold thy hand?

What ſtrange deliv'rance haſt thou ſhown,
In ages long before?
And now no other God we own,
No other God adore.

Thou didſt divide the raging ſea
By thy reſiſtleſs might,
To make thy tribes a wond'rous way,
And then ſecure their flight.

Is not the world of nature thine,
The darkneſs and the day?
Didſt thou not bid the morning ſhine,
And mark the ſun his way?

Hath not thy pow'r form'd ev'ry coaſt,
And ſet the earth its bounds,
With ſummer's heat, and winter's froſt,
In their perpetual rounds?

And ſhall the ſons of earth and duſt
That ſacred power blaſpheme!
Will not thy hand that form'd them firſt
Avenge thine injur'd name.

16 Think on the cov'nant thou haſt made,
And all thy words of love;
Nor let the birds of prey invade
And vex thy trembling dove.

17 Our foes would triumph in our blood,
And make our hope their jeſt;
Plead thine own cauſe, almighty God,
And give thy children reſt.

PSALM LXXV. Long Metre.

Praiſe to God for the return of peace.

1 TO thee, moſt high and holy God,
To thee our thankful hearts we raiſe;
Thy works declare thy name abroad,
Thy wondrous works demand our praiſe.

2 To ſlav'ry doom'd, thy choſen ſons
Behold their foes triumphant riſe;
And, ſore oppreſs'd by earthly thrones,
They ſought the Sov'reign of the ſkies.

3 'Twas then, great God, with equal power
Aroſe thy vengeance and thy grace,
To ſcourge their legions from the ſhore,
And ſave the remnant of thy race.

4 Thy hand, that form'd the reſtleſs main,
And rear'd the mountain's awful head,
Bade raging ſeas their courſe reſtrain,
And deſert wilds receive their dead.

5 Such wonders never come by chance,
Nor can the winds ſuch bleſſings blow;
'Tis God, the judge, doth one advance,
'Tis God that lays another low.

6 Let haughty tyrants ſink their pride,
Nor lift ſo high their ſcornful head,
But lay their impious thoughts aſide,
And own the empire God hath made.

PSALM LXXVI. Common Metre.

Israel saved and the Assyrians destroyed; or, God's vengeance against his enemies proceeds from his church.

IN Judah God of old was known;
His name in Israel great;
In Salem stood his holy throne,
And Zion was his seat.

Among the praises of his saints,
His dwelling there he chose;
There he receiv'd their just complaints
Against their haughty foes.

From Zion went his dreadful word,
And broke that threat'ning spear;
The bow, the arrows, and the sword,
And crush'd th' Assyrian war.

What are the earth's wide kingdoms else
But mighty hills of prey!
The hill on which JEHOVAH dwells
Is glorious more than they.

'Twas Zion's King that stopp'd the breath
Of captains and their bands;
The men of might sleep fast in death,
That quells their warlike hands.

At thy rebuke, O Jacob's God,
Both horse and chariot fell:
Who knows the terrors of thy rod?
Thy vengeance who can tell?

What pow'r can stand before thy sight
When once thy wrath appears?
When heav'n shines round with dreadful light,
The earth adores and fears.

When God in his own sov'reign ways,
Comes down to save th' oppress,
The wrath of man shall work his praise,
And he'll restrain the rest.

[9 Vows to the Lord, and tribute bring;
Ye princes, fear his frown;
His terrors ſhake the proudeſt king,
And ſmite his armies down.

10 The thunder of his ſharp rebuke
Our haughty foes ſhall feel;
For Jacob's God hath not forſook,
But dwells in Zion ſtill.]

PSALM LXXVII. Firſt part. Common Met

Melancholy aſſau'ting, and hope prevailing.

1 'TO God I cry'd with mournful voice,
I ſought his gracious ear,
In the ſad hour, when trouble roſe,
And fill'd my heart with fear.

2 Sad were my days, and dark my nights,
My ſoul refus'd relief;
I thought on God, the juſt and wiſe,
But thoughts increas'd my grief.

3 Still I complain'd, and ſtill oppreſt,
My heart began to break;
My God, thy wrath forbade my reſt,
And kept my eyes awake.

4 My overwhelming ſorrows grew,
'Till I could ſpeak no more;
Then I within myſelf withdrew,
And call'd thy judgments o'er.

5 I call'd back years and ancient times,
When I beheld thy face;
My ſpirit ſearch'd for ſecret crimes
That might withhold thy grace.

6 I call'd thy mercies to my mind,
Which I enjoy'd before;
And will the Lord no more be kind?
His face appear no more?

7 Will he for ever caſt me off?
His promiſe ever fail?

Has he forgot his tender love?
Shall anger ſtill prevail?

But I forbid this hopeleſs thought,
This dark, deſpairing frame,
Rememb'ring what thy hand hath wrought;
Thy hand is ſtill the ſame.

I'll think again of all thy ways,
And talk thy wonders o'er,
Thy wonders of recov'ring grace,
When fleſh could hope no more.

Grace dwelt with juſtice on the throne;
And men that love thy word
Have in thy ſanctuary known
The counſels of the Lord.

PSALM LXXVII. Second part. Common Metre.

Comfort derived from ancient providence; or, *Iſrael delivered from Egypt, and brought to Canaan.*

"HOW awful is thy chaſt'ning rod?"
(May thy own children ſay;)
"The great, the wiſe, the dreadful God!
"How holy is his way!"

I'll meditate his works of old,
Who reigns in heav'n above;
I'll hear his ancient wonders told,
And learn to truſt his love.

He ſaw the houſe of Joſeph ly
With Egypt's yoke oppreſt;
Long he delay'd to hear their cry;
Nor gave his people reſt.

The ſons of pious Jacob ſeem'd
Abandon'd to their foes;
But his almighty arm redeem'd
The nation whom he choſe.

From ſlaviſh chains he ſets them free,
They follow where he calls;

He bade them venture through the ſea,
And made the waves their walls.

6 The waters ſaw thee, mighty God,
The waters ſaw thee come;
Backward they fled, and frighted ſtood,
To make thine armies room.

7 Strange was thy journey through the ſea,
Thy footſteps, Lord, unknown;
Terrors attend the wond'rous way
That brings thy mercies down.

[8 Thy voice, with terror in the ſound,
Through clouds and darkneſs broke;
All heav'n in lightning ſhone around,
And earth with thunder ſhook.

9 Thine arrows through the ſkies were hurl'd:
How glorious is the Lord!
Surpriſe and trembling ſeiz'd the world,
And all his ſaints ador'd.

10 He gave them water from the rock;
And, ſafe by Moſes' hand,
Through a dry deſert led his flock
To Canaan's promis'd land.]

PSALM LXXVIII. First part. Common Metre.

Providence of God recorded; or, *Pious education and inſtruction of children.*

1 LET children hear the mighty deeds
Which God perform'd of old,
Which in our younger years we ſaw,
And which our fathers told.

2 He bids us make his glories known;
His works of pow'r and grace:
And we'll convey his wonders down
Through ev'ry riſing race.

3 Our lips ſhall tell them to our ſons,
And they again to theirs,

That generations yet unborn
May teach them to their heirs.

4 Thus ſhall they learn in God alone
Their hope ſecurely ſtands,
That they may ne'er forget his works,
But practiſe his commands.

PSALM LXXVIII. Second part. Common Metre.

Iſrael's rebellion and puniſhment; or, *The ſins and chaſtiſements of God's people.*

1 O WHAT a ſtiff rebellious houſe
Was Jacob's ancient race!
Falſe to their own moſt ſolemn vows,
And to their Maker's grace!

2 They broke the cov'nant of his love,
And did his laws deſpiſe;
Forgot the works he wrought to prove
His pow'r before their eyes!

3 They ſaw the plagues on Egypt 'light
From his avenging hand;
What dreadful tokens of his might
Spread o'er the ſtubborn land!

4 They ſaw him cleave the mighty ſea,
And march'd with ſafety through,
With wat'ry walls to guard their way,
'Till they had 'ſcap'd the foe.

5 A wondrous pillar mark'd the road,
Compos'd of ſhade and light;
By day it prov'd a ſhelt'ring cloud,
A leading fire by night.

6 He from the rock their thirſt ſupply'd;
The guſhing waters flow'd,
And ran in rivers by their ſide,
Along the deſert road.

7 Yet they provok'd the Lord Moſt High,
And dar'd diſtruſt his hand:

" Can he with bread our hoſt ſupply
" Amidſt this barren land?"

8 The Lord, with indignation, heard,
And caus'd his wrath to flame;
His terrors ever ſtand prepar'd
To vindicate his name.

PSALM LXXVIII. Third part. Common Metre.

The puniſhment of luxury and intemperance; or, Chaſtiſement and ſalvation.

1 WHEN Iſrael ſinn'd, the Lord reprov'd,
And fill'd their hearts with dread;
Yet he forgave the men he lov'd,
And ſent them heav'nly bread.

2 He fed them with a lib'ral hand,
And made his treaſures known;
He gave the midnight clouds command
To pour proviſion down.

3 The manna, like a morning ſhow'r,
Lay thick around their feet;
The food of heav'n, ſo light, ſo pure,
As though 'twere angels' meat.

4 But they, in murm'ring language, ſaid,
" Is manna all our feaſt?
" We lothe this light, this airy bread;
" We muſt have fleſh to taſte."

5 " Ye ſhall have fleſh to pleaſe your luſt,"
The Lord in wrath reply'd;
And ſent them quails, like ſand, or duſt,
Heap'd up on every ſide.

6 He gave them all their own deſire;
And, greedy as they fed,
His vengeance burnt with ſecret fire,
And ſmote the rebels dead.

7 When ſome were ſlain, the reſt return'd,
And ſought the Lord with tears;

Under the rod they fear'd and mourn'd,
But soon forgot their fears.

8 Oft he chastis'd, and still forgave,
'Till, by his gracious hand,
The nation he resolv'd to save
Possess'd the promis'd land.

PSALM LXXVIII. ver. 32, *&c.* Fourth part.
Long Metre.

Backsliding and forgiveness; or, Sin punished and saints saved.

1 GREAT God, how oft did Israel prove,
By turns, thine anger and thy love;
There, in a glass, our hearts may see
How fickle and how false they be.

2 How soon the faithless Jews forgot
The dreadful wonders God had wrought!
Then they provok'd him to his face,
Nor fear his pow'r, nor trust his grace.

3 The Lord consum'd their years in pain,
And made their travels long and vain;
A tedious march, through unknown ways,
Wore out their strength, and spent their days.

4 Oft, when they saw their brethren slain,
They mourn'd, and sought the Lord again;
Call'd him the Rock of their abode,
Their high Redeemer, and their God.

5 Their pray'rs and vows before him rise,
As flatt'ring words, or solemn lies,
While their rebellious tempers prove
False to his cov'nant and his love.

6 Yet could his sov'reign grace forgive
The men who ne'er deserv'd to live;
His anger oft away he turn'd,
Or else with gentle flame it burn'd.

7 He saw their flesh was weak and frail,
He saw temptations still prevail;

The God of Abra'm lov'd them ſtill,
And led them to his holy hill.

PSALM LXXIX. Long Metre.

For the diſtreſs of war.

1 BEHOLD, O God, what cruel foes
Thy peaceful heritage invade;
Thy holy temple ſtands defil'd,
In duſt thy ſacred walls are laid.

2 Wide o'er the vallies drench'd in blood,
Thy people ſall'n in death remain;
The fowls of heaven their fleſh devour,
And ſavage beaſts divide the ſlain.

3 Th' inſulting foes, with impious rage,
Reproach thy children to their face;
"Where is your God of boaſted power,
"And where the promiſe of his grace?"

4 Deep from the priſon's horrid glooms,
Oh hear the mournful captives ſigh,
And let thy ſov'reign power reprieve
The trembling ſouls condemn'd to die.

5 Let thoſe, who dar'd t' inſult thy reign,
Return diſmay'd with endleſs ſhame,
While heathens, who thy grace deſpiſe,
Shall, from thy vengeance, learn thy name.

6 So ſhall thy children, freed from death,
Eternal ſongs of honour raiſe,
And every future age ſhall tell
Thy ſov'reign pow'r and pard'ning grace.

PSALM LXXX. Long Metre.

The church's prayer under affliction; or, *The vineyard of God waſted.*

1 GREAT Shepherd of thine Iſrael,
Who didſt between the cherubs dwell,
And led the tribes, thy choſen ſheep,
Safe through the deſert and the deep—

Thy church is in the desert, Lord,
Shine from on high, and light afford;
Turn us to thee, thy love restore,
We shall be sav'd, and sigh no more.

Great God, whom heav'nly hosts obey,
How long shall we lament and pray,
And wait in vain thy kind return?
How long shall thy fierce anger burn?

Instead of wine and cheerful bread,
Thy saints with their own tears are fed;
Turn us to thee, thy love restore,
We shall sav'd, and sigh no more.

PAUSE the first.

Hast thou not planted with thy hands,
A lovely vine in heathen lands?
Did not thy power defend it round,
And heav'nly dews enrich the ground?

How did the spreading branches shoot,
And bless the nations with the fruit?
But now, dear Lord, look down and see
Thy mourning vine, that lovely tree.

Why is her beauty thus defac'd?
Why hast thou laid her fences waste?
Strangers and foes against her join,
And ev'ry beast devours the vine.

Return, almighty God, return;
Nor let thy bleeding vineyard mourn;
Turn us to thee, thy love restore,
We shall be sav'd and sigh no more.

PAUSE the second.

Lord, when this vine in Canaan grew,
Thou wast its strength and glory too!
Attack'd in vain by all its foes,
'Till the fair branch of promise rose.

O Fair branch, ordain'd of old to shoot
From David's stock, from Jacob's root;

Himself a noble vine, and we
The lesser branches of the tree.

11 'Tis thy own Son; and he shall stand,
Girt with thy strength, at thy right hand;
Thy first-born Son, adorn'd and bless'd
With pow'r and grace above the rest.

12 O! for his sake, attend my cry,
Shine on thy churches, lest they die;
Turn us to thee, thy love restore,
We shall be sav'd, and sigh no more.

PSALM LXXXI. ver. 1, 8,—16. Short Metre

The warning of God to his people; or, *Spiritual blessings and punishments.*

1 SING to the Lord aloud,
And make a joyful noise;
God is our strength, our Saviour God;
Let Isr'el hear his voice.

2 "From idols false and vain
"Preserve my rights divine;
"I am the Lord who broke thy chain
"Of slavery and of sin.

3 "Stretch thy desires abroad,
"And I'll supply them well;
"But if ye will refuse your God,
"If Israel will rebel,

4 "I'll leave them," saith the Lord,
"To their own lusts a prey,
"And let them run the dang'rous road;
"'Tis their own chosen way.

5 "Yet, O! that all my saints
"Would hearken to my voice!
"Soon I would ease their sore complaints,
"And bid their hearts rejoice.

6 "While I destroy their foes,
"I'll richly feed my flock,

" And they ſhall taſte the ſtream that flows
" From their eternal Rock."

PSALM LXXXII. Long Metre.

God the ſupreme Governor; or, Magiſtrates warned.

1 AMONG th' aſſemblies of the great,
A greater Ruler takes his ſeat;
The God of heav'n, as Judge, ſurveys
Thoſe gods on earth, and all their ways.

2 Why will ye frame oppreſſive laws?
Or why ſupport th' unrighteous cauſe?
When will ye once defend the poor,
That foes may vex the ſaints no more;

3 They know not, Lord, nor will they know,
Dark are the ways in which they go;
Their name of earthly gods is vain,
For they ſhall fall and die like men.

4 Ariſe, O Lord, and let thy Son
Poſſeſs his univerſal throne,
And rule the nations with his rod;
He is our Judge, and he our God.

PSALM LXXXII. Short Metre.

A complaint againſt perſecutors.

1 AND will the God of grace
Perpetual ſilence keep?
The God of juſtice hold his peace,
And let his vengeance ſleep?

2 Behold what curſed ſnares
The men of miſchief ſpread
The men that hate thy ſaints and thee,
Lift up their threat'ning head.

3 Againſt thy hidden ones
Their counſels they employ,
And malice, with her watchful eye,
Purſues them to deſtroy,

4 "Come, let us join," they cry,
"To root them from the ground,
"'Till not the name of ſaints remain,
"Nor mem'ry ſhall be found."

5 Awake, almighty God,
And call thy wrath to mind;
Give them, like foreſts, to the fire,
Or ſtubble to the wind.

6 Convince their madneſs, Lord,
And make them ſeek thy name:
Or elſe their ſtubborn rage confound,
That they may die in ſhame.

7 Then ſhall the nations know
Thy glorious dreadful word,
JEHOVAH is thy name alone,
And thou the ſov'reign Lord,

PSALM LXXXIV. First part. Long Metre.

The pleaſure of public worſhip.

1 HOW pleaſant, how divinely fair,
O Lord of hoſts, thy dwellings are!
With long deſire my ſpirit faints,
To meet th' aſſemblies of thy ſaints.

2 My fleſh would reſt in thine abode,
My panting heart cries out for God;
My God! my King! why ſhould I be
So far from all my joys and thee?

3 The ſparrow chuſes where to reſt,
And for her young provides her neſt;
But will my God to ſparrows grant
That pleaſure which his children want?

4 Bleſs'd are the ſaints who ſit on high
Around thy throne above the ſky;
Thy brighteſt glories ſhine above,
And all their work is praiſe and love.

5 Bleſs'd are the ſouls who find a place
Within the temple of thy grace;

There to behold thy gentler rays,
And ſeek thy face, and learn thy praiſe.

6 Bleſs'd are the men whoſe hearts are ſet
To find the way to Zion's gate;
God is their ſtrength; and through the road
They lean upon their helper God.

7 Cheerful they walk, with growing ſtrength,
'Till all ſhall meet in heav'n at length,
'Till all before thy face appear,
And join in nobler worſhip there.

PSALM LXXXIV. Second part. Long Metre.

God and his church; or, *Grace and glory*.

1 GREAT God, attend while Zion ſings
The joy that from thy preſence ſprings:
To ſpend one day with thee on earth
Exceeds a thouſand days of mirth.

2 Might I enjoy the meaneſt place
Within thy houſe, O God of grace,
Not tents of eaſe, nor thrones of pow'r,
Should tempt my feet to leave thy door.

3 God is our ſun, he makes our day;
God is our ſhield, he guards our way
From all th' aſſualts of hell and ſin,
From foes without, and foes within.

4 All needful grace will God beſtow,
And crown that grace with glory too!
He gives us all things, and withholds
No real good from upright ſouls.

5 O God our King, whoſe ſov'reign ſway
The glorious hoſts of heav'n obey,
And devils at thy preſence flee,
Bleſs'd is the man that truſts in thee.

PSALM LXXXIV. ver. 1, 2, 3, 10, paraphraſed.
Common Metre.

Delight in ordinances of worſhip; or, God preſent in his churches.

1 MY ſoul, how lovely is the place
To which thy God reſorts!
'Tis heaven to ſee his ſmiling face,
Though in his earthly courts.

2 There the great Monarch of the ſkies
His ſaving pow'r diſplays,
And light breaks in upon our eyes,
With kind and quick'ning rays.

3 With his rich gifts the heav'nly Dove
Deſcends, and fills the place;
While Chriſt reveals his wond'rous love,
And ſheds abroad his grace.

4 There, mighty God, thy words declare
The ſecrets of thy will;
And ſtill we ſeek thy mercies there,
And ſing thy praiſes ſtill.

PAUSE.

5 My heart and fleſh cry out for thee,
While far from thine abode;
When ſhall I tread thy courts, and ſee
My Saviour and my God?

6 The ſparrow builds herſelf a neſt,
And ſuffers no remove;
O make me, like the ſparrows, bleſs'd,
To dwell but where I love.

7 To ſit one day beneath thine eye,
And hear thy gracious voice,
Exceeds a whole eternity
Employ'd in carnal joys.

8 Lord, at thy threſhold I would wait,
While Jeſus is within,
Rather than fill a throne of ſtate,
Among the tents of ſin.

Could I command the ſpacious land,
And the more boundleſs ſea,
For one bleſs'd hour at thy right hand
I'd give them both away.

PSALM LXXXIV. As the 148th Pſalm.

Longing for the houſe of God.

LORD of the worlds above,
How pleaſant and how fair
The dwellings of thy love,
Thy earthly temples are!
To thine abode
My heart aſpires,
With warm deſires,
To ſee my God.

The ſparrow for her young,
With pleaſure ſeeks a neſt,
And wand'ring ſwallows long
To find their wonted reſt:
My ſpirit faints,
With equal zeal,
To riſe and dwell
Among thy ſaints.

O happy ſouls that pray
Where God appoints to hear!
O happy men that pay
Their conſtant ſervice there!
They praiſe thee ſtill;
And happy they
That love the way
To Zion's hill.

They go from ſtrength to ſtrength,
Through this dark vale of tears,
'Till each arrives at length,
'Till each in heav'n appears.
O glorious ſeat,
When God our King
Shall thither bring
Our willing feet.

PAUSE.

5 To ſpend one ſacred day
Where God and ſaints abide,
Affords diviner joy
Than thouſand days beſide:
Where God reſorts,
I love it more
To keep the door,
Than ſhine in courts.

6 God is our ſun and ſhield,
Our light and our defence;
With gifts our hands are fill'd,
We draw our bleſſings thence;
He ſhall beſtow
On Jacob's race
Peculiar grace
And glory too.

7 The Lord his people loves;
His hand no good withholds
From thoſe his heart approves,
From pure and pious ſouls;
Thrice happy he,
O God of hoſts,
Whoſe ſpirit truſts
Alone in thee.

PSALM LXXXV. ver. 1,—3. Firſt par
Long Metre.

Waiting for an anſwer to prayer; or, *Delivera begun and completed.*

1 LORD, thou haſt call'd thy grace to mind
Thou haſt revers'd our heavy doom;
So God forgave when Iſrael ſinn'd,
And brought his wand'ring captives hom

2 Thou haſt begun to ſet us free,
And made thy fierceſt wrath abate:
Now let our hearts be turn'd to thee,
And our ſalvation be complete.

Revive our dying graces, Lord,
And let thy ſaints in thee rejoice;
Make known thy truth, fulfil thy word;
We wait for praiſe to tune our voice.

We wait to hear what God will ſay;
He'll ſpeak, and give his people peace:
But let them run no more aſtray,
Leſt his returning wrath increaſe.

PSALM LXXXV. ver. 9, &c. Second part.
Long Metre.

Salvation by Chriſt.

SALVATION is for ever nigh
The ſouls that fear and truſt the Lord;
And grace, deſcending from on high,
Freſh hopes of glory ſhall afford.

Mercy and truth on earth are met, [heav'n!
Since Chriſt the Lord came down from
By his obedience, ſo complete,
Juſtice is pleas'd, and peace is giv'n.

Now truth and honour ſhall abound,
Religion dwell on earth again,
And heav'nly influence bleſs the ground
In our Redeemer's gentler reign.

His righteouſneſs is gone before,
To give us free acceſs to God;
Our wand'ring feet ſhall ſtray no more,
But mark his ſteps, and keep the road.

PSALM LXXXVI. ver. 8,—13.
Common Metre.

A general ſong of praiſe to God.

AMONG the princes, earthly gods,
There's none hath pow'r divine;
Nor is their nature, mighty Lord,
Nor are their works like thine.

The nations thou haſt made ſhall bring
Their off'rings round thy throne;

For thou alone doſt wondrous things,
For thou art God alone.

3 Lord, I would walk with holy feet;
Teach me thine heav'nly ways,
And all my wand'ring thoughts unite
In God my Father's praiſe.

4 Great is thy mercy, and my tongue
Shall thoſe ſweet wonders tell,
How by thy grace my ſinking ſoul
'Roſe from the deeps of hell.

PSALM LXXXVII. Long Metre.

The church the birth place of the ſaints; or, *Jews and Gentiles united in the Chriſtian church.*

1 GOD in his earthly temple lays
Foundation for his heavenly praiſe;
He lik'd the tents of Jacob well,
But ſtill in Zion loves to dwell.

2 His mercy viſits every houſe
That pay their night and morning vows;
But makes a more delightful ſtay,
Where churches meet to praiſe and pray.

3 What glories were deſcrib'd of old!
What wonders are in Zion told?
Thou city of our God below,
Thy fame ſhall Tyre and Egypt know.

4 Egypt and Tyre, and Greek and Jew,
Shall there begin their lives anew;
Angels and men ſhall join to ſing
The hill where living waters ſpring,

5 When God makes up his laſt account
Of natives in his holy mount,
'Twill be an honour to appear
As one new-born and nouriſh'd there.

PSALM LXXXVIII. As the 113th. Long Metre.

Loss of friends, and absence of divine grace.

O God of my salvation, hear
My nightly groan, my daily prayer,
That still employ my wasting breath;
My soul, declining to the grave,
Implores thy sov'reign pow'r to save
From dark despair and lasting death.

Thy wrath lies heavy on my soul,
And waves of sorrows o'er me roll,
While dust and silence spread the gloom:
My friends belov'd in happier days,
The dear companions of my ways,
Descend around me to the tomb.

As left in lonely grief I tread
The mournful mansions of the dead,
Or to some throng'd assembly go;
Through all alike I rove alone,
While, here forgotten, there unknown,
The change renews my piercing woe.

And why will God neglect my call?
Or who shall profit by my fall,
When life departs and love expires?
Can dust and darkness praise the Lord?
Or wake, or brighten at his word,
And tune the harp with heavenly quires?

Yet, thro' each melancholy day,
I've pray'd to thee, and still will pray,
Imploring still thy kind return—
But oh! my friends, my comforts, fled,
And all my kindred of the dead
Recall my wandering thoughts to mourn.

PSALM LXXXIX. First part. Long Metre.

The covenant made with Christ; or, *The true David.*

FOR ever shall my song record
The truth and mercy of the Lord;

Mercy and truth for ever ſtand,
Like heav'n, eſtabliſh'd by his hand.

2 Thus to his Son he ſware and ſaid,
" With thee my cov'nant firſt is made?
" In thee ſhall dying ſinners live;
" Glory and grace are thine to give.

3 " Be thou my prophet, thou my prieſt;
" Thy children ſhall be ever bleſs'd;
" Thou art my choſen King, thy throne
" Shall ſtand eternal like my own.

4 " There's none of all my ſons above
" So much my image or my love;
" Celeſtial powers thy ſubjects are,
" Then what can earth to thee compare?

5 " David, my ſervant, whom I choſe,
" To guard my flock, to cruſh my foes,
" And rais'd him to the Jewiſh throne,
" Was but a ſhadow of my Son."

9 Now let the church rejoice and ſing
Jeſus her Saviour and her King:
Angels his heavenly wonders ſhow,
And ſaints declare his works below.

PSALM LXXXIX. First part. Common Metre.

The faithfulneſs of God.

1 MY never-ceaſing ſong ſhall ſhow
The mercies of the Lord;
And make ſucceeding ages know,
How faithful is his word.

2 The ſacred truths his lips pronounce
Shall firm as heav'n endure;
And if he ſpeak a promiſe once,
Th' eternal grace is ſure.

3 How long the race of David held
The promis'd Jewiſh throne!
But there's a nobler covenant ſeal'd
To David's greater Son.

His seed for ever shall possess
A throne above the skies;
The meanest subjects of his grace
Shall to that glory rise.

Lord God of hosts, thy wondrous ways
Are sung by saints above;
And saints on earth their honours raise
To thy unchanging love.

PSALM LXXXIX. *ver.* 7, *&c.* Second part.
Common Metre.

The power and majesty of God; or, *Reverential worship.*

WITH reverence let the saints appear,
And bow before the Lord,
His high commands with reverence hear,
And tremble at his word.

How terrible thy glories rise!
How bright thine armies shine!
Where is the power with thee that vies,
Or truth compar'd with thine?

The northern pole, and southern, rest
On thy supporting hand;
Darkness and day, from east to west,
Move round at thy command.

Thy words the raging winds controul,
And rule the boisterous deep;
Thou mak'st the sleeping billows roll,
The rolling billows sleep.

Heav'n, earth, and air, and sea, are thine,
And the dark world of hell;
They saw thine arm in vengeance shine
When Egypt durst rebel.

Justice and judgment are thy throne,
Yet wond'rous is thy grace!
While truth and mercy join'd in one,
Invite us near thy face.

PSALM LXXXIX. ver. 15, &c. Third p
Common Metre.

A bleſſed goſpel.

1 BLESS'D are the ſouls who hear and kno
The goſpel's joyful ſound!
Peace ſhall attend the path they go,
And light their ſteps ſurround.

2 Their joy ſhall bear their ſpirits up,
Thro' their Redeemer's name;
His righteouſneſs exalts their hope,
And fills their foes with ſhame.

3 The Lord, our glory and defence,
Strength and ſalvation gives;
Iſrael, thy King for ever reigns,
Thy God for ever lives.

PSALM LXXXIX. ver 19, &c. Fourth pa
Common Metre.

Chriſt's mediatorial kingdom; or, *His divi
and human nature.*

1 HEAR what the Lord in viſion ſaid,
And made his mercies known:
" Sinners, behold, your help is laid
" On my almighty Son.

2 " Behold the man my wiſdom choſe
" Among your mortal race:
" His head my holy oil o'erflows
" With full ſupplies of grace.

3 " High ſhall he reign on David's throne,
" My people's better King;
" My arm ſhall beat his rivals down,
" And ſtill new ſubjects bring.

4 " My truth ſhall guard him in the way,
" With mercy by his ſide;
" While, in my name, o'er earth and ſea
" He ſhall in triumph ride.

Me for his Father and his God,
" He ſhall for ever own;
Call me his rock, his high abode,
" And I'll ſupport my Son.

My firſt-born Son, array'd in grace,
" At my right hand ſhall ſit;
Beneath him angels know their place,
" And monarchs at his feet.

My covenant ſtands for ever faſt,
" My promiſes are ſtrong;
Firm as the heavens his throne ſhall laſt,
" His ſeed endure as long."

PSALM LXXXIX. ver. 30, *&c.* Fifth part.
Common Metre.

covenant of grace unchangeable; or, Affliction without rejection.

YET," ſaith the Lord, " if David's race,
" The children of my Son,
Should break my laws, abuſe my grace,
" And tempt mine anger down;

Their ſins I'll viſit with the rod,
" And make their folly ſmart;
But I'll not ceaſe to be their God,
" Nor from my truth depart."

My cov'nant I will ne'er revoke,
" But keep my grace in mind;
And what my love eternal ſpoke,
" Eternal truth ſhall bind.

Once have I ſworn, (I need no more,)
" And pledg'd my holineſs,
To ſeal the ſacred promiſe ſure
" To David and his race.

The ſun ſhall ſee his offſpring riſe,
" And ſpread from ſea to ſea,
Long as he travels round the ſkies
" To give the nations day.

6 " Sure as the moon, that rules the night,
" His kingdom ſhall endure,
" 'Till the fix'd laws of ſhade and light
" Shall be obſerv'd no more."

PSALM LXXXIX. ver. 47, &c. Sixth pa
Long Metre.

Mortality and hope.

A Funeral Pſalm.

1 REMEMBER, Lord, our mortal ſtate,
How frail our life, how ſhort our date
Where is the man that draws his breath
Safe from diſeaſe, ſecure from death.

2 Lord, while we ſee whole nations die,
Our fleſh and ſtrength repine and cry,
" Muſt death for ever rage and reign!
" Or haſt thou made mankind in vain?

3 " Where is thy promiſe to the juſt?
" Are not thy ſervants turn'd to duſt?"
But faith forbids theſe mournful ſighs,
And ſees the ſleeping duſt ariſe.

4 That glorious hour, that dreadful day,
Wipes the reproach of ſaints away,
And clears the honour of thy word:
Awake, our ſouls, and bleſs the Lord.

PSALM LXXXIX. ver. 47, &c. Laſt pa
As the 113th Pſalm.

Life, death, and the reſurrection.

1 THINK, mighty God, on feeble man,
How few his hours, how ſhort his ſpan
Short from the cradle to the grave:
Who can ſecure his vital breath
Againſt the bold demands of death,
With ſkill to fly, or pow'r to ſave?

2 Lord, ſhall it be for ever ſaid,
" The race of man was only made

" For ſickneſs, ſorrow, and the duſt?"
Are not thy ſervants, day by day,
Sent to their graves and turn'd to clay?
Lord, where's thy kindneſs to the juſt?

3 Haſt thou not promis'd to thy Son,
And all his ſeed, a heav'nly crown?
But fleſh and ſenſe indulge deſpair;
For ever bleſſed be the Lord,
That faith can read his holy word,
And find a reſurrection there.

4 For ever bleſſed be the Lord,
Who gives his ſaints a long reward,
For all their toil, reproach, and pain;
Let all below, and all above,
Join to proclaim thy wondrous love,
And each repeat their loud *Amen*.

PSALM XC. Long Metre.

Man mortal, and God eternal.

A mournful ſong at a funeral.

1 THRO' ev'ry age, eternal God,
Thou art our reſt, our ſafe abode:
High was thy throne e'er heav'n was made,
Or earth, thy humble footſtool, laid.

2 Long haſt thou reign'd e'er time began,
Or duſt was faſhion'd into man:
And long thy kingdom ſhall endure
When earth and time ſhall be no more.

3 But man, weak man, is born to die,
Made up of guilt and vanity:
Thy dreadful ſentence, Lord, was juſt,
" Return, ye ſinners, to your duſt."

4 A thouſand of our years amount
Scarce to a day in thine account,
Like yeſterday's departed light,
Or the laſt watch of ending night.

PAUSE.

5 Death, like an overflowing ſtream,
Sweeps us away: our life's a dream;
An empty tale; a morning flower,
Cut down and wither'd in an hour.

[6 Our age to ſeventy years is ſet;
How ſhort the time! how frail the ſtate!
And if to eighty we arrive,
We rather ſigh and groan than live.

7 But oh! how oft thy wrath appears,
And cuts off our expected years!
Thy wrath awakes our humble dread!
We fear the power that ſtrikes us dead.]

8 Teach us, O Lord, how frail is man,
And kindly lengthen out the ſpan,
'Till a wiſe care of piety
Fit us to die, and dwell with thee.

PSALM XC. ver. 1,—5. Firſt part.
Common Metre.

Man frail, and God eternal.

1 OUR God, our help in ages paſt,
Our hope for years to come,
Our ſhelter from the ſtormy blaſt,
And our eternal home.

2 Beneath the ſhadow of thy throne
Thy ſaints have dwelt ſecure;
Sufficient is thine arm alone,
And my defence is ſure.

3 Before the hills in order ſtood,
Or earth receiv'd her frame,
From everlaſting thou art God,
To endleſs years the ſame.

4 Thy word commands our fleſh to duſt,
"Return, ye ſons of men;"
All nations roſe from earth at firſt,
And turn to earth again.

A thouſand ages in thy ſight,
Are like an evening gone;
Short as the watch that ends the night
Before the riſing dawn.

The buſy tribes of fleſh and blood,
With all their lives and cares,
Are carried downwards by the flood,
And loſt in following years.

Time, like an ever-rolling ſtream,
Bears all its ſons away,
They fly, forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day.

Like flowery fields the nations ſtand
Pleas'd with the morning light;
The flowers beneath the mower's hand
Lie withering ere 'tis night.]

Our God, our help in ages paſt,
Our hope for years to come,
Be thou our guard while troubles laſt,
And our eternal home.

PSALM XC. ver. 8, 11, 2, 10, 12. Second part.
Common Metre.

Infirmities and mortality the effect of ſin; or,
Life, old age, and preparation for death.

LORD, if thine eyes ſurvey our faults,
And juſtice grows ſevere,
Thy dreadful wrath exceeds our thoughts,
And burns beyond our fear.

Thine anger turns our frame to duſt;
By one offence to thee,
Adam, with all his ſons, have loſt
Their immortality.

Life, like a vain amuſement flies,
A fable, or a ſong;
By ſwift degrees our nature dies,
Nor can our joys be long.

4 'Tis but a few whose days amount
To threescore years and ten;
And all beyond that short account
Is sorrow, toil, and pain.

[5 Our vitals with laborious strife
Bear up the crazy load,
And drag these poor remains of life
Along the tiresome road.]

6 Almighty God, reveal thy love,
And not thy wrath alone:
Oh let our sweet experience prove
The mercies of thy throne.

7 Our souls would learn the heav'nly art
T' improve the hours we have,
That we may act the wiser part,
And live beyond the grave.

PSALM XC. ver. 13, &c. Third part. Common Metre.

Breathing after heaven.

1 RETURN, O God of love, return;
Earth is a tiresome place;
How long shall we, thy children, mourn
Our absence from thy face?

2 Let heaven succeed our painful years,
Let sin and sorrow cease,
And in proportion to our tears
So make our joys increase.

3 Thy wonders to thy servants show,
Make thy own work complete;
Then shall our souls thy glory know,
And own thy love was great.

4 Then shall we shine before thy throne,
In all thy beauty, Lord:
And the poor service we have done
Meet a divine reward.

PSALM XC. ver. 5, 10, 12. Short Metre.

The frailty and shortness of life.

1 LORD, what a feeble piece
Is this our mortal frame!
Our life! how poor a trifle 'tis,
That scarce deserves the name!

2 Alas, the brittle clay
That built our body first!
And ev'ry month, and ev'ry day,
'Tis mould'ring back to dust.

3 Our moments fly apace,
Our feeble powers decay,
Swift as a flood our hasty days
Are sweeping us away.

4 Yet, if our days must fly
We'll keep their end in sight,
We'll spend them all in wisdom's way,
And let them speed their flight.

5 They'll waft us sooner o'er
This life's tempestuous sea;
Soon we shall reach the peaceful shore
Of blest'd eternity.

PSALM XCI. ver. 1,—7. First part. Long Metre.

Safety in public diseases and dangers.

1 HE that hath made his refuge God,
Shall find a most secure abode;
Shall walk all day beneath his shade,
And there at night shall rest his head.

2 Then will I say, "My God, thy power
"Shall be my fortress and my tower:
"I that am form'd of feeble dust,
"Make thine almighty arm my trust."

3 Thrice happy man! thy Maker's care
Shall keep thee from the fowler's snare;
From Satan's wiles, who still betrays
Unguarded souls a thousand ways.

4 Juſt as a hen protects her brood
From birds of prey, that ſeek their blood,
The Lord his faithful ſaints ſhall guard,
And endleſs life be their reward.

5 If burning beams of noon conſpire
To dart a peſtilential fire;
God is their life, his wings are ſpread
To ſhield them with a healthful ſhade.

6 If vapours, with malignant breath,
Riſe thick, and ſcatter midnight death,
Iſrael is ſafe: the poiſon'd air
Grows pure, if Iſrael's God be there.

PAUSE.

7 What though a thouſand, at thy ſide,
Around thy path, ten thouſand died,
Thy God his choſen people ſaves,
Amongſt the dead, amidſt the graves.

8 So when he ſent his angel down
To make his wrath in Egypt known,
And ſlew their ſons, his careful eye
Paſt all the doors of Jacob by.

9 But if the fire, or plague, or ſword,
Receive commiſſion from the Lord,
To ſtrike his ſaints among the reſt,
Their very pains and deaths are bleſs'd.

10 The ſword, the peſtilence, or fire,
Shall but fulfil their beſt deſire;
From ſins and ſorrows ſet them free,
And bring thy children, Lord, to thee.

PSALM XCI. ver. 9,—16. Second part. Common Metre.

Protection from death, guard of angels, victory and deliverance.

1 YE ſons of men, a feeble race,
Expos'd to ev'ry ſnare,
Come, make the Lord your dwelling place,
And try and truſt his care.

2 No ill ſhall enter where you dwell;
Or if the plague come nigh,
And ſweep the wicked down to hell,
'Twill raiſe the ſaints on high.

3 He'll give his angels charge to keep
Your feet in all their ways;
To watch your pillow while you ſleep,
And guard your happy days.

4 Their hands ſhall bear you, leſt you fall
And daſh againſt the ſtones;
Are they not ſervants at his call,
And ſent t' attend his ſons?

5 Adders and lions ye ſhall tread;
The tempter's wiles defeat:
He that hath bruis'd the ſerpent's head
Puts him beneath your feet.

6 "Becauſe on me they ſet their love,
"I'll ſave them," ſaith the Lord;
"I'll bear their joyful ſouls above
"Deſtruction and the ſword.

7 My grace ſhall anſwer when they call,
"In trouble I'll be nigh;
"My power ſhall help them when they fall,
"And raiſe them when they die.

8 "Thoſe that on earth my name have known,
"I honour will in heav'n;
"There my ſalvation ſhall be ſhown,
"And endleſs life be giv'n."

PSALM XCII. Firſt part. Long Metre.

A pſalm for the Lord's day.

1 SWEET is the work, my God, my King,
To praiſe thy name, give thanks and ſing,
To ſhew thy love by morning light,
And talk of all thy truth at night.

2 Sweet is the day of ſacred reſt,
No mortal cares ſhall ſeize my breaſt,

Oh may my heart in tune be found,
Like David's harp of ſolemn ſound.

3 My heart ſhall triumph in my Lord,
And bleſs his works, and bleſs his word;
Thy works of grace, how bright they ſhine!
How deep thy counſels! how divine!

4 Fools never raiſe their thoughts ſo high;
Like brutes they live, like brutes they die,
Like graſs they flouriſh, 'till thy breath
Blaſt them in everlaſting death.

5 But I ſhall ſhare a glorious part,
When grace hath well refin'd my heart,
And freſh ſupplies of joy are ſhed,
Like holy oil, to cheer my head.

6 Sin, (my worſt enemy before,)
Shall vex my eyes and ears no more:
My inward foes ſhall all be ſlain,
Nor Satan break my peace again.

7 Then ſhall I ſee, and hear, and know,
All I deſired, or wiſh'd below;
And ev'ry pow'r find ſweet employ
In that eternal world of joy.

PSALM XCII. ver. 12, *&c.* Second part.
Long Metre.

The church is the garden of God.

1 LORD, 'tis a pleaſant thing to ſtand
In gardens planted by thine hand;
Let me within thy courts be ſeen
Like a young cedar, freſh and green.

2 There grow thy ſaints in faith and love,
Bleſs'd with thine influence from above;
Not Lebanon, with all its trees,
Yields ſuch a comely ſight as theſe.

3 The plants of grace ſhall ever live;
(Nature decays, but grace muſt thrive,)

Time, that doth all things elſe impair,
Still makes them flouriſh ſtrong and fair.

Laden with fruits of age, they ſhew
The Lord is holy, juſt, and true;
None that attend his gates ſhall find
A God unfaithful or unkind.

PSALM XCIII. First Metre. As the 100th Pſalm.

The eternal and the ſovereign God.

JEHOVAH reigns; he dwells in light,
Girded with majeſty and might:
The world, created by his hands,
Still on its firſt foundation ſtands.

But ere this ſpacious world was made,
Or had its firſt foundation laid,
Thy throne eternal ages ſtood,
Thyſelf the ever-living God.

Like floods the angry nations riſe,
And aim their rage againſt the ſkies;
Vain floods, that aim their rage ſo high!
At thy rebuke the billows die.

For ever ſhall thy throne endure;
Thy promiſe ſtands for ever ſure;
And everlaſting holineſs
Becomes the dwellings of thy grace.

PSALM XCIII. Second Metre.
As the old 50th Pſalm.

THE Lord of glory reigns, he reigns on high;
His robes of ſtate are ſtrength and majeſty;
This wide creation roſe at his command,
Built by his word, eſtabliſh'd by his hand:
Long ſtood his throne ere he began creation,
And his own Godhead is the firm foundation.

God is th' eternal King; thy foes in vain
Raiſe their rebellions to confound thy reign;
In vain the ſtorms, in vain the floods ariſe,
And roar, and toſs their waves againſt the ſkies;

Foaming at heav'n, they rage with wild con
motion, [ocea
But heav'n's high arches ſcorn the ſwelli

3 Ye tempeſts, rage no more; ye floods, be ſtil
And thou, mad world, ſubmiſſive to his will
Built on his truth, his church muſt ever ſtand
Firm are his promiſes, and ſtrong his hand:
See his own ſons, when they appear before him
Bow at his footſtool, and with fear adore him

PSALM XCIII. Third Metre.
As the old 122d Pſalm.

1 THE Lord JEHOVAH reigns,
And royal ſtate maintains,
His head with awful glories crown'd;
Array'd in robes of light,
Begirt with ſov'reign might,
And rays of majeſty around.

2 Upheld by thy commands,
The world ſecurely ſtands,
And ſkies and ſtars obey thy word:
Thy throne was fix'd on high
Ere ſtars adorn'd the ſky;
Eternal is thy kingdom, Lord.

3 In vain the noiſy croud,
Like billows, fierce and loud,
Againſt thine empire rage and roar;
In vain, with angry ſpite,
The ſurly nations fight,
And daſh, like waves, againſt the ſhore.

4 Let floods and nations rage,
And all their pow'r engage,
Let ſwelling tides aſſault the ſky:
The terrors of thy frown
Shall beat their madneſs down;
Thy throne for ever ſtands on high.

5 Thy promiſes are true,
Thy grace is ever new,

here fix'd thy church ſhall ne'er remove;
Thy ſaints with holy fear
Shall in thy courts appear,
nd ſing thine everlaſting love.

Repeat the fourth ſtanza to complete the tune.

SALM XCIV. ver. 1, 2, 7,—14. Firſt part. Common Metre.

Saints chaſtiſed, and ſinners deſtroyed; or, *Inſtructive afflictions.*

O GOD! to whom revenge belongs,
Proclaim thy wrath aloud;
Let ſov'reign power redreſs our wrongs,
Let juſtice ſmite the proud.

They ſay, "The Lord nor ſees nor hears;"
When will the vain be wiſe;
Can he be deaf, who form'd their ears?
Or blind who made their eyes?

He knows their impious thoughts are vain,
And they ſhall feel his power;
His wrath ſhall pierce their ſouls with pain
In ſome ſurpriſing hour.

But if thy ſaints deſerve rebuke,
Thou haſt a gentler rod;
Thy providence, thy ſacred book,
Shall make them know their God.

Bleſt is the man thy hands chaſtiſe,
And to his duty draw;
Thy ſcourges make thy children wiſe
When they forget thy law.

But God will ne'er caſt off his ſaints,
Nor his own promiſe break;
He pardons his inheritance
For their Redeemer's ſake.

PSALM XCIV. ver. 16,—23. Second pa
Common Metre.

*God our support and comfort; or, Delivera
from temptation and perſecution.*

1 WHO will ariſe and plead my right
Againſt my num'rous foes?
While earth and hell their force unite,
And all my hopes oppoſe.

2 Had not the Lord, my rock, my help,
Suſtain'd my fainting head,
My life had now in ſilence dwelt,
My ſoul amongſt the dead.

3 "Alas! my ſliding feet!" I cry'd,
Thy promiſe bore me up;
Thy grace ſtood conſtant by my ſide,
And rais'd my ſinking hope.

4 While multitudes of mournful thoughts
Within my boſom roll,
Thy boundleſs love forgives my faults,
Thy comforts cheer my ſoul.

5 Powers of iniquity may riſe,
And frame pernicious laws;
But God my refuge rules the ſkies,
He will defend my cauſe.

6 Let malice vent her rage aloud,
Let bold blaſphemers ſcoff;
The Lord our God ſhall judge the proud,
And cut the ſinners off.

PSALM XCV. Common Metre.

A pſalm before prayer.

1 SING to the Lord JEHOVAH's name,
And in his ſtrength rejoice;
When his ſalvation is our theme,
Exalted be our voice.

2 With thanks approach his awful ſight,
And pſalms of honour ſing;

The Lord's a God of boundleſs might,
The whole creation's King.

Let princes hear, let angels know,
How mean their natures ſeem,
Thoſe gods on high, and gods below,
When once compar'd with him.

Earth, with its caverns dark and deep,
Lies in his ſpacious hand;
He fix'd the ſeas what bounds to keep,
And where the hills muſt ſtand.

Come, and with humble ſouls adore,
Come, kneel before his face;
Oh, may the creatures of his power
Be children of his grace.

Now is the time, he bends his ear,
And waits for your requeſt;
Come, leſt he rouſe his wrath, and ſwear,
"Ye ſhall not ſee my reſt."

PSALM XCV. Short Metre.

A pſalm before ſermon.

COME, ſound his praiſe abroad,
And hymns of glory ſing;
JEHOVAH is the ſov'reign God,
The univerſal King.

He form'd the deeps unknown;
He gave the ſeas their bound;
The wat'ry worlds are all his own;
And all the ſolid ground.

Come, worſhip at his throne,
Come, bow before the Lord;
We are his works, and not our own;
He form'd us by his word.

To-day attend his voice,
Nor dare provoke his rod;
Come, like the people of his choice,
And own your gracious God.

5 But if your ears refuſe
The language of his grace,
And hearts grow hard, like ſtubborn Jews,
That unbelieving race;

6 The Lord, in vengeance dreſs'd,
Will lift his hand and ſwear,
"You that deſpiſe my promis'd reſt,
"Shall have no portion there."

PSALM XCV. ver 1, 2, 3, 6,—11.
Long Metre.

Canaan loſt through unbelief; or, *A warning to delaying ſinners.*

1 COME, let your voices join to raiſe
A ſacred ſong of ſolemn praiſe:
God is a ſov'reign King; rehearſe
His honour in exalted verſe.

2 Come, let our ſouls addreſs the Lord,
Who fram'd our natures with his word;
He is our Shepherd; we the ſheep
His mercy choſe, his paſtures keep.

3 Come, let us hear his voice to-day,
The counſels of his love obey;
Nor let our harden'd hearts renew
The ſins and plagues that Iſrael knew.

4 Iſra'l, that ſaw his works of grace,
Yet tempt their Maker to his face;
A faithleſs unbelieving brood,
That tir'd the patience of their God.

5 Thus ſaith the Lord, "How falſe they prove
"Forget my power, abuſe my love;
"Since they deſpiſe my reſt, I ſwear,
"Their feet ſhall never enter there."

[6 Look back, my ſoul, with holy dread,
And view thoſe ancient rebels dead;
Attend the offer'd grace to-day,
Nor loſe the bleſſings by delay.

Seize the kind promiſe while it waits,
And march to Zion's heav'nly gates;
Believe, and take the promis'd reſt;
Obey, and be for ever bleſs'd.]

PSALM XCVI. ver. 2, 10, *&c.* Common Metre.

Chriſt's firſt and ſecond coming.

SING to the Lord, ye diſtant lands,
Ye tribes of every tongue;
His new diſcover'd grace demands
A new and nobler ſong.

Say to the nations, Jeſus reigns,
God's own almighty Son;
His power the ſinking world ſuſtains,
And grace ſurrounds his throne.

Let heav'n proclaim the joyful day,
Joy through the earth be ſeen;
Let cities ſhine in bright array,
And fields in cheerful green.

The joyous earth, the bending ſkies
His glorious train diſplay;
Ye mountains ſink, ye valleys riſe,
Prepare the Lord his way.

Behold he comes, he comes to bleſs
The nations as their God;
To ſhew the world his righteouſneſs,
And ſend his truth abroad.

His voice ſhall raiſe the ſlumbering dead,
And bid the world draw near;
But how will guilty nations dread
To ſee their Judge appear!

PSALM XCVII. As the 113th Pſalm.

The God of the Gentiles.

LET all the earth their voices raiſe,
To ſing the choiceſt pſalm of praiſe,
To ſing and bleſs JEHOVAH's name;

His glory let the heathens know,
His wonders to the nations ſhow,
And all his ſaving works proclaim.

2 The heathens know thy glory, Lord,
The wond'ring nations read thy word,
But here JEHOVAH's name is known:
Nor ſhall our worſhip e'er be paid
To gods which mortal hands have made;
Our Maker is our God alone.

3 He fram'd the globe, he built the ſky,
He made the ſhining worlds on high,
And reigns complete in glory there;
His beams are majeſty and light;
His beauties how divinely bright!
His temple how divinely fair!

4 Come, the great day, the glorious hour,
When earth ſhall feel his ſaving power,
And barb'rous nations fear his name;
Then ſhall the race of men confeſs
The beauty of his holineſs,
And in his courts his grace proclaim.

PSALM XCVII ver. 1,—5. Firſt part.

Long Metre.

Chriſt reigning in heaven, and coming to judgment.

1 HE reigns; the Lord, the Saviour reigns!
Praiſe him in evangelic ſtrains;
Let the whole earth in ſongs rejoice,
And diſtant iſlands join their voice.

2 Deep are his counſels, and unknown;
But grace and truth ſupport his throne;
Tho' gloomy clouds his ways ſurround,
Juſtice is their eternal ground.

3 In robes of judgment, lo, he comes,
Shakes the wide earth, and cleaves the tombs;

Before him burns devouring fire,
The mountains melt, the seas retire.

4 His enemies, with sore dismay,
Fly from the sight, and shun the day;
Then lift your heads, ye saints, on high,
And sing, for your redemption's nigh.

PSALM XCVII. ver. 6,—9. Second part. Long Metre.

Christ's incarnation.

1 THE Lord is come; the heavens proclaim
His birth; the nations learn his name;
An unknown star directs the road
Of eastern sages to their God.

2 All ye bright armies of the skies,
Go, worship where the Saviour lies;
Angels and kings before him bow,
Those gods on high, and gods below.

3 Let idols totter to the ground,
And their own worshippers confound;
But Zion shall his glories sing,
And earth confess her sov'reign King.

PSALM XCVII. Third part. Long Metre.

Grace and glory.

1 TH' Almighty reigns, exalted high
O'er all the earth, o'er all the sky;
Though clouds and darkness veil his feet,
His dwelling is the mercy seat.

2 O, ye that love his holy name,
Hate ev'ry work of sin and shame:
He guards the souls of all his friends,
And from the snares of hell defends.

3 Immortal light and joys unknown,
Are for his saints in darkness sown;
Those glorious seeds shall spring and rise,
And the bright harvest bless our eyes.

4 Rejoice, ye righteous, and record
The ſacred honours of the Lord;
None but the ſoul that feels his grace
Can triumph in his holineſs.

PSALM XCVII. ver. 3, 5,—7, 11. Common Metre.

Chriſt's incarnation, and the laſt judgment.

1 LET earth, with ev'ry iſle and ſea,
Rejoice, the Saviour reigns;
His word, like fire, prepares his way,
And mountains melt to plains.

2 His preſence ſinks the proudeſt hills,
And makes the vallies riſe;
The humble ſoul enjoys his ſmiles,
The haughty ſinner dies.

3 The heavens his rightful power proclaim;
The idol gods around
Fill their own worſhippers with ſhame,
And totter to the ground.

4 Adoring angels at his birth
Make the Redeemer known;
Thus ſhall he come to judge the earth,
And angels guard his throne.

5 His foes ſhall tremble at his ſight,
And hills and ſeas retire:
His children take their unknown flight,
And leave the world in fire.

6 The ſeeds of joy and glory ſown
For ſaints in darkneſs here,
Shall riſe and ſpring in worlds unknown,
And a rich harveſt bear.

PSALM XCVIII. Firſt part. Common Metre

Praiſe for the goſpel.

1 TO our almighty Maker, God,
New honours be addreſs'd;

His great ſalvation ſhines abroad,
And makes the nations bleſs'd.

To Abra'm firſt he ſpoke the word,
And taught his numerous race;
The Gentiles own him ſov'reign Lord,
And learn to truſt his grace.

Let the whole earth his love proclaim
With all her diff'rent tongues;
And ſpread the honour of his name
In melody and ſongs.

PSALM XCVIII. Second part. Common Metre.

The Meſſiah's coming and kingdom.

JOY to the world, the Lord is come;
Let earth receive her King:
Let ev'ry heart prepare him room,
And heav'n and nature ſing.

Joy to the earth, the Saviour reigns;
Let men their ſongs employ;
While fields and floods, rocks, hills, and plains,
Repeat the ſounding joy.

No more let ſins and ſorrows grow,
Nor thorns infeſt the ground;
He comes to make his bleſſings flow
Far as the curſe is found.

He rules the world with truth and grace,
And makes the nations prove
The glories of his righteouſneſs,
And wonders of his love.

PSALM XCIX. Firſt part. Short Metre.

Chriſt's kingdom and majeſty.

THE God JEHOVAH reigns,
Let all the nations fear;
Let ſinners tremble at his throne,
And ſaints be humble there.

2 Jesus the Saviour reigns,
Let earth adore its Lord;
Bright cherubs his attendants stand,
Swift to fulfil his word.

3 In Zion stands his throne,
His honours are divine,
His church shall make his wonders known,
For there his glories shine.

4 How holy is his name!
How terrible his praise!
Justice, and truth, and judgment join
In all his works of grace.

PSALM XCIX. Second part. Short Met

A holy God worshipped with reverence.

1 EXALT the Lord our God,
And worship at his feet,
His nature is all holiness,
And mercy is his seat.

2 When Israel was his church,
When Aaron was his priest,
When Moses cry'd, when Samuel pray'd—
He gave his people rest.

3 Oft he forgave their sins,
Nor would destroy their race;
And oft' he made his vengeance known
When they abus'd his grace.

4 Exalt the Lord our God,
Whose grace is still the same;
Still he's a God of holiness,
And jealous for his name.

PSALM C. First Metre. A plain translatio

Praise to our Creator.

1 YE nations round the earth rejoice
Before the Lord your sov'reign King:
Serve him with cheerful heart and voice,
With all your tongues his glory sing.

The Lord is God: 'tis he alone
Doth life and breath, and being give:
We are his work, and not our own;
The sheep that on his pasture live.

Enter his gates with songs of joy,
With praises to his courts repair;
And make it your divine employ
To pay your thanks and honours there.

The Lord is good, the Lord is kind:
Great is his grace, his mercy sure;
And the whole race of man shall find
His truth from age to age endure.

PSALM C. Second Metre. A paraphrase.

BEFORE JEHOVAH's awful throne,
Ye nations, bow with sacred joy;
Know that the Lord is God alone—
He can create, and he destroy.

His sov'reign power, without our aid,
Made us of clay, and form'd us men:
And when, like wandering sheep, we stray'd,
He brought us to his fold again.

We are his people, we his care,
Our souls, and all our mortal frame:
What lasting honours shall we rear,
Almighty Maker, to thy name?

We'll crowd thy gates with thankful songs,
High as the heaven our voices raise:
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.

Wide as the world is thy command,
Vast as eternity thy love!—
Firm as a rock thy truth must stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move!

PSALM CI. Long Metre.

The magistrate's psalm.

MERCY and judgment are my song;
And since they both to thee belong,

My gracious God, my righteous King,
To thee my ſongs and vows I bring.

2 If I am rais'd to bear the ſword,
I'll take my counſel from thy word;
Thy juſtice and thy heav'nly grace
Shall be the pattern of my ways.

3 Let wiſdom all my actions guide,
And let my God with me reſide:
No wicked thing ſhall dwell with me,
Which may provoke thy jealouſy.

4 No ſons of ſlander, rage, and ſtrife,
Shall be companions of my life;
The haughty look, the heart of pride,
Within my doors ſhall ne'er abide.

[5 I'll ſearch the land, and raiſe the juſt
To poſts of honour, wealth, and truſt:
The men that work thy holy will
Shall be my friends and fav'rites ſtill.]

6 In vain ſhall ſinners hope to riſe
By flattering or malicious lies;
Nor, while the innocent I guard,
Shall bold offenders e'er be ſpar'd.

7 The impious crew, (that factious band,)
Shall hide their heads, or quit the land;
And all that break the public reſt,
Where I have power ſhall be ſuppreſs'd.

PSALM CI. Common Metre.

A pſalm for a maſter of a family.

1 OF juſtice and of grace I ſing,
And pay my God my vows,
Thy grace and juſtice, heav'nly King,
Teach me to rule my houſe.

2 Now to my tent, O God repair,
And make thy ſervant wiſe;
I'll ſuffer nothing near me there
That ſhall offend thine eyes.

The man that doth his neighbour wrong,
By falſehood or by force,
The ſcornful eye, the ſland'rous tongue,
I'll baniſh from my doors.

I'll ſeek the faithful and the juſt,
And will their help enjoy;
Theſe are the friends that I ſhall truſt,
The ſervants I'll employ.

The wretch that deals in ſly deceit,
I'll not endure a night;
The liar's tongue I ever hate,
And baniſh from my ſight.

I'll purge my family around,
And make the wicked flee;
So ſhall my houſe be ever found
A dwelling fit for thee.

PSALM CII. ver. 1,—13, 20, 21. Firſt part. Common Metre.

A prayer of the afflicted.

HEAR me, O God, nor hide thy face,
But anſwer, leſt I die:
Haſt thou not built a throne of grace,
To hear when ſinners cry?

Like ſmoke my waſting days depart,
When it diſſolves in air,
My ſtrength is dried, my broken heart
Is ſinking in deſpair.

My ſpirits flag, like withering graſs
Burnt with exceſſive heat:
In ſecret groans my minutes paſs,
And I forget to eat.

As on ſome lonely building's top
The ſparrow tells her moan,
Far from the tents of joy and hope
I ſit and grieve alone.

5 My ſoul is like a wilderneſs,
Where beaſts of midnight howl;
Where the ſad raven finds her place,
And where the ſcreaming owl.

6 Dark diſmal thoughts and boding fears
Dwell in my troubled breaſt;
While ſharp reproaches wound my ears,
Nor give my ſpirit reſt.

7 My cup is mingled with my woes,
And tears are my repaſt;
My daily bread, like aſhes, grows
Unpleaſant to my taſte.

8 Senſe can afford no real joy
To ſouls that feel thy frown;
Lord, 'twas thy hand advanc'd me high,
Thy hand hath caſt me down.

9 My looks like withered leaves appear;
And life's declining light
Grows faint, as ev'ning ſhadows are,
That vaniſh into night.

10 But thou for ever art the ſame,
O my eternal God;
Ages to come ſhall know thy name,
And ſpread thy works abroad.

11 Thou wilt ariſe, and ſhew thy face,
Nor will my Lord delay,
Beyond th' appointed hour of grace,
That long expected day.

12 He hears his ſaints, he knows their cry,
And, by myſterious ways,
Redeems the pris'ners doom'd to die,
And fills their tongue with praiſe.

PSALM CII. ver. 13,—28. Second Part. Common Metre.

Prayer heard, and Zion reſtored.

1 LET Zion and her ſons rejoice—
Behold the promis'd hour;

Her God hath heard her mourning voice,
And comes t' exalt his power.

Her duſt and ruins that remain,
Are precious in our eyes;
Thoſe ruins ſhall be built again,
And all that duſt ſhall riſe.

The Lord will raiſe Jeruſalem,
And ſtand in glory there;
Nations ſhall bow before his name,
And kings attend with fear.

He ſits a ſov'reign on his throne,
With pity in his eyes;
He hears the dying priſ'ners groan,
And ſees their ſighs ariſe.

He frees the ſoul condemn'd to death,
And, when his ſaints complain,
It ſha'n't be ſaid, "That praying breath
"Was ever ſpent in vain."

This ſhall be known when we are dead,
And left on long record;
That ages yet unborn may read,
And truſt, and praiſe the Lord.

PSALM CII. ver. 23,—28. Third part.
Long Metre.

Man's mortality, and Chriſt's eternity; or, Saints die, but Chriſt and the church live.

'T is the Lord our Saviour's hand
Weakens our ſtrength amidſt the race;
Diſeaſe and death, at his command,
Arreſt us, and cut ſhort our days.

Spare us, O Lord, aloud we pray,
Nor let our ſun go down at noon;
Thy years are one eternal day,
And muſt thy children die ſo ſoon?

Yet, in the midſt of death and grief,
This thought our ſorrows ſhall aſſuage;

" Our Father and our Saviour live;
" Chriſt is the ſame thro' every age."

4 'Twas he this earth's foundation laid;
Heav'n is the building of his hand;
This earth grows old, theſe heav'ns ſhall fad
And all be chang'd at his command.

5 The ſtarry curtains of the ſky,
Like garments, ſhall be laid aſide;
But ſtill thy throne ſtands firm and high;
Thy church for ever muſt abide.

6 Before thy face thy church ſhall live;
And on thy throne thy children reign;
This dying world ſhall they ſurvive,
And the dead ſaints be rais'd again.

PSALM CIII. ver. 1,—7. Firſt part. Long Metre.

Bleſſing God for his goodneſs to ſoul and body.

1 BLESS, O my ſoul, the living God,
Call home thy thoughts that rove abroa
Let all the pow'rs within me join
In work and worſhip ſo divine.

2 Bleſs, O my ſoul, the God of grace;
His favours claim the higheſt praiſe;
Why ſhould ungrateful ſilence hide
The bleſſings which his hands provide?

3 'Tis he, my ſoul, that ſent his Son
To die for crimes which thou haſt done:
He owns the ranſom, and forgives
The hourly follies of our lives.

4 The vices of the mind he heals,
And cures the pain that nature feels—
Redeems the ſoul from hell, and ſaves
Our waſting life from threat'ning graves.

5 Our youth decay'd his pow'r repairs;
His mercy crowns our growing years;

He fills our ſtore with ev'ry good,
And feeds our ſouls with heav'nly food.

He ſees th' oppreſſor and th' oppreſt,
And often gives the ſuff'rer reſt:
But will his juſtice more diſplay
In the laſt great rewarding day.

His power he ſhew'd by Moſes' hands,
And gave to Iſr'el his commands;
But ſent his truth and mercy down
To all the nations by his Son.]

Let the whole earth his power confeſs—
Let the whole earth adore his grace;
The Gentile with the Jew ſhall join
In work and worſhip ſo divine.

PSALM CIII. Second part. Long Metre.

d's gentle chaſtiſement; or, *His tender mercy to his people.*

THE Lord, how wondrous are his ways!
How firm his truth! how large his grace!
He takes his mercy for his throne,
And thence he makes his glories known.

Not half ſo high his power hath ſpread
The ſtarry heav'ns above our head,
As his rich love exceeds our praiſe,
Exceeds the higheſt hopes we raiſe.

Not half ſo far hath nature plac'd
The riſing morning from the weſt,
As his forgiving grace removes
The daily guilt of thoſe he loves.

How ſlow his awful wrath to riſe!
On ſwifter wings ſalvation flies:
And if he lets his anger burn,
How ſoon his frowns to pity turn!

Amidſt his wrath compaſſion ſhines;
His ſtrokes are lighter than our ſins:

And, while his rod corrects his saints,
His ear indulges their complaints.

6 So fathers their young sons chastise,
With gentle hands and melting eyes;
The children weep beneath the smart,
And move the pity of their heart.

PAUSE.

7 The mighty God, the wise and just,
Knows that our frame is feeble dust;
And will no heavy loads impose
Beyond the strength that he bestows.

8 He knows how soon our nature dies,
Blasted by ev'ry wind that flies,
Like grass we spring, and die as soon,
Or morning flowers that fade at noon.

9 But his eternal love is sure,
To all the saints, and shall endure;
From age to age his truth shall reign,
Nor children's children hope in vain.

PSALM CIII. ver. 1,—7. First part.
Short Metre.

Praise for spiritual and temporal mercies.

1 OH bless the Lord, my soul!
Let all within me join
And aid my tongue to bless his name,
Whose favours are divine.

2 Oh bless the Lord, my soul;
Nor let his mercies lie
Forgotten in unthankfulness,
And without praises die.

3 'Tis he forgives thy sins,
'Tis he relieves thy pain,
'Tis he that heals thy sicknesses,
And makes thee young again.

4 He crowns thy life with love,
When ransom'd from the grave;

He that redeem'd my ſoul from hell
Hath ſov'reign power to ſave.

He fills the poor with good;
He gives the ſuff'rers reſt;
The Lord hath judgments for the proud,
And juſtice for th' oppreſs'd.

His wondrous works and ways
He made by Moſes known;
But ſent the world his truth and grace
By his beloved Son.

PSALM CIII. ver. 8,—18. Second part.
Short Metre.

Abounding compaſſion of God; or, Mercy in the midſt of judgment.

MY ſoul, repeat his praiſe,
Whoſe mercies are ſo great,
Whoſe anger is ſo ſlow to riſe,
So ready to abate.

God will not always chide;
And, when his ſtrokes are felt,
His ſtrokes are fewer than our crimes,
And lighter than our guilt.

High as the heav'ns are rais'd
Above the ground we tread,
So far the riches of his grace
Our higheſt thoughts exceed.

His power ſubdues our ſins,
And his forgiving love,
Far as the eaſt is from the weſt,
Doth all our guilt remove.

The pity of the Lord
To thoſe that fear his name,
Is ſuch as tender parents feel—
He knows our feeble frame.

He knows we are but duſt,
Scatter'd with every breath:

His anger, like a riſing wind,
Can ſend us ſwift to death.

7 Our days are as the graſs,
Or like the morning flow'r!
If one ſharp blaſt ſweep o'er the field,
It withers in an hour.

8 But thy compaſſions, Lord,
To endleſs years endure;
And children's children ever find
Thy words of promiſe ſure.

PSALM CIII. ver. 19,—22. Third part. Short Metre.

God's univerſal dominion; or, *Angels praiſe the Lord.*

1 THE Lord, the ſov'reign King,
Hath fix'd his throne on high,
O'er all the heav'nly world he rules,
And all beneath the ſky.

2 Ye angels, great in might,
And ſwift to do his will,
Bleſs ye the Lord, whoſe voice ye hear,
Whoſe pleaſure ye fulfil.

3 Let the bright hoſts, who wait
The orders of their King,
And guard his churches when they pray,
Join in the praiſe they ſing.

4 While all his wondrous works,
Through his vaſt kingdom, ſhew
Their Maker's glory, thou, my ſoul,
Shall ſing his graces too.

PSALM CIV.

The glory of God in creation and providence.

1 MY ſoul, thy great Creator praiſe;
When cloth'd in his celeſtial rays;
He in full majeſty appears,
And like a robe his glory wears,

Note, *This pſalm may be ſung to the tune of the old* 112*th or* 127*th pſalm, by adding theſe two Lines to every ſtanza*—viz.

" Great is the Lord! what tongue can frame
" An equal honour to his name!"

Otherwiſe it muſt be ſung as the 100*th pſalm.*

2 The heav'ns are for his curtains ſpread;
Th' unfathom'd deep he makes his bed;
Clouds are his chariot, when he flies
On winged ſtorms acroſs the ſkies.

3 Angels, whom his own breath inſpires,
His miniſters are flaming fires,
And ſwift as thought their armies move
To bear his vengeance or his love.

4 The worlds foundation by his hand
Is pois'd, and ſhall for ever ſtand;
He binds the ocean in his chain,
Leſt it ſhould drown the earth again.

5 When earth was cover'd with a flood,
Which high above the mountains ſtood,
He thunder'd, and the ocean fled,
Confin'd to its appointed bed.

6 The ſwelling billows know their bound,
And in their channels walk their round;
Refreſhing ſtreams, by ſecret veins,
Break from the hills and drench the plains.

7 He bids the chryſtal fountains flow,
And chear the valleys as they go;
There gentle herds their thirſt allay,
And for the ſtream wild aſſes bray.

8 From pleaſant trees, which ſhade the brink,
The lark and linnet light to drink;
Their ſongs the lark and linnet raiſe,
And chide our ſilence in his praiſe.

PAUSE the firſt.

9 God, from his cloudy ciſtern, pours
On the parch'd earth enriching ſhowers;

The grove, the garden, and the field,
A thousand joyful blessings yield.

10 He makes the grass food arise,
And gives the cattle large supplies;
With herbs, for man, of various power,
To nourish nature or to cure.

11 What noble fruit the vines produce!
The olive yields a pleasing juice;
Our hearts are cheer'd with generous wine,
His gifts proclaim his love divine.

12 His bounteous hands our table spread,
He fills our cheerful stores with bread;
While food our vital strength imparts,
Let daily praise inspire our hearts.

PAUSE the second.

13 Behold the stately cedars stands,
Rais'd in the forest by his hands;
Birds to the boughs for shelter fly,
And builds their nests secure on high.

14 To craggy hills ascends the goat;
And at the airy mountain's foot
The feebler creatures make their cell—
He gives them wisdom where to dwell.

15 He sets the sun his circling race,
Appoints the moon to change her face:
And, when thick darkness veils the day,
Calls out wild beasts to hunt their prey.

16 Fierce lions lead their young abroad,
And roaring ask their meat from God;
But when the morning beams arise,
The savage beast to covert flies.

17 Then man to daily labour goes;
The night was made for his repose;
Sleep is thy gift, that sweet relief
From tiresome toil and wasting grief.

18 How strange thy works! how great thy skill!
While ev'ry land thy riches fill;

Thy wiſdom round the world we ſee,
This ſpacious earth is full of Thee.

9 Nor leſs thy glories in the deep,
Where fiſh in millions ſwim and creep,
With wond'rous motions, ſwift or ſlow,
Still wand'ring in the paths below.

10 There ſhips divide their wat'ry way,
And flocks of ſcaly monſters play;
The huge leviathan reſides,
And, fearleſs, ſports amid the tides.

PAUSE the third.

11 Vaſt are thy works, almighty Lord,
All nature reſts upon thy word,
And the whole race of creatures ſtands,
Waiting their portion from thy hands.

12 While each receives his diff'rent food,
Their cheerful looks pronounce it good:
Eagles and bears, and whales and worms,
Rejoice and praiſe in diff'rent forms.

13 But when thou hid'ſt thy face, they mourn,
And, dying, to their duſt return;
Both man and beaſt their ſouls reſign;
Life, breath, and ſpirit, all are thine.

14 Yet thou canſt breathe on duſt again,
And fill the world with beaſts and men;
A word of thy creating breath
Repairs the waſtes of time and death.

15 His works, the wonders of his might,
Are honour'd with his own delight:
How awful are his glorious ways!
The Lord is dreadful in his praiſe.

16 The earth ſtands trembling at thy ſtroke,
And at thy touch the mountains ſmoke;
Yet humble ſouls may ſee thy face,
And tell their wants to ſov'reign grace.

27 In thee my hopes and wiſhes meet,
And make my meditations ſweet;
Thy praiſes ſhall my breath employ,
Till it expire in endleſs joy.

28 While haughty ſinners die accurſt,
Their glory bury'd with their duſt,
I to my God, my heav'nly King,
Immortal hallelujahs ſing.

PSALM CV. Abridged. Common Metre.

God's conduct to Iſrael, and the plagues of Egyp.

1 GIVE thanks to God, invoke his name,
And tell the world his grace;
Sound through the earth his deeds of fame,
That all may ſeek his face.

2 His cov'nant which he kept in mind
For num'rous ages paſt,
To num'rous ages yet behind
In equal force ſhall laſt.

3 He ſware to Abra'm and his ſeed,
And made the bleſſing ſure:
Gentiles the ancient promiſe read,
And find his truth endure.

4 "Thy ſeed ſhall make all nations bleſs'd;
(Said the Almighty voice,)
"And Canaan's land ſhall be thy reſt,
"The type of heav'nly joys."

[5 How large the grant! how rich the grace!
To give them Canaan's land,
When they were ſtrangers in the place,
A ſmall and feeble band!

6 Like pilgrims, through the countries round
Securely they remov'd;
And haughty kings, that on them frown'd,
Severely he reprov'd.

7 "Touch mine anointed, and mine arm
"Shall ſoon avenge the wrong;

" The man that does my prophets harm,
" Shall know their God is ſtrong."

3 *Then let the world forbear its rage,*
Nor put the church in fear;
Iſr'el muſt live through ev'ry age,
And be th' Almighty's care.]

PAUSE the firſt.

1 When Pharoah dar'd to vex the ſaints,
And thus provok'd their God,
Moſes was ſent, at their complaints,
Arm'd with his dreadful rod.

2 He call'd for darkneſs; darkneſs came,
Like an o'erwhelming flood:
He turn'd each lake, and ev'ry ſtream,
To lakes and ſtreams of blood.

1 He gave the ſign, and noiſome flies
Through the whole country ſpread;
And frogs, in baleful armies, riſe
About the monarch's bed.

2 Thro' fields, and towns, and palaces,
The tenfold veng'ance flew;
Locuſts, in ſwarms, devour'd their trees,
And hail their cattle ſlew.

3 Then, by an angel's midnight ſtroke,
The flow'r of Egypt died;
The ſtrength of ev'ry houſe he broke,
Their glory and their pride.

4 *Now let the world forbear its rage,*
Nor put the church in fear;
Iſr'el muſt live thro' ev'ry age,
And be th' Almighty's care.

PAUSE the ſecond.

5 Thus were the tribes from bondage freed,
And left the hated ground;
Rich with Egyptian ſpoils, they fled,
Nor was one feeble found.

16 The Lord himſelf choſe out their way,
And mark'd their journeys right,
Gave them a leading cloud by day,
A fiery guide by night.

17 They thirſt; and waters from the rock,
In rich abundance flow,
And, following ſtill the courſe they took,
Ran all the deſert through.

18 O wond'rous ſtream! O bleſſed type
Of ever-flowing grace!
So Chriſt, our Rock, maintains our life,
And aids our wand'ring race.

19 Thus guarded by th' Almighty hand,
The choſen tribes poſſeſs'd
Canaan, the rich, the promis'd land,
And there enjoy'd their reſt.

20 *Then let the world forbear its rage.*
The church renounce her fear;
Iſr'el muſt live thro' ev'ry age,
And be th' Almighty's care.

PSALM CVI. ver. 1,—5. Firſt part.

Long Metre.

Praiſe to God; or, *Communion with ſaints.*

1 TO God, the great, the ever bleſs'd,
Let ſongs of honour be addreſs'd;
His mercy firm for ever ſtands;
Give him the thanks his love demands.

2 Who knows the wonders of thy ways?
Who ſhall fulfil thy boundleſs praiſe?
Bleſt are the ſouls that fear thee ſtill,
And pay their duty to thy will.

3 Remember what thy mercy did
For Jacob's race, thy choſen ſeed;
And with the ſame ſalvation bleſs
The meaneſt ſuppliant of thy grace.

4 O may I see thy tribes rejoice,
And aid their triumphs with my voice;
This is my glory, Lord, to be
Join'd to thy saints, and near to thee.

PSALM CVI. ver. 7, 8, 12,—14, 43,—48.
Second part. Short Metre.

Israel punished and pardoned; or, *God's unchangeable love.*

1 GOD of eternal love,
How fickle are our ways!
And yet how oft did Israel prove
Thy constancy of grace!

2 They saw thy wonders wrought,
And then thy praise they sung:
But soon thy works of pow'r forgot,
And murmur'd with their tongue.

3 Now they believe his word,
While rocks with rivers flow;
Now, with their lusts, provoke the Lord,
And he reduc'd them low.

4 Yet when they mourn'd their faults,
He hearken'd to their groans,
Brought his own cov'nant to his thoughts,
And call'd them still his sons.

5 Their names were in his book,
He sav'd them from their foes;
Oft he chastis'd, but ne'er forsook
The people that he chose.

6 Let Israel bless the Lord,
Who lov'd their ancient race;
And Christians join the solemn word
Amen, to all the praise.

PSALM CVII. First part. Long Metre.

Israel led to Canaan, and Christians to heaven.

1 GIVE thanks to God; he reigns above;
Kind are his thoughts, his name is Love;

His mercy ages paſt have known,
And ages long to come ſhall own.

2 Let the redeemed of the Lord
The wonders of his grace record;
Iſrael, the nation whom he choſe,
And reſcu'd from their mighty foes.

[3 When God's own arm their fetters broke,
And freed them from th' Egyptian yoke,
They trac'd the deſert, wand'ring round
A wild and ſolitary ground.

4 There they could find no leading road,
Nor city for their fix'd abode;
Nor food, nor fountain to aſſuage
Their burning thirſt, or hunger's rage.]

5 In their diſtreſs to God they cry'd,
God was their Saviour and their guide;
He led their wand'ring march around,
And brought their tribes to Canaan's ground.

6 Thus, when our firſt releaſe we gain
From ſin's old yoke and Satan's chain,
We have this deſert world to paſs,
A dang'rous and a tireſome place.

7 He feeds and clothes us all the way,
He guides our footſteps leſt we ſtray,
He guards us with a pow'rful hand,
And brings us to the heav'nly land.

8 O let the ſaints with joy record
The truth and goodneſs of the Lord!
How great his works! how kind his ways!
Let ev'ry tongue pronounce his praiſe.

PSALM CVII. Second part. Long Metre

Correction for ſin, and releaſe by prayer.

1 FROM age to age exalt his name,
God and his grace are ſtill the ſame:
He fills the hungry ſoul with food
And feeds the poor with ev'ry good.

But if their hearts rebel, and riſe
Againſt the God who rules the ſkies,
If they reject his heav'nly word,
And ſlight the counſels of the Lord,

He'll bring their ſpirits to the ground,
And no deliv'rer ſhall be found;
Laden with grief, they waſte their breath
In darkneſs, and the ſhades of death.

Then to the Lord they raiſe their cries,
He makes the dawning light ariſe,
And ſcatters all that diſmal ſhade,
That hung ſo heavy round their head.

He cuts the bars of braſs in two,
And lets the ſmiling pris'ners through;
Takes off the load of guilt and grief,
And gives the lab'ring ſoul relief.

O may the ſons of men record
The wondrous goodneſs of the Lord!
How great his works! how kind his ways!
Let ev'ry tongue pronounce his praiſe.

SALM CVII. Third part. Common Metre.

Intemperance puniſhed and pardoned; or, A pſalm for the glutton and the drunkard.

VAIN man, on fooliſh pleaſures bent,
Prepares for his own puniſhment;
What pains, what loathſome maladies,
From luxury and luſt ariſe!

The drunkard feels his vitals waſte,
Yet drowns his health to pleaſe his taſte;
Till all his active pow'rs are loſt,
And fainting life draws near the duſt.

The glutton groans, and lothes to eat,
His ſoul abhors delicious meat;
Nature, with heavy loads oppreſs'd,
Would yield to death to be releas'd.

4 Then how the frighted ſinners fly
To God for help with earneſt cry!
He hears their groans, prolongs their breat
And ſaves them from approaching death.

5 No med'cines could affect the cure
So quick, ſo eaſy, or ſo ſure:
The deadly ſentence God repeals,
He ſends his ſov'reign word and heals.

6 O may the ſons of men record
The wondrous goodneſs of the Lord!
And let their thankful off'ring prove
How they adore their Maker's love.

PSALM CVII. Fourth part. Long Metn

Deliverance from ſtorms and ſhipwrecks; or, *Th ſeaman's ſong.*

1 WOULD you behold the works of God,
His wonders in the world abroad?
With the bold mariner ſurvey
The unknown regions of the ſea.

2 They leave their native ſhores behind,
And ſeize the favor of the wind;
Till God command, and tempeſts riſe,
That heave the ocean to the ſkies.

3 Now to the heav'ns they mount amain,
Now ſink to dreadful deeps again;
What ſtrange affrights young ſailors feel,
And like a ſtagg'ring drunkard reel!

4 When land is far, and death is nigh,
Loſt to all hope, to God they cry;
His mercy hears their loud addreſs,
And ſends ſalvation in diſtreſs.

5 He bids the winds their wrath aſſuage,
And ſtormy tempeſts ceaſe to rage;
The gladſome train their fears give o'er,
And hail with joy their native ſhore.

O may the sons of men record
The wondrous goodness of the Lord!
Let them their private off'rings bring,
And in the church his glory sing.

PSALM CVII. Fourth part. Common Metre.

The mariner's psalm.

[THY works of glory, mighty Lord,
That rule the boisterous sea,
The sons of courage shall record,
Who tempt that dang'rous way.

At thy command the winds arise,
And swell the tow'ring waves;
The men, astonish'd, mount the skies,
And sink in gaping graves.

Again they climb the wat'ry hills,
And plunge in deeps again;
Each, like a tott'ring drunkard, reels,
And finds his courage vain.

Frighted to hear the tempest roar,
They pant with flutt'ring breath,
And, hopeless of the distant shore,
Expect immediate death.]

Then to the Lord they raise their cries,
He hears the loud request,
And orders silence through the skies,
And lays the floods to rest.

Sailors rejoice to lose their fears,
And see the storm allay'd;
Now to their eyes the port appears;
There let their vows be paid.

'Tis God that brings them safe to land;
Let stupid mortals know,
That waves are under his command,
And all the winds that blow.

Oh that the sons of men would praise
The goodness of the Lord!

And thoſe that ſee thy wond'rous ways
Thy wond'rous love record.

PSALM CVII. Laſt part. Long Metre.

Colonies planted; or, Nations bleſſed and puniſh

1 WHEN God, provok'd with daring crime
Scourges the madneſs of the times,
He turns their fields to barren ſand,
And dries the rivers from the land.

2 His word can raiſe the ſprings again,
And make the wither'd mountains green,
Send ſhow'ry bleſſings from the ſkies,
And harveſts in the deſerts riſe.

[3 Where nothing dwells but beaſts of prey,
Or men as fierce and wild as they,
He bids th' oppreſs'd and poor repair,
And builds them towns and cities there.

4 They ſow the fields, and trees they plant,
Whoſe yearly fruit ſupplies their want:
Their race grows up from fruitful ſtocks,
Their wealth increaſes with their flocks.

5 Thus they are bleſs'd; but if they ſin,
He lets the heathen nations in;
A ſavage crew invades their lands,
Their princes die by barb'rous hands.

6 Their captive ſons, expos'd to ſcorn,
Wander, unpity'd and forlorn:
The country lies unfenc'd, untill'd,
And deſolation ſpreads the field.

7 Yet, if the humbled nation mourns,
Again his dreadful hand he turns;
Again he makes their cities thrive,
And bids the dying churches live.]

8 The righteous, with a joyful ſenſe,
Admire the works of Providence;
And tongues of atheiſts ſhall no more
Blaſpheme the God that ſaints adore.

How few, with pious care, record
These wond'rous dealings of the Lord!
But wise observers still shall find
The Lord is holy, just, and kind.

PSALM CVIII. Common Metre.

A song of praise.

AWAKE, my soul, to sound his praise,
Awake my harp to sing:
Join all my pow'rs the song to raise,
And morning incense bring.

Among the people of his care,
And thro' the nations round;
Glad songs of praise will I prepare,
And there his name resound.

Be thou exalted, O my God,
Above the starry train;
Diffuse thy heav'nly grace abroad,
And teach the world thy reign.

So shall thy chosen sons rejoice,
And throng thy courts above;
While sinners hear thy pard'ning voice,
And taste redeeming love.

PSALM CIX. ver. 1,—5, 31. Common Metre.

Love to enemies from the example of Christ.

GOD of my mercy and my praise,
Thy glory is my song;
Tho' sinners speak against thy grace
With a blaspheming tongue.

When in the form of mortal man,
Thy Son on earth was found,
With cruel slanders, false and vain,
They compass'd him around.

Their mis'ries his compassion move,
Their peace he still pursu'd;
They render hatred for his love,
And evil for his good.

4 Their malice rag'd without a cauſe,
Yet, with his dying breath
He pray'd for murd'rers, on his croſs,
And bleſs'd his foes in death.

5 Lord, ſhall thy bright example ſhine
In vain before my eyes;
Give me a ſoul akin to thine,
To love mine enemies.

6 The Lord ſhall on my ſide engage,
And in my Saviour's name
I ſhall defeat their pride and rage,
Who ſlander and condemn.

PSALM CX. Firſt part. Long Metre.

Chriſt exalted, and multitudes converted; or *The ſucceſs of the goſpel.*

1 THUS God, th' eternal Father, ſpake
To Chriſt the Son: "Aſcend and ſit
"At my right hand, till I ſhall make
"Thy foes ſubmiſſive at thy feet.

2 "From Zion ſhall thy word proceed;
"Thy word, the ſceptre in thy hand,
"Shall make the hearts of rebels bleed,
"And bow their wills to thy command.

3 "That day ſhall ſhow thy pow'r is great,
"When ſaints ſhall flock, with willing mind
"And ſinners crowd thy temple gate,
"Where holineſs in beauty ſhines."

4 O bleſſed pow'r! O glorious day!
What a large vict'ry ſhall enſue!
And converts, who thy grace obey,
Exceed the drops of morning dew.

PSALM CX. Second part. Long Metre.

The kingdom and prieſthood of Chriſt.

1 THUS the great Lord of earth and ſea
Spake to his Son, and thus he ſwore:

" Eternal ſhall thy prieſthood be,
" And change from hand to hand no more.

" Aaron and all his ſons muſt die;
" But everlaſting life is thine,
" To ſave for ever thoſe that fly
" For refuge from the wrath divine.

" By me Melchiſedeck was made,
" On earth, a king and prieſt at once;
" And thou, my heav'nly Prieſt, ſhalt plead,
" And thou, my King, ſhalt rule my ſons."

Jeſus, the Prieſt, aſcends his throne,
While counſels of eternal peace,
Between the Father and the Son,
Proceed with honour and ſucceſs.

Through the whole earth his reign ſhall ſpread,
And cruſh the pow'rs that dare rebel;
Then ſhall he judge the riſing dead,
And ſend the guilty world to hell.

Though, while he treads his glorious way,
He drinks the cup of threats and blood,
The ſuff'rings of that dreadful day
Shall but advance him near to God.

PSALM CX. Common Metre.

Chriſt's kingdom and prieſthood.

JESUS, our Lord, aſcend thy throne,
And near thy Father ſit;
In Zion ſhall thy power be known,
And make thy foes ſubmit.

What wonders ſhall thy goſpel do!
Thy converts ſhall ſurpaſs
The num'rous drops of morning dew,
And own thy ſov'reign grace.

God hath pronounc'd a firm decree,
Nor changes what he ſwore;
" Eternal ſhall thy prieſthood be,
" When Aaron is no more:

4 " Melchiſedeck, that wondrous prieſt,
" That king of high degree,
" That holy man, who Abraham bleſt,
" Was but a type of thee."

5 Jeſus, our Prieſt, for ever lives
To plead for us above;
Jeſus, our king, for ever gives
The bleſſings of his love.

6 God ſhall exalt his glorious head,
And his high throne maintain,
Shall ſtrike the pow'rs and princes dead,
Who dare oppoſe his reign.

PSALM CXI. Firſt part. Common Met

The wiſdom of God in his works.

1 SONGS of immortal praiſe belong
To my almighty God;
He has my heart, and he my tongue,
To ſpread his name abroad.

2 How great the works his hand has wrought
How glorious in our ſight!
And men in ev'ry age have ſought
His wonders with delight.

3 How fair and beauteous nature's frame!
How wiſe th' eternal Mind!
His counſels never change the ſcheme
That his firſt thoughts deſign'd.

4 When he redeem'd his choſen ſons
He fix'd his cov'nant ſure;
The orders that his lips pronounce
To endleſs years endure.

5 Nature and time, and earth and ſkies,
Thy heav'nly ſkill proclaim;
What ſhall we do to make us wiſe,
But learn to read thy name!

6 To fear thy power, to truſt thy grace,
Is our divineſt ſkill?

And he's the wiſeſt of our race
That beſt obeys thy will.

PSALM CXI. Second part. Common Metre.

The perfection of God.

GREAT is the Lord; his works of might
Demand our nobleſt ſongs;
Let his aſſembled ſaints unite
Their harmony of tongues.

Great is the mercy of the Lord,
He gives his children food;
And, ever mindful of his word,
He makes his promiſe good.

His Son, the great Redeemer, came
To ſeal his cov'nant ſure:
Holy and rev'rend is his name,
His ways are juſt and pure.

They that would grow divinely wiſe,
Muſt with his fear begin;
Our faireſt proof of knowledge lies
In hating ev'ry ſin.

PSALM CXII. As the 113th Pſalm.

The bleſſings of the liberal man.

WHAT man is bleſs'd, who ſtands in awe
Of God, and loves his ſacred law;
His ſeed on earth ſhall be renown'd;
His houſe the ſeat of wealth ſhall be,
An unexhauſted treaſury,
And with ſucceſſive honours crown'd.

His liberal favours he extends,
To ſome he gives, to others lends;
A generous pity fills his mind:
Yet what his charity impairs,
He ſaves by prudence in affairs,
And thus he's juſt to all mankind.

3 His hands, while they his alms beſtow'd,
His glory's future harveſt ſow'd;
The ſweet remembrance of the juſt,
Like a green root, revives and bears
A train of bleſſings for his heirs,
When dying nature ſleeps in duſt.

4 Beſet with threat'ning dangers round
Unmov'd ſhall he maintain his ground;
His conſcience holds his courage up:
The ſoul that's fill'd with virtue's light,
Shines brighteſt in affliction's night;
And ſees, in darkneſs, beams of grace.

PAUSE.

[5 Ill tidings never can ſurpriſe
His heart, that, fix'd, on God relies,
Tho' waves and tempeſts roar around:
Safe on a rock he ſits, and ſees
The ſhipwreck of his enemies,
And all their hope and glory drown'd.

6 The wicked ſhall his triumph ſee,
And gnaſh their teeth in agony,
To find their expectations croſt;
They and their envy, pride, and ſpite,
Sink down to everlaſting night,
And all their names in darkneſs loſt.]

PSALM CXII. Long Metre.

The bleſſings of the pious and charitable.

1 THRICE happy man, who fears the Lord,
Loves his commands, and truſts his wor
Honour and peace his days attend,
And bleſſings to his ſeed deſcend.

2 Compaſſion dwells upon his mind,
To works of mercy ſtill inclin'd;
He lends the poor ſome preſent aid,
Or gives them, not to be repaid.

3 When times grow dark, and tidings ſpread
That fill his neighbours round with dread,

His heart is arm'd against the fear,
For God, with all his power, is there.

His spirit, fix'd upon the Lord,
Draws heav'nly courage from his word;
Amidst the darkness light shall rise,
To cheer his heart, and bless his eyes.

He hath dispers'd his alms abroad,
His works are still before his God:
His name on earth shall long remain,
While envious sinners rage in vain.

PSALM CXII. Common Metre.

Liberality rewarded.

HAPPY is he that fears the Lord,
And follows his commands,
Who lends the poor without reward,
Or gives with lib'ral hands.

His pity dwells within his breast
To all the sons of need;
So God shall answer his request
With blessings on his seed.

No evil tidings shall surprise
His well establish'd mind;
His soul to God, his refuge, flies,
And leaves his fears behind.

In times of danger and distress
Some beams of light shall shine,
To shew the world his righteousness,
And give him peace divine.

His works of piety and love
Remain before the Lord;
Honour on earth, and joys above,
Shall be his sure reward.

PSALM CXIII. Proper tune.

The majesty and condescension of God.

YE that delight to serve the Lord,
Whose honours of his name record;

His ſacred name for ever bleſs:
Where'er the circling ſun diſplays
His riſing beams or ſetting rays,
Let lands and ſeas his pow'r confeſs.

2 Not time, nor nature's narrow rounds,
Can give his vaſt dominion bounds;
The heav'ns are far below his height:
Let no created greatneſs dare
With our eternal God compare,
Arm'd with his uncreated might.

3 He bows his glorious head to view
What the bright hoſts of angels do,
And bends his care to mortal things;
His ſov'reign hand exalts the poor,
He takes the needy from the door,
And ſeats them on the thrones of kings.

4 When childleſs families deſpair,
He ſends the bleſſings of an heir,
To reſcue their expiring name;
The mother, with a thankful voice,
Proclaims his praiſes and her joys;
Let ev'ry age advance his fame.

PSALM CXIII. Long Metre.

God ſovereign and gracious.

1 YE ſervants of th' almighty King,
In every age his praiſes ſing;
Where'er the ſun ſhall riſe or ſet,
The nations ſhall his praiſe repeat.

2 Above the earth, beyond the ſky,
His throne of glory ſtands on high;
Nor time nor place his power reſtrain,
Nor bound his univerſal reign.

3 Which of the ſons of Adam dare,
Or angels, with their God compare?
His glories how divinely bright!
Who dwells in uncreated light!

Behold his love! he ſtoops to view
What ſaints above and angels do!
And condeſcends, yet more, to know
The mean affairs of men below!

From duſt, and cottages obſcure,
His grace exalts the humble poor!
Gives them the honour of his ſons,
And fits them for their heav'nly thrones.

A word of his creating voice
Can make the barren houſe rejoice;
Though Sarah's ninety years were paſt,
The promis'd ſeed is born at laſt.

With joy the mother views her ſon,
And tells the wonders God has done;
Faith may grow ſtrong when ſenſe deſpairs;
If nature fails the promiſe bears.]

PSALM CXIV. Long Metre.

Miracles attending Iſrael's journey.

WHEN Iſrael, freed from Pharaoh's hand,
Left the proud tyrant and his land,
The tribes, with cheerful homage, own
Their King, and Judah was his throne.

Acroſs the deep their journey lay;
The deep divides to make them way;
Jordan beheld their march, and fled,
With backward current, to his head.

The mountains ſhook, like frighted ſheep—
Like lambs, the little hillocks leap!
Not Sinai on her baſe could ſtand,
Conſcious of ſov'reign power at hand.

What power could make the deep divide—
Make Jordan backward roll his tide?
Why did ye leap, ye little hills?
And whence the dread that Sinai feels?

Let every mountain, every flood
Retire, and know th' approaching God;

The King of Iſrael: ſee him here!
Tremble, thou earth, adore and fear.

6 He thunders, and all nature mourns,
The rock to ſtanding pools he turns;
Flints ſpring with fountains, at his word,
And fires and ſeas confeſs the Lord.

PSALM CXV. First Metre.

The true God our refuge; or, *Idolatry reprove*

1 NOT to ourſelves, who are but duſt—
Not to ourſelves is glory due—
Eternal God, thou only juſt,
Thou only gracious, wiſe and true.

2 Diſplay to earth thy dreadful name:
Why ſhould a heathen's haughty tongue
Inſult us, and, to raiſe our ſhame,
Say, "Where's the God you've ſerv'd ſo long

3 The God we ſerve, maintains his throne
Above the clouds, beyond the ſkies;
Through all the earth his will is done,
He knows our groans, he hears our cries

4 But the vain idols they adore,
Are ſenſeleſs ſhapes of ſtone and wood:
At beſt a maſs of glittering ore,
A ſilver ſaint, or golden god.

[5 With eyes and ears they carve the head;
Deaf are their ears, their eyes are blind
In vain are coſtly offerings made,
And vows are ſcatter'd in the wind.

6 Their feet were never made to move,
Nor hands to ſave, when mortals pray;
Mortals, that pay them fear or love,
Seem to be blind and deaf as they.]

7 O Iſrael, make the Lord thy hope,
Thy help, thy refuge, and thy reſt;
The Lord ſhall build thy ruins up,
And bleſs the people and the prieſt.

The dead no more can ſpeak thy praiſe—
They dwell in ſilence in the grave;
But we ſhall live to ſing thy grace,
And tell the world thy power to ſave.

PSALM CXV. Second Metre. As the new tune of the 50th Pſalm.

Idolatry reproved.

NOT to our names, thou only juſt and true,
Not to our worthleſs names is glory due:
Thy power and grace, thy truth and juſtice claim
Immortal honours to thy ſov'reign name;
Shine thro' the earth, from heav'n thy bleſt abode;
Nor let the heathens ſay, "Where is your God?"
Heav'n is thine higher court: there ſtands thy throne,
And thro' the lower worlds thy will is done:
God fram'd this earth—the ſtarry heav'ns he ſpread,
But fools adore the gods their hands have made;
The kneeling crowd, with looks devout, behold
Their ſilver ſaviours, and their ſaints of gold.
Vain are thoſe artful ſhapes of eyes and ears—
The molten image neither ſees nor hears;
Their hands are helpleſs, nor their feet can move,
They have no ſpeech, nor thought, nor power, nor love;
Yet ſottiſh mortals make their long complaints
To their deaf idols, and their lifeleſs ſaints.
The rich have ſtatutes well adorn'd with gold;
The poor, content with gods of coarſer mould,
With tools of iron carve the ſenſeleſs ſtock,
Lopt from a tree, or broken from a rock,
People and prieſt drive on the ſolemn trade,
And truſt the gods that ſaws and hammers made.]

5 Be heav'n and earth amaz'd! 'Tis hard to ſay
Which are more ſtupid, or their gods, or they
O Iſrael, truſt the Lord: he hears and ſees,
He knows thy ſorrows, and reſtores thy peace;
His worſhip does a thouſand comforts yield—
He is thy help, and he thine heav'nly ſhield.

6 In God we truſt: our impious foes in vain
Attempt our ruin, and oppoſe his reign;
Had they prevail'd, darkneſs had clos'd our days,
And death and ſilence had forbid his praiſe;
But we are ſav'd, and live:—Let ſongs ariſe
And Zion bleſs the God that built the ſkies.

PSALM CXVI. First part. Common Metre

Recovery from ſickneſs.

1 I Love the Lord: he heard my cries,
And pity'd every groan;
Long as I live, when troubles riſe,
I'll haſten to his throne.

2 I love the Lord: he bow'd his ear,
And chas'd my griefs away:
Oh let my heart no more deſpair,
When I have breath to pray.

3 My fleſh declin'd, my ſpirits fell,
And I drew near the dead,
While inward pangs, and fears of hell,
Perplex'd my wakeful head.

4 "My God, (I cry'd,) thy ſervant ſave,
"Thou ever good and juſt;
"Thy power can reſcue from the grave,
"Thy power is all my truſt."

5 The Lord beheld me ſore diſtreſs'd,
He bade my pains remove:
Return, my ſoul, to God thy reſt,
For thou haſt known his love.

My God hath ſav'd my ſoul from death,
And dry'd my falling tears:
Now, to his praiſe I'll ſpend my breath,
And my remaining years.

PSALM CXVI. ver. 12, &c. Second part. Common Metre.

Thanks for private deliverance.

WHAT ſhall I render to my God
For all his kindneſs ſhewn?
My feet ſhall viſit thine abode,
My ſongs addreſs thy throne.

Among the ſaints, that fill thine houſe,
My offerings ſhall be paid;
There ſhall my zeal perform the vows
My ſoul in anguiſh made.

How much is mercy thy delight,
Thou ever-bleſſed God!
How dear thy ſervants in thy ſight!
How precious is their blood!

How happy all thy ſervants are!
How great thy grace to me!
My life, which thou haſt made thy care,
Lord, I devote to thee.

Now I am thine, for ever thine,
Nor ſhall my purpoſe move;
Thy hand has looſed bonds of pain,
And bound me with thy love.

Here, in thy courts, I leave my vow,
And thy rich grace record;
Witneſs, ye ſaints, who hear me now,
If I forſake the Lord.

PSALM CXVII. Common Metre.

Praiſe to God from all nations.

O All ye nations praiſe the Lord,
Each with a diff'rent tongue;

In ev'ry language learn his word,
And let his name be ſung.

2 His mercy reigns thro' ev'ry land;
Proclaim his grace abroad;
For ever firm his truth ſhall ſtand—
Praiſe ye the faithful God.

PSALM CXVII. Long Metre.

1 FROM all that dwell below the ſkies
Let the Creator's praiſe ariſe;
Let the Redeemer's name be ſung
Thro' ev'ry land, by ev'ry tongue.

2 Eternal are thy mercies, Lord;
Eternal truth attends thy word:
Thy praiſe ſhall ſound from ſhore to ſhore,
'Till ſuns ſhall ſet and riſe no more.

PSALM CXVII. Short Metre.

1 THY name, almighty Lord,
Shall ſound thro' diſtant lands:
Great is thy grace, and ſure thy word,
Thy truth for ever ſtands.

2 Far be thine honour ſpread,
And long thy praiſe endure,
'Till morning light and evening ſhade
Shall be exchang'd no more.

PSALM CXVIII. ver. 6,—15. Firſt part. Common Metre.

Deliverance from a tumult.

1 THE Lord appears my helper now,
Nor is my faith afraid
What all the ſons of earth can do,
Since heav'n affords its aid.

2 'Tis ſafer, Lord, to hope in thee,
And have my God my friend,
Than truſt in men of high degree,
And on their truth depend.

'Tis thro' the Lord my heart is ſtrong,
In him my lips rejoice;
While his ſalvation is my ſong,
How cheerful is my voice!

Like angry bees they girt me round;
When God appears they fly:
So burning thorns, with crackling ſound,
Make a fierce blaze, and die.

Joy to the ſaints and peace belongs:
The Lord protects their days:
Let Iſrael tune immortal ſongs
To his almighty grace.

PSALM CXVIII. ver. 17,—21. Second part.
Common Metre.

Public praiſe for deliverance from death.

LORD, thou haſt heard thy ſervant cry,
And reſcu'd from the grave;
Now ſhall he live: (and none can die,
If God reſolve to ſave.)

Thy praiſe, more conſtant than before,
Shall fill his daily breath;
Thy hand, that hath chaſtis'd him ſore,
Defends him ſtill from death.

Open the gate of Zion now,
For we ſhall worſhip there,
The houſe where all the righteous go,
Thy mercy to declare.

Among th' aſſemblies of thy ſaints
Our thankful voice we raiſe;
There we have told thee our complaints,
And there we ſpeak thy praiſe.

PSALM CXVIII. ver. 22, 23. Third part.
Common Metre.

Chriſt the foundation of the church.

BEHOLD the ſure foundation ſtone
Which God in Zion lays,

To build our heav'nly hopes upon,
And his eternal praiſe.

2 Choſen of God, to ſinners dear,
And ſaints adore the name,
They truſt their whole ſalvation here,
Nor ſhall they ſuffer ſhame.

3 The fooliſh builders, ſcribe and prieſt,
Reject it with diſdain:
Firm on this rock the church ſhall reſt,
And envy rage in vain.

4 What tho' the gates of hell withſtood?
Yet muſt this building riſe:
'Tis thy own work, almighty God,
And wondrous in our eyes.

PSALM CXVIII. ver. 24, 25, 26. Fourth part Common Metre.

Hoſanna; the Lord's day; or, *Chriſt's reſurrection, and our ſalvation.*

1 THIS is the day the Lord hath made,
He calls the hours his own;
Let heav'n rejoice, let earth be glad,
And praiſe ſurround the throne.

2 To-day he roſe and left the dead;
And Satan's empire fell:
To-day the ſaints his triumph ſpread,
And all his wonders tell.

3 Hoſanna to th' anointed King,
To David's holy Son,
Help us, O Lord; deſcend and bring
Salvation from thy throne.

4 Bleſs'd is the Lord, who comes to men
With meſſages of grace;
Who comes, in God his Father's name,
To ſave our ſinful race.

5 Hoſanna, in the higheſt ſtrains
The church on earth can raiſe;

The higheſt heav'ns, in which he reigns,
Shall give him nobler praiſe.

PSALM CXVIII. ver. 22,—27. Short Metre.

An hoſanna for the Lord's day; or, A new ſong of ſalvation by Chriſt.

SEE what a living ſtone
The builders did refuſe;
Yet God hath built his church thereon
In ſpite of envious Jews.

The ſcribe and angry prieſt
Reject thine only Son;
Yet on this Rock ſhall Zion reſt,
As the chief corner ſtone.

The work, O Lord, is thine,
And wondrous in our eyes:
This day declares it all divine,
This day did Jeſus riſe.

This is the glorious day
That our Redeemer made;
Let us rejoice, and ſing, and pray,
Let all the church be glad.

Hoſanna to the King
Of David's royal blood:
Bleſs him, ye ſaints, he comes to bring
Salvation from your God.

We bleſs thine holy word,
Which all this grace diſplays;
And offer on thine altar, Lord,
Our ſacrifice of praiſe.

PSALM CXVIII. ver. 22,—27. Long Metre.

An hoſanna for the Lord's day; or, A new ſong of ſalvation by Chriſt.

LO, what a glorious Corner-ſtone
The Jewiſh builders did refuſe!

But God hath built his church thereon,
In ſpite of envy, and the Jews.

2 Great God, the work is all divine,
The joy and wonder of our eyes;
This is the day that proves it thine,
The day that ſaw our Saviour riſe.

3 Sinners rejoice, and ſaints be glad;
Hoſanna, let his name be bleſs'd;
A thouſand honours on his head,
With peace, and light, and glory reſt:

4 In God's own name he comes to bring
Salvation to our dying race;
Let the whole church addreſs their King
With hearts of joy, and ſongs of prai'e.

I have collected and diſpoſed of the moſt uſe
verſes of the cxixth Pſalm under eighteen diff
ent heads, and formed a divine ſong upon each
them. But the verſes are much tranſpoſed,
attain ſome degree of connexion.

In ſome places among the words *law*, *co*
mands, *judgments*, *teſtimonies*, I have uſed *g*
pel, *word*, *truth*, *grace*, *promiſes*, &c. as more
greeable to the New Teſtament, and the co
mon language of Chriſtians, and it equally
ſwers the deſign of the Pſalmiſt, which was to
commend the holy Scripture.

PSALM CXIX. Firſt part. Common Me

The bleſſedneſs of ſaints, and miſery of Sinne

Ver. 1, 2, 3.

1 BLESS'D are the undefil'd in heart,
Whoſe ways are right and clean;
Who never from my law depart,
But fly from ev'ry ſin.

2 Bleſs'd are the men that keep thy word,
And practiſe thy commands;

With their whole heart they ſeek the Lord,
And ſerve thee with their hands.

Ver. 165.

Great is their peace who love thy law;
How firm their ſouls abide!
Nor can a bold temptation draw
Their ſteady feet aſide.

Ver. 6.

Then ſhall my heart have inward joy,
And keep my face from ſhame,
When all thy ſtatutes I obey,
And honour all thy name.

Ver. 21, 118.

But haughty ſinners God will hate,
The proud ſhall die accurs'd;
The ſons of falſhood and deceit
Are trodden to the duſt

Ver. 119, 155

Vile as the droſs the wicked are:
And thoſe that leave thy ways
Shall ſee ſalvation from afar,
But never taſte thy grace.

PSALM CXIX. Second part.

Secret devotion and ſpiritual-mindedneſs; or, Conſtant converſe with God.

Ver. 147, 55.

TO thee, before the dawning light,
My gracious God, I pray;
I meditate thy name by night,
And keep thy law by day.

Ver. 81.

My ſpirit faints to ſee thy grace,
Thy promiſe bears me up;
And, while ſalvation long delays,
Thy word ſupports my hope.

Ver. 164.

Sev'n times a day I lift my hands,
And pay my thanks to thee;

Thy righteous providence demands
Repeated praiſe from me.

Ver. 62.

4 When midnight darkneſs veils the ſkies,
I call thy works to mind;
My thoughts in warm devotion riſe,
And ſweet acceptance find.

PSALM CXIX. Third part.

Profeſſion of ſincerity, repentance, and obedience.

Ver. 57, 60.

1 THOU art my portion, O my God;
Soon as I know thy way,
My heart makes haſte t' obey thy word,
And ſuffers no delay.

Ver. 13, 14.

2 I chuſe the path of heav'nly truth,
And glory in my choice:
Not all the riches of the earth
Could make me ſo rejoice.

3 The teſtimonies of thy grace,
I ſet before my eyes;
Thence I derive my daily ſtrength,
And there my comfort lies.

Ver. 59.

4 If once I wander from thy path,
I think upon my ways,
Then turn my feet to thy commands,
And truſt thy pard'ning grace.

Ver. 94, 112.

5 Now I am thine, for ever thine,
O ſave thy ſervant, Lord,
Thou art my ſhield, my hiding place;
My hope is in thy word.

Ver. 112.

6 Thou haſt inclin'd this heart of mine
Thy ſtatutes to fulfil;
And thus, till mortal life ſhall end,
Would I perform thy will.

PSALM CXIX. Fourth. part.

Instruction from Scripture.

Ver. 9.

HOW shall the young secure their hearts,
And guard their lives from sin?
Thy word the choicest rules imparts
To keep the conscience clean.

Ver. 130.

When once it enters to the mind,
It spreads such light abroad,
The meanest souls instruction find,
And raise their thoughts to God.

Ver. 105.

'Tis like the sun, a heav'nly light,
That guides us all the day;
And, through the dangers of the night,
A lamp to lead our way.

Ver. 99, 100.

The men that keep thy law with care,
And meditate thy word,
Grow wiser than their teachers are,
And better know the Lord.

Ver. 104, 113.

Thy precepts make me truly wise;
I hate the sinner's road;
I hate my own vain thoughts that rise,
But love thy law, my God.

Ver. 89, 90, 91.

6 The starry heav'ns thy rule obey,
The earth maintains her place;
And these, thy servants, night and day,
Thy skill and pow'r express.

But still thy law and gospel, Lord,
Have lessons more divine;
Not earth stands firmer than thy word,
Nor stars so nobly shine.]

Ver. 090, 140, 9, 119.

8 Thy word is everlasting truth,
How pure is ev'ry page!
Thy holy book shall guide our youth,
And well support our age.

PSALM CXIX. Fifth part.

Delight in scripture; or, *The word of God dwelling in us.*

Ver. 97.

1 O HOW I love thy holy law!
'Tis daily my delight:
And thence my meditations draw
Divine advice by night.

Ver. 148.

2 My waking eyes prevent the day
To meditate thy word:
My soul with longing melts away,
To hear thy gospel, Lord.

Ver. 3, 13, 54.

3 Thy heav'nly words my heart engage!
And well employ my tongue!
And, in my tiresome pilgrimage,
Yield me a heav'nly song.

Ver. 19, 103.

4 Am I a stranger, or at home,
'Tis my perpetual feast;
Not honey dropping from the comb
So much allures the taste.

Ver. 72, 127.

5 No treasures so enrich the mind;
Nor shall thy word be sold
For loads of silver well refin'd,
Nor heaps of choicest gold.

Ver. 28, 49, 175.

6 When nature sinks, and spirits droop,
Thy promises of grace
Are pillars to support my hope,
And there I write thy praise.

PSALM CXIX. Sixth part.

Holineſs and comfort from the word.

Ver. 128.

1 LORD, I eſteem thy judgments right,
And all thy ſtatutes juſt;
Thence I maintain a conſtant fight
With ev'ry flatt'ring luſt.

Ver. 97, 9.

2 Thy precepts often I ſurvey:
I keep thy law in ſight,
Through all the bus'neſs of the day,
To form my actions right.

Ver. 62.

3 My heart, in midnight ſilence, cries,
"How ſweet thy comforts be!"
My thoughts in holy wonder riſe,
And bring their thanks to thee.

Ver. 162.

4 And when my ſpirit drinks her fill
At ſome good word of thine,
Not mighty men that ſhare the ſpoil,
Have joys compar'd to mine.

PSALM CXIX. Seventh part.

Imperfection of nature, and perfection of ſcripture

Ver. 96. paraphraſed.

1 LET all the Heathen writers join
To form one perfect book;
Great God, if once compar'd with thine,
How mean their writings look!

2 Not the moſt perfect rules they gave
Could ſhew one ſin forgiv'n,
Nor lead a ſtep beyond the grave;
But thine conducts to heav'n.

3 I've ſeen an end to what we call
Perfection here below;
How ſhort the powers of nature fall,
And can no farther go.

4 Yet men would fain be juſt with God,
By works their hands have wrought;
But thy commands, exceeding broad,
Extend to ev'ry thought.

5 In vain we boaſt perfection here,
While ſin defiles our frame,
And ſinks our virtues down ſo far,
They ſcarce deſerve the name.

6 Our faith and love, and ev'ry grace,
Fall far below thy word;
But perfect truth and righteouſneſs
Dwell only with the Lord.

PSALM CXIX. Eighth part.

The excellency and variety of ſcripture.

Ver. 111. paraphraſed.

1 LORD, I have made thy word my choice
My laſting heritage;
There ſhall my nobleſt pow'rs rejoice,
My warmeſt thoughts engage.

2 I'll read the hiſt'ries of thy love,
And keep thy laws in ſight,
While through the promiſes I rove,
With ever-freſh delight.

3 'Tis a broad land of wealth unknown,
Where ſprings of life ariſe,
Seeds of immortal bliſs are ſown,
And hidden glory lies.

4 The beſt relief that mourners have,
It makes our ſorrows bleſs'd;
Our faireſt hope beyond the grave,
And our eternal reſt.

PSALM CXIX. Ninth part.

Deſire of knowledge.

Ver. 64, 68, 18.

1 THY mercies fill the earth, O Lord,
How good thy works appear!

Open my eyes to read thy word,
And ſee thy wonders there.

Ver. 73. 125.

My heart was faſhion'd by thy hand,
My ſervice is thy due,
O! make thy ſervant underſtand
The duties I muſt do.

Ver. 19.

Since I'm a ſtranger here below,
Thy path O! do not hide;
But mark the road my feet ſhould go,
And be my conſtant guide.

Ver. 26.

When I confeſs'd my wand'ring ways,
Thou heard'ſt my ſoul complain;
Grant me the teachings of thy grace,
Or I ſhall ſtray again.

Ver. 33, 34.

If God to me his ſtatutes ſhew,
And heav'nly truth impart,
His work for ever, I'll purſue,
His law ſhall rule my heart.

Ver. 50, 71.

This was my comfort when I bore
Variety of grief;
It made me learn thy word the more,
And fly to that relief.

Ver. 51.

In vain the proud deride me now;
I'll ne'er forget thy law,
Nor let that bleſſed goſpel go,
Whence all my hopes I draw.

Ver. 27, 171.

When I have learn'd my Father's will,
I'll teach the world his ways;
My thankful lips, inſpir'd with zeal,
Shall ſing aloud his praiſe.

PSALM CXIX. Tenth part.

Pleading the promises.

Ver. 38, 49.

1 BEHOLD thy waiting servant, Lord,
Devoted to thy fear;
Remember and confirm thy word,
For all my hopes are there.

Ver. 41, 58, 107.

2 Hast thou not sent salvation down,
And promis'd quick'ning grace?
Doth not my heart address thy throne?
And yet thy love delays.

Ver. 123, 42.

3 Mine eyes for thy salvation fail;
O bear thy servant up;
Nor let the scoffing lips prevail,
Who dare reproach my hope.

Ver. 49, 74.

4 Didst thou not raise my faith, O Lord?
Then let thy truth appear:
Saints shall rejoice in my reward,
And trust as well as fear.

PSALM CXIX. Eleventh part.

Breathing after holiness.

Ver. 5, 33.

1 O That the Lord would guide my ways
To keep his statutes still!
O that my God would grant me grace
To know and do his will!

Ver. 29.

2 O send thy Spirit down to write
Thy law upon my heart!
Nor let my tongue indulge deceit,
Nor act the liar's part.

Ver. 37, 36.

3 From vanity turn off my eyes;
Let no corrupt design,

Nor covetous desires, arise
Within this soul of mine.

Ver. 133.

Order my footsteps by thy word,
And make my heart sincere;
Let sin have no dominion, Lord,
But keep my conscience clear.

Ver. 176.

My soul hath gone too far astray,
My feet too often slip;
Yet since I keep in mind thy way,
Restore thy wand'ring sheep.

Ver. 35.

Make me to walk in thy commands,
'Tis a delightful road;
Nor let my head, or heart, or hands,
Offend against my God.

PSALM CXIX. Twelfth part.

Breathing after comfort and deliverance.

Ver. 153.

MY God, consider my distress,
Let mercy plead my cause;
Though I have sinn'd against thy grace,
I ne'er forgot thy laws.

Ver. 39, 116.

Forbid, forbid the sharp reproach,
Which I so justly fear;
Uphold my life, uphold my hopes,
Nor let my shame appear.

Ver. 122, 135.

Be thou a surety, Lord, for me,
Nor let the proud oppress;
But make thy waiting servant see
The shinings of thy face.

Ver. 81.

My eyes with expectation fail,
My heart within me cries,
"When will the Lord his truth fulfil,
"And bid my comforts rise?"

Ver. 132.

5 Look down upon my ſorrows, Lord,
And ſhow thy grace the ſame,
Thy tender mercies ſtill afford
To thoſe that love thy name.

PSALM CXIX. Thirteenth part.

Holy fear, and tenderneſs of conſcience.

Ver. 10.

1 WITH my whole heart I've ſought thy face
O let me never ſtray
From thy commands, O God of grace,
Nor tread the ſinner's way.

Ver. 11.

2 Thy word I've plac'd within my heart,
To keep my conſcience clean,
And be an everlaſting guard
From ev'ry riſing ſin.

Ver. 63, 53, 158.

3 I'm a companion of the ſaints,
Who fear and love the Lord;
My ſorrows riſe, my nature faints,
When men tranſgreſs thy word.

Ver. 161, 163.

4 While ſinners do thy goſpel wrong,
My ſpirit ſtands in awe;
My ſoul abhors a lying tongue,
But loves thy righteous law.

Ver. 161, 120.

5 My heart with ſacred rev'rence hears
The threat'nings of thy word;
My fleſh with holy trembling fears
The judgments of the Lord.

Ver. 166, 174.

6 My God, I long, I hope, I wait,
For thy ſalvation ſtill;
While thy whole law is my delight,
And I obey thy will.

PSALM CXIX. Fourteenth part.

Benefit of afflictions, and support under them.

Ver. 153, 81, 82.

CONSIDER all my sorrows, Lord,
And thy deliv'rance send;
My soul for thy salvation faints,
When will my troubles end?

Ver. 71.

Yet I have found 'tis good for me
To bear my Father's rod;
Afflictions make me learn thy law,
And live upon my God.

Ver. 50.

This is the comfort I enjoy,
When new distress begins,
I read thy word, I run thy way,
And hate my former sins.

Ver. 92.

Had not thy word been my delight
When earthly joys were fled,
My soul, oppress'd with sorrows weight,
Had sunk amongst the dead.

Ver. 75.

I know thy judgments, Lord, are right,
Though they may seem severe;
The sharpest suff'rings I endure
Flow from thy faithful care.

Ver. 67.

Before I knew thy chast'ning rod
My feet were apt to stray;
But now I learn to keep thy word,
Nor wander from thy way.

PSALM CXIX. Fifteenth part.

Holy resolutions.

Ver. 93.

O That thy statutes ev'ry hour
Might dwell upon my mind!

Thence I derive a quick'ning pow'r,
And daily peace I find.

Ver. 15, 16.

2 To meditate thy precepts, Lord,
Shall be my ſweet employ;
My ſoul ſhall ne'er forget thy word,
Thy word is all my joy.

Ver. 32.

3 How would I run in thy commands,
If thou my heart di charge
From ſin and Satan's hateful chains
And ſet my feet at large?

Ver. 13, 46.

4 My lips with courage ſhall declare
Thy ſtatutes and thy name;
I'll ſpeak thy word though kings ſhould hear,
Nor yield to ſinful ſhame.

Ver. 61, 69, 70.

5 Let bands of perſecutors riſe
To rob me of my right;
Let pride and malice forge their lies;
Thy law is my delight.

Ver. 115.

6 Depart from me, ye wicked race,
Whoſe hands and hearts are ill:
I love my God, I love his ways,
And muſt obey his will.

PSALM CXIX. Sixteenth part.

A prayer for quickening grace.

Ver. 25, 37.

1 MY ſoul lies cleaving to the duſt;
Lord, give me life divine;
From vain deſires, and ev'ry luſt,
Turn off theſe eyes of mine.

2 I need the influence of thy grace
To ſpeed me in thy way,
Leſt I ſhould loiter in my race,
Or turn my feet aſtray.

Ver. 107.

When sore afflictions press me down,
I need thy quick'ning pow'rs;
Thy word, that I have rested on,
Shall help my heaviest hours.

Ver. 156, 40.

Are not thy mercies sov'reign still,
And thou a faithful God?
Wilt thou not grant me warmer zeal
To run the heav'nly road?

Ver. 159, 40.

Does not my heart thy precepts love,
And long to see thy face?
And yet how slow my spirits move
Without enliv'ning grace!

Ver. 93.

Then shall I love thy gospel more,
And ne'er forget thy word,
When I have felt its quick'ning pow'r
To draw me near the Lord.

PSALM CXIX. Seventeenth part. Long Metre.

Grace shining in difficulties and trials.

Ver. 143, 28.

WHEN pain and anguish seize me, Lord,
All my support is from thy word;
My soul dissolves for heaviness;
Uphold me with thy strength'ning grace.

Ver. 51, 69, 110.

The proud have fram'd their scoffs and lies,
They watch my feet with envious eyes,
They tempt my soul to snares and sin;
Yet thy commands I ne'er decline.

Ver. 161, 67.

They hate me, Lord, without a cause,
They hate to see me love thy laws;
But I will trust and fear thy name,
Till pride and malice die with shame.

PSALM CXLIX. Laſt part.

Sanctified afflictions; or, *Delight in the word of God.*

Ver. 67, 50.

1 FATHER, I bleſs thy gentle hand;
How kind was thy chaſtiſing rod,
That forc'd my conſcience to a ſtand,
And brought my wand'ring ſoul to God!

2 Fooliſh and vain, I went aſtray,
Ere I had felt thy ſcourges, Lord,
I left my guide, and loſt my way;
But now I love and keep thy word.

Ver. 71.

3 'Tis good for me to wear the yoke,
For pride is apt to riſe and ſwell;
'Tis good to bear my Father's ſtroke,
That I may learn his ſtatutes well.

Ver. 72.

4 The law that iſſues from thy mouth
Shall raiſe my cheerful paſſions more
Than all the treaſures of the ſouth,
Or richeſt hills of golden ore.

Ver. 73.

5 Thy hands have made my mortal frame,
Thy Spirit form'd my ſoul within:
Teach me to know thy wondrous name,
And guard me ſafe from death and ſin.

Ver. 74.

6 Then all that love and fear the Lord
At my ſalvation ſhall rejoice;
For I have truſted in thy word,
And made thy grace my only choice.

PSALM CXX. Common Metre.

Complaint of quarrelſome neighbours; or, *A vout wiſh for peace.*

1 THOU God of love, thou ever-bleſt,
Pity my ſuff'ring ſtate;

When wilt thou ſet my ſoul at reſt,
From lips that love deceit?
Hard lot of mine! my days are caſt
Among the ſons of ſtrife,
Whoſe never-ceaſing quarrels waſte
My golden hours of life.

Oh might I fly to change my place,
How would I chooſe to dwell
In ſome wide loneſome wilderneſs,
And leave theſe gates of hell!

Peace is the bleſſing that I ſeek,
How lovely are its charms!
I am for peace; but when I ſpeak,
They all declare for arms.

New paſſions ſtill their ſouls engage,
And keep their malice ſtrong;
What ſhall be done to curb thy rage,
O thou devouring tongue!

Should burning arrows ſmite thee through,
Strict juſtice would approve;
But I would rather ſpare my foe,
And melt his heart with love.

PSALM CXXI. Long Metre.

Divine protection.

UP to the hills I lift mine eyes,
Th' eternal hills beyond the ſkies;
Thence all her help my ſoul derives;
There my almighty Refuge lives.

He lives; the everlaſting God,
That built the world, that ſpread the flood;
The heav'ns, with all their hoſt, he made,
And the dark regions of the dead.

He guides our feet, he guards our way;
His morning ſmiles adorn the day:

He ſpreads the ev'ning veil, and keeps
The ſilent hours while Iſrael ſleeps.

4 Iſrael, a name divinely bleſt,
May riſe ſecure, ſecurely reſt;
Thy holy Guardian's wakeful eyes
Admits no ſlumber nor ſurpriſe.

5 No ſun ſhall ſmite thy head by day,
Nor the pale moon, with ſickly ray,
Shall blaſt thy couch; no baleful ſtar
Darts his malignant fire ſo far.

6 Should earth and hell with malice burn,
Still thou ſhalt go, and ſtill return;
Safe in the Lord! his heav'nly care
Defends thy life from every ſnare.

5 On thee foul ſpirits have no power;
And in thy laſt departing hour
Angels, that trace the airy road,
Shall bear thee homeward to thy God.

PSALM CXXI. Common Metre.

Preſervation by day and night.

1 TO heav'n I lift my waiting eyes,
There all my hopes are laid:
The Lord that built the earth and ſkies,
Is my perpetual aid.

2 Their ſtedfaſt feet ſhall never fall,
Whom he deſigns to keep;
His ear attends the ſofteſt call;
His eyes can never ſleep.

3 He will ſuſtain our weakeſt powers
With his almighty arm,
And watch our moſt unguarded hours
Againſt ſurpriſing harm.

4 Iſrael rejoice, and reſt ſecure,
Thy keeper is the Lord;
His wakeful eyes employ his power
For thine eternal guard.

5 Nor ſcorching ſun, nor ſickly moon
Shall have its leave to ſmite:
He ſhields thy head from burning noon,
From blaſting damps at night.

6 He guards thy ſoul, he keeps thy breath,
Where thickeſt dangers come;
Go and return, ſecure from death,
Till God commands thee home.

PSALM CXXI. As the 148th Pſalm.

God our preſerver.

1 UPWARD I lift mine eyes,
From God is all my aid;
The God that built the ſkies,
And earth and nature made;
God is the tower
To which I fly:
His grace is nigh
In every hour.

2 My feet ſhall never ſlide,
And fall in fatal ſnares,
Since God, my guard and guide,
Defends me from my fears.
Thoſe wakeful eyes,
That never ſleep,
Shall Iſrael keep,
When dangers riſe.

3 No burning heats by day,
Nor blaſts of evening air,
Shall take my health away,
If God be with me there:
Thou art my ſun,
And thou my ſhade,
To guard my head
By night or noon.

4 Haſt thou not given thy word
To ſave my ſoul from death?

And I can truſt my Lord
To keep my mortal breath:
I'll go and come,
Nor fear to die,
Till from on high
Thou call me home.

PSALM CXXII. Common Metre.

Going to church.

1 HOW did my heart rejoice to hear
My friends devoutly ſay,
"In Zion let us all appear,
"And keep the ſolemn day."

2 I love the gates, I love the road;
The church, adorn'd with grace,
Stands like a palace built for God,
To ſhew his milder face.

3 Up to her courts, with joy unknown,
The holy tribes repair;
The Son of David holds his throne,
And ſits in judgment there.

4 He hears our praiſes and complaints;
And, while his awful voice
Divides the ſinners from the ſaints,
We tremble and rejoice.

5 Peace be within this ſacred place,
And joy a conſtant gueſt!
With holy gifts and heav'nly grace
Be her attendants bleſt.

6 My ſoul ſhall pray for Zion ſtill,
While life or breath remains;
There my beſt friends, my kindred dwell,
There God, my Saviour, reigns.

PSALM CXXII. Proper tune.

Going to church.

1 HOW pleas'd and bleſs'd was I,
To hear the people cry,

" Come, let us ſeek our God to-day!"
Yes—with a cheerful zeal
We haſte to Zion's hill,
And there our vows and honours pay.

2 Zion, thrice happy place,
Adorn'd with wondrous grace,
And walls of ſtrength embrace thee round;
In thee our tribes appear
To pray, and praiſe, and hear
The ſacred goſpel's joyful ſound.

3 There David's greater Son
Has fix'd his royal throne,
He ſits for grace and judgment there;
He bids the ſaints be glad,
He makes the ſinners ſad,
And humble ſouls rejoice with fear.

4 May peace attend thy gate,
And joy within thee wait
To bleſs the ſoul of every gueſt;
The man that ſeeks thy peace,
And wiſhes thine increaſe,
A thouſand bleſſings on him reſt!

5 My tongue repeats her vows,
" Peace to this ſacred houſe!
" For here my friends and kindred dwell;
" And ſince my glorious God
" Makes thee his bleſt abode,
" My ſoul ſhall ever love thee well."

Repeat the 4th ſtanza to complete the tune.

PSALM CXXIII. Common Metre.

Pleading with ſubmiſſion.

1 O THOU whoſe grace and juſtice reign
Enthron'd above the ſkies,
To thee our hearts would tell their pain,
To thee we lift our eyes.

2 As ſervants watch their maſter's hand,
And fear the angry ſtroke;

Or maids before their miſtreſs ſtand,
And wait a peaceful look:

3 So, for our ſins, we juſtly feel
Thy diſcipline, O God;
Yet wait the gracious moment ſtill,
'Till thou remove the rod.

4 Thoſe that in wealth and pleaſure live,
Our daily groans deride,
And thy delays of mercy give
Freſh courage to their pride.

5 Our foes inſult us, but our hope
In thy compaſſion lies;
This thought ſhall bear our ſpirits up,
That God will not deſpiſe.

PSALM CXXIV. Common Metre.

God gives victory.

1 HAD not the God of truth and love,
When hoſts againſt us roſe,
Diſplay'd his vengeance from above,
And cruſh'd the conquering foes,

2 Their armies, like a raging flood,
Had ſwept the guardleſs land,
Deſtroy'd on earth his bleſs'd abode,
And 'whelm'd our feeble band.

3 But ſafe beneath his ſpreading ſhield
His ſons ſecurely reſt,
Defy the dangers of the field
And bare the fearleſs breaſt.

4 And now our ſouls ſhall bleſs the Lord,
Who broke the deadly ſnare;
Who ſav'd us from the murd'ring ſword,
And made our lives his care.

5 Our help is in JEHOVAH's name,
Who form'd the heav'ns above;
He that ſupports their wondrous frame,
Can guard his church by love.

PSALM CXXV. Common Metre.

The ſaint's trial and ſafety.

UNSHAKEN as the ſacred hill,
And firm, as mountains ſtand,
Firm, as a rock, the ſoul ſhall reſt
That truſts th' almighty hand.

Not walls nor hills could guard ſo well
Old Salem's happy ground,
As thoſe eternal arms of love,
That ev'ry ſaint ſurround.

While tyrants are a ſmarting ſcourge,
To drive them near to God,
Divine compaſſion will aſſuage
The fury of the rod.

Deal gently, Lord, with ſouls ſincere,
And lead them ſafely on
To the bright gates of paradiſe,
Where Chriſt, their Lord, is gone.

But if we trace thoſe crooked ways
That the old ſerpent drew,
The wrath that drove him firſt to hell
Shall ſmite his foll'wers too.

PSALM CXXV. Short Metre.

The ſaint's trial and ſafety; or, *Moderated afflictions.*

FIRM and unmov'd are they
That reſt their ſouls on God:
Firm as the mount where David dwelt,
Or where the ark abode.

As mountains ſtood to guard
The city's ſacred ground,
So God and his almighty love
Embrace his ſaints around.

What though the Father's rod
Drop a chaſtiſing ſtroke,

Yet, leſt it wound their ſouls too deep,
Its fury ſhall be broke.

4 Deal gently, Lord, with thoſe
Whoſe faith and pious fear,
Whoſe hope and love, and ev'ry grace,
Proclaim their hearts ſincere.

5 Nor ſhall the tyrant's race
Too long oppreſs the ſaint;
The God of Iſrael will ſupport
His children, leſt they faint.

6 But if our ſlaviſh fear
Will chuſe the road to hell,
We muſt expect our portion there,
Were bolder ſinners dwell.

PSALM CXXVI. Long Metre.

Surpriſing deliverance.

1 WHEN God reſtor'd our captive ſtate,
Joy was our ſong, and grace our theme
The grace beyond our hopes ſo great
That joy appear'd a pleaſing dream.

2 The ſcoffer owns thy hand, and pays
Unwilling honours to thy name;
While we with pleaſure ſhout thy praiſe,
With cheerful notes thy love proclaim.

3 When we review our diſmal fears,
'Twas hard to think they'll vaniſh ſo;
With God we left our flowing tears,
He makes our joys like rivers flow.

4 The man that in his furrow'd field,
His ſcatter'd ſeed with ſadneſs leaves,
Will ſhout to ſee the harveſt yield
A welcome load of joyful ſheaves.

PSALM CXXVI. Common Metre.

The joy of a remarkable converſion; or, *Melancholy removed.*

1 WHEN God reveal'd his gracious name,
And chang'd my mournful ſtate,

My rapture seem'd a pleasing dream,
The grace appear'd so great.

2 The world beheld the glorious change,
And did thy hand confess;
My tongue broke out in unknown strains,
And sung surprising grace.

3 "Great is the work," my neighbours cry'd,
And own'd the pow'r divine:
"Great is the work," my heart reply'd,
"And be the glory thine."

4 The Lord can clear the darkest skies,
Can give us day for night;
Make drops of sacred sorrow rise
To rivers of delight.

5 Let those that sow in sadness wait
'Till the fair harvest come,
They shall confess their sheaves are great,
And shout the blessings home.

6 Though seed lie bury'd long in dust,
It sha'nt deceive their hope:
The precious grain can ne'er be lost,
For grace insures the crop.

PSALM CXXVII. Long Metre.

The blessing of God on the business and comforts of life.

1 IF God succeed not, all the cost
And pains to build the house are lost;
If God the city will not keep,
The watchful guards as well may sleep.

2 What though we rise before the sun,
And work and toil when day is done,
Careful and sparing eat our bread,
To shun that poverty we dread.

3 'Tis all in vain, 'till God hath bless'd;
He can make rich, yet give us rest;
On God, our sov'reign, still depends
Our joy in children and in friends.

4 Happy the man to whom he ſends
Obedient children, faithful friends:
How ſweet our daily comforts prove
When they are ſeaſon'd with his love!

PSALM CXXVII. Common Metre.

God all in all.

1 IF God to build the houſe deny,
The builders work in vain;
And towns, without his wakeful eye,
An uſeleſs watch maintain.

2 Before the morning beams ariſe,
Your painful work renew,
And till the ſtars aſcend the ſkies
Your tireſome toil purſue.

3 Short be your ſleep, and coarſe your fare;
In vain, 'till God has bleſs'd;
But if his ſmiles attend your care,
You ſhall have food and reſt.

4 Nor children, relatives, nor friends,
Shall real bleſſings prove,
Nor all the earthly joys he ſends,
If ſent without his love.

PSALM CXXVIII. Common Metre.

Family bleſſings.

1 O HAPPY man, whoſe ſoul is fill'd
With zeal and rev'rent awe?
His lips to God their honours yield,
His life adorns the law.

2 A careful providence ſhall ſtand
And ever guard thy head,
Shall on the labours of thy hand
Its kindly bleſſings ſhed.

3 Thy wife ſhall be a fruitful vine;
Thy children, round thy board,
Each, like a plant of honour, ſhine,
And learn to fear the Lord.

4 The Lord ſhall thy beſt hopes fulfil
For months and years to come;
The Lord, who dwells on Zion's hill,
Shall ſend thee bleſſings home.

5 This is the man whoſe happy eyes
Shall ſee his houſe increaſe,
Shall ſee the ſinking church ariſe,
Then leave the world in peace.

PSALM CXXIX. Common Metre.

Perſecutors puniſhed.

1 UP from my youth, may Iſrael ſay,
Have I been nurs'd in tears;
My griefs were conſtant as the day,
And tedious as the years.

2 Up from my youth I bore the rage
Of all the ſons of ſtrife;
Oft they aſſail'd my riper age,
But God preſerv'd my life.

3 O'er all my frame their cruel dart
Its painful wounds expreſs'd;
Hourly they vex'd my fainting heart,
Nor let my ſorrows reſt.

4 The Lord grew angry on his throne,
And, with impartial eye,
Meaſur'd the miſchiefs they had done,
Then let his arrows fly.

5 How was this inſolence ſurpris'd,
To hear his thunders roll!
And all the foes of Zion ſeiz'd
With horror to the ſoul.

6 Thus ſhall the men that hate the ſaints
Be blaſted from the ſky;
Their glory fades, their courage faints,
And all their proſpects die.

7 What though they flouriſh tall and fair,
They have no root beneath;

Their growth ſhall periſh in deſpair,
And lie deſpis'd in death].

[8 So corn that on the houſe-top ſtands,
No hope of harveſt gives;
The reaper ne'er ſhall fill his hands,
Nor binder fold the ſheaves.]

PSALM CXXX. Common Metre.

Pardoning grace.

1 OUT of the deeps of long diſtreſs,
The borders of deſpair,
I ſent my cries to ſeek thy grace,
My groans to move thine ear.

2 Great God, ſhall thy ſeverer eye,
And thine impartial hand,
Mark and revenge iniquity,
No mortal fleſh could ſtand.

3 But there are pardons with my God
For crimes of high degree;
Thy Son has bought them with his blood,
To draw us near to thee.

[4 I wait for thy ſalvation, Lord,
With ſtrong deſires I wait;
My ſoul, invited by thy word,
Stands watching at thy gate]

[5 Juſt as the guards that keep the night
Long for the morning ſkies,
Watch the firſt beams of breaking light,
And meet them with their eyes;

6 So waits my ſoul to ſee thy grace,
And, more intent than they,
Meets the firſt openings of thy face,
And finds a brighter day.]

7 Then in the Lord let Iſrael truſt,
Let Iſrael ſeek his face;
The Lord is good as well as juſt,
And plenteous in his grace.

There's full redemption at his throne
For sinners long enslav'd;
The great Redeemer is his Son;
And Israel shall be sav'd.

PSALM CXXX. Long Metre.

Pardoning grace.

FROM deep distress and troubled thoughts,
To thee, my God, I rais'd my cries;
If thou severely mark our faults
No flesh can stand before thine eyes.

But thou hast built thy throne of grace,
Free to dispense thy pardons there,
That sinners may approach thy face,
And hope and love, as well as fear.

As the benighted pilgrims wait,
And long and wish for breaking day—
So waits my soul before thy gate;
When will my God his face display?

My trust is fix'd upon thy word,
Nor shall I trust thy word in vain:
Let mourning souls address the Lord,
And find relief from all their pain.

Great is his love, and large his grace,
Through the redemption of his Son;
He turns our feet from sinful ways,
And pardons what our hands have done.

PSALM CXXXI. Common Metre.

Humility and submission.

IS there ambition in my heart?
Search, gracious God, and see;
Or do I act a haughty part?
Lord, I appeal to thee.

I charge my thoughts, be humble still,
And all my carriage mild,
Content, my Father, with thy will,
And peaceful as a child.

3 The patient ſoul, the lowly mind,
Shall have a large reward:
Let ſaints in ſorrow lie reſign'd,
And truſt a faithful Lord.

PSALM CXXXII. ver. 5, 13,—18. Long Metre.

At the ſettlement of a church; or, *The ordination of a miniſter.*

1 WHERE ſhall we go to ſeek and find
An habitation for our God;
A dwelling for th' eternal Mind,
Among the ſons of fleſh and blood.

2 The God of Jacob choſe the hill
Of Zion for his ancient reſt;
And Zion is his dwelling ſtill,
His church is with his preſence bleſt.

3 "Here I will fix my gracious throne,
"And reign for ever," ſaith the Lord;
"Here ſhall my pow'r and love be known,
"And bleſſings ſhall attend my word.

4 "Here will I meet the hungry poor,
"And fill their ſouls with living bread;
"Sinners, that wait before my door,
"With ſweet proviſions ſhall be fed.

5 "Girded with truth, and cloth'd with grace
"My prieſts, my miniſters, ſhall ſhine:
Not Aaron, in his coſtly dreſs,
"Appears ſo glorious and divine.

6 "The ſaints, unable to contain
"Their inward joys, ſhall ſhout and ſing
"The Son of David here ſhall reign,
"And Zion triumph in her King."

[7 Jeſus ſhall ſee a num'rous ſeed
Born here, t'uphold his glorious name;
His crown ſhall flouriſh on his head,
While all his foes are cloath'd with ſhame

PSALM CXXXII. ver. 4, 5, 7, 8, 15—17.
Common Metre.

A church eſtabliſhed.

1 NO ſleep nor ſlumber to his eyes
Good David would afford,
'Till he had found below the ſkies
A dwelling for the Lord.

2 The Lord in Zion plac'd his name,
His ark was ſettled there:
And there th' aſſembled nation came,
To worſhip thrice a year.

3 We trace no more thoſe toilſome ways,
Nor wander far abroad;
Where'er thy people meet for praiſe,
There is a houſe for God.]

PAUSE.

4 Ariſe, O King of grace ariſe,
And enter to thy reſt,
Lo! thy church waits with longing eyes,
Thus to be own'd and bleſs'd.

5 Enter, with all thy glorious train,
Thy Spirit and thy word;
All that the ark did once contain
Could no ſuch grace afford.

6 Here, mighty God, accept our vows,
Here let thy praiſe be ſpread;
Bleſs the proviſions of thy houſe,
And fill thy poor with bread.

7 Here let the Son of David reign,
Let God's anointed ſhine;
Juſtice and truth his court maintain,
With love and pow'r divine.

8 Here let him hold a laſting throne;
And as his kingdom grows,
Freſh honours ſhall adorn his crown,
And ſhame confound his foes.

PSALM CXXXIII. Common Metre.

Brotherly love.

1 LO! what an entertaining ſight
Thoſe friendly brethren prove,
Whoſe cheerful hearts in bands unite
Of harmony and love.

2 Where ſtreams of bliſs from Chriſt the ſpring
Deſcend to ev'ry ſoul,
And heav'nly peace with balmy wing
Shades and bedews the whole:

3 'Tis like the oil divinely ſweet
On Aaron's rev'rend head,
The trickling drops perfum'd his feet,
And o'er his garments ſpread.

4 'Tis pleaſant as the morning dews
That fall on Zion's hill,
Where God his mildeſt glory ſhews,
And makes his grace diſtil.

PSALM CXXXIII. Short Metre.

Communion of ſaints; or, *Love and worſhip in a family.*

1 BLESS'D are the ſons of peace,
Whoſe hearts and hopes are one,
Whoſe kind deſigns to ſerve and pleaſe
Through all their actions run.

2 Bleſs'd is the pious houſe
Where zeal and friendſhip meet,
Their ſongs of praiſe, their mingled vows,
Make their communion ſweet.

3 Thus, when on Aaron's head
They pour'd the rich perfume,
The oil through all his raiment ſpread,
And pleaſure fill'd the room.

4 Thus on the heav'nly hills
The ſaints are bleſs'd above,

Where joy, like morning dew, distils,
And all the air is love.

PSALM CXXXIII. As the 122d Psalm.

The blessings of friendship.

HOW pleasant 'tis to see
Kindred and friends agree,
Each in his proper station move,
And each fulfill his part
With sympathising heart,
In all the cares of life and love.

2 'Tis like an ointment shed
On Aaron's sacred head,
Divinely rich, divinely sweet;
The oil through all the room
Diffus'd a choice perfume,
Ran thro' his robes, and bless'd his feet.

3 Like fruitful showers of rain
That water all the plain,
Descending from the neighbouring hills;
Such streams of pleasure roll
Thro' ev'ry friendly soul,
Where love, like heav'nly dew, distils.

Repeat the first stanza to complete the tune.

PSALM CXXXIV. Common Metre.

Daily and nightly devotions.

1 YE that obey th' immortal King,
Attend his holy place;
Bow to the glories of his pow'r,
And bless his wondrous grace.

2 Lift up your hands by morning light,
And send your souls on high;
Raise your admiring thoughts by night
Above the starry sky.

3 The God of Zion cheers our hearts
With rays of quick'ning grace;

The God that ſpreads the heav'ns abroad,
And rules the ſwelling ſeas.

PSALM CXXXV. ver. 1,—4, 14, 19,—21.
First part. Long Metre.
The church is God's houſe and care.

1 PRAISE ye the Lord, exalt his name,
While in his earthly courts ye wait,
Ye ſaints that to his houſe belong,
Or ſtand attending at his gate.

2 Praiſe ye the Lord, the Lord is good;
To praiſe his name is ſweet employ;
Iſrael he choſe of old, and ſtill
His church is his peculiar joy.

3 The Lord himſelf will judge his ſaints;
He treats his ſervants as his friends;
And when he hears their ſore complaints,
Repents the ſorrows that he ſends.

4 Through ev'ry age the Lord declares
His name, and breaks the oppreſſor's rod;
He gives his ſuffering ſervants reſt,
And will be known th' Almighty God.

5 Bleſs ye the Lord, who taſte his love,
People and prieſts exalt his name:
Amongſt his ſaints he ever dwells;
His church is in Jeruſalem.

PSALM CXXXV. ver. 5,—12. Second part.
The works of creation, providence, redemption of Iſrael, and deſtruction of enemies.

1 GREAT is the Lord, exalted high
Above all powers and every throne;
Whate'er he pleaſe in earth and ſea,
Or heav'n, or hell, his hand hath done.

2 At his command the vapours riſe,
The light'nings flaſh, the thunders roar;
He pours the rain, he brings the wind
And tempeſt from his airy ſtore.

'Twas he those dreadful tokens sent,
O Egypt, thro' thy stubborn land;
When all thy first-born, beasts and men,
Fell dead by his avenging hand,

What mighty nations, mighty kings
He slew, and their whole country gave
To Israel, whom his hand redeem'd,
No more to be proud Pharoah's slave!

His pow'r the same, the same his grace,
That saves us from the hosts of hell:
And heav'n he gives us to possess,
Whence those apostate angels fell.

PSALM CXXXV. Common Metre.

Praise due to God, not to idols.

AWAKE, ye saints—To praise your King
Your sweetest passions raise;
Your pious pleasure, while you sing,
Increasing with the praise.

Great is the Lord; and works unknown
Are his divine employ:
But still his saints are near his throne,
His treasure and his joy.

Heav'n, earth, and sea, confess his hand;
He bids the vapours rise!
Light'ning and storm, at his command,
Sweep thro' the sounding skies.

All power that gods or kings have claim'd
Is found with him alone;
But heathen gods should ne'er be nam'd
Where our Jehovah's known.

Which of the stocks and stones they trust
Can give them show'rs of rain?
In vain they worship glitt'ring dust,
And pray to God in vain.

5 Their gods have tongues that speechless prove,
Such as their makers gave:

Their feet were never form'd to move,
Nor hands have power to save.

7 Blind are their eyes, their ears are deaf,
Nor hear when mortals pray;
Mortals, that wait for their relief,
Are blind and deaf as they.]

8 Ye nations, know the living God,
Serve him with faith and fear;
He makes the churches his abode,
And claims your honours there.

PSALM CXXXVI. Common Metre.

God's wonders of creation, providence, redemption of Israel, and salvation of his people.

1 GIVE thanks to God, the sov'reign Lord;
"His mercies still endure;"
And be the King of kings ador'd,
"His truth is ever sure."

2 What wonders hath his wisdom done!
"How mighty is his hand?"
Heav'n, earth, and sea, he fram'd alone;
"How wide is his command!"

3 The sun supplies the day with light;
"How bright his counsels shine!"
The moon and stars adorn the night;
"His works are all divine."

[4 He struck the sons of Egypt dead;
"How dreadful is his rod!"
And thence, with joy, his people led;
"How gracious is our God!"

5 He cleft the swelling sea in two;
"His arm is great in might;"
And gave the tribes a passage through;
"His pow'r and grace unite."

6 But Pharoah's army there he drown'd;
"How glorious are his ways!"

And brought his ſaints through deſert ground!
" Eternal be his praiſe."

Great monarchs fell beneath his hand;
" Victorious is his ſword;"
While Iſrael took the promis'd land;
" And faithful is his word."]

He ſaw the nations dead in ſin;
" He felt his pity move;"
How ſad the ſtate the world was in!
" How boundleſs was his love."

He ſent to ſave us from our woe;
" His goodneſs never fails;"
From death and hell, and ev'ry foe;
" And ſtill his grace prevails."

Give thanks to God, the heav'nly King;
" His mercies ſtill endure;"
Let the whole earth his praiſes ſing;
" His truth is ever ſure."

PSALM CXXXVI. As the 148th Pſalm.

GIVE thanks to God moſt high,
The univerſal Lord;
The ſov'reign King of kings;
And be his grace ador'd.
" His pow'r and grace
" Are ſtill the ſame;
" And let his name
" Have endleſs praiſe.

How mighty is his hand!
What wonders hath he done!
He form'd the earth and ſeas,
And ſpread the heavens alone.
" Thy mercy, Lord,
" Shall ſtill endure;
" And ever ſure
" Abides thy word."

His wiſdom fram'd the ſun
To crown the day with light;

The moon and twinkling ſtars
To cheer the darkſome night,
" His pow'r and grace
" Are ſtill the ſame;
" And let his name
" Have endleſs praiſe."

[4 He ſmote the firſt-born ſons,
The flow'r of Egypt, dead;
And thence his choſen tribes
With joy and glory led.
" Thy mercy, Lord,
" Shall ſtill endure;
" And ever ſure
" Abides thy word."

5 His pow'r and lifted rod
Cleft the Red-ſea in two;
And for his people made
A wondrous paſſage through.
" His pow'r and grace
" Are ſtill the ſame;
" And let his name
" Have endleſs praiſe."

6 But cruel Pharaoh there,
With all his hoſt, he drown'd;
And brought his Iſrael ſafe
Through a long deſert ground.
" Thy mercy, Lord,
" Shall ſtill endure;
" And ever ſure
" Abides thy word."

PAUSE.

7 The kings of Canaan fell
Beneath his dreadful hand;
While his own ſervants took
Poſſeſſion of their land.
" His pow'r and grace
" Are ſtill the ſame;

" And let his name
" Have endleſs praiſe."]

3 He ſaw the nations lie
All periſhing in ſin,
And pity'd the ſad ſtate
The ruin'd world was in.
" Thy mercy, Lord,
" Shall ſtill endure;
" And ever ſure
" Abides thy word."

4 He ſent his only Son
To ſave us from our woe,
From Satan, ſin, and death,
And ev'ry hurtful foe.
" His pow'r and grace
" Are ſtill the ſame;
" And let his name
" Have endleſs praiſe."

5 O Give thanks aloud to God,
To God the heav'nly King;
And let the ſpacious earth
His works and glories ſing.
" Thy mercy, Lord,
" Shall ſtill endure;
" And ever ſure
" Abides thy word."

PSALM CXXXVI. Abridged. Long Metre.

GIVE to our God immortal praiſe!
Mercy and truth are all his ways:
" Wonders of grace to God belong,
" Repeat his mercies in your ſong."

Give to the Lord of lords renown,
The King of kings with glory crown;
" His mercies ever ſhall endure, [more."
" When lords and kings are known no

He built the earth, he ſpread the ſky,
And fix'd the ſtarry lights on high:

" Wonders of grace to God belong,
" Repeat his mercies in your ſong."

4 He fills the ſun with morning light,
He bids the moon direct the night;
" His mercies ever ſhall endure,
" When ſuns and moons ſhall ſhine no more.

5 The Jews he freed from Pharoah's hand,
And brought them to the promis'd land;
" Wonders of grace to God belong,
" Repeat his mercies in your ſong."

6 He ſaw the Gentiles dead in ſin,
And felt his pity move within!
" His mercies ever ſhall endure,
" When death and ſin ſhall reign no more."

7 He ſent his Son with power to ſave
From guilt, and darkneſs, and the grave.
" Wonders of grace to God belong,
" Repeat his mercies in your ſong."

8 Thro' this vain world he guides our feet,
And leads us to his heav'nly ſeat:
" His mercies ever ſhall endure,
" When this vain world ſhall be no more."

PSALM CXXXVII.

The Babylonian captivity.

1 ALONG the banks where Babel's curren
flows, [ſtray'd
Our captive bands in deep deſpondence
While Zion's fall in ſad remembrance roſe,
Her friends, her children, mingled with th
dead.

2 The tuneleſs harp, that once with joy we
ſtrung, [the la
When praiſe employ'd, and mirth inſpir'd
In mournful ſilence, on the willows, hung;
And growing grief prolong'd the tedious da

The barbarous tyrants, to increaſe the woe,
With taunting ſmiles a ſong of Zion claim;
Bid ſacred praiſe in ſtrains melodious flow,
While they blaſpheme the great Jehovah's name.

But how, in heathen chains and lands unknown,
Shall Iſrael's ſons a ſong of Zion raiſe!
O hapleſs Salem, God's terreſtrial throne,
Thou land of glory, ſacred mount of praiſe.

If e'er my memory loſe thy lovely name,
If my cold heart neglect my kindred race,
Let dire deſtruction ſeize this guilty frame;
My hands ſhall periſh and my voice ſhall ceaſe.

Yet ſhall the Lord, who hears when Zion calls
O'ertake her foes with terror and diſmay,
His arm avenge her deſolated walls,
And raiſe her children to eternal day.

PSALM CXXXVIII.

Reſtoring and preſerving grace.

WITH all my powers of heart and tongue
I'll praiſe my Maker in my ſong;
Angels ſhall hear the notes I raiſe,
Approve the ſong, and join the praiſe.

[Angels, that make thy church their care,
Shall witneſs my devotions there,
While holy zeal directs my eyes
To thy fair temple in the ſkies.]

I'll ſing thy truth and mercy, Lord,
I'll ſing the wonders of thy word!
Not all the works and names below,
So much thy power and glory ſhow.

To God I cry'd when troubles roſe;
He heard me and ſubdued my foes;
He did my riſing fears controul,
And ſtrength diffus'd through all my ſoul.

5 The God of heav'n maintains his ſtate,
Frowns on the proud, and ſcorns the great;
But from his throne deſcends to bleſs
The humble ſouls that truſt his grace.

6 Amidſt a thouſand ſnares I ſtand
Upheld and guarded by thy hand;
Thy words my fainting ſoul revive,
And keep my dying faith alive.

7 Grace will complete what grace begins,
To ſave from ſorrows or from ſins;
The work that wiſdom undertakes,
Eternal mercy ne'er forſakes.

PSALM CXXXIX. First part. Long Metre.

The all-ſeeing God.

1 LORD, thou haſt ſearch'd and ſeen me thro';
Thine eye commands with piercing view
My riſing and my reſting hours,
My heart and fleſh, with all their powers.

2 My thoughts, before they are my own,
Are to my God diſtinctly known;
He knows the words I mean to ſpeak,
Ere from my op'ning lips they break.

3 Within thy circling power I ſtand,
On every ſide I find thy hand;
Awake, aſleep, at home, abroad,
I am ſurrounded ſtill with God.

4 Amazing knowledge, vaſt and great!
What large extent! what lofty height!
My ſoul, with all the powers I boaſt,
Is in the boundleſs proſpect loſt.

5 "Oh may theſe thoughts poſſeſs my breaſt,
"Where'er I rove, where'er I reſt;
"Nor let my weaker paſſions dare
"Conſent to ſin, for God is there."

PAUSE the firſt.

6 Could I ſo falſe, ſo faithleſs prove,
To quit thy ſervice and thy love,
Where, Lord, could I thy preſence ſhun,
Or from thy dreadful glory run!

7 If up to heav'n I take my flight,
'Tis there thou dwell'ſt enthron'd in light;
Or dive to hell—there vengeance reigns,
And Satan groans beneath thy chains.

8 If, mounted on a morning ray,
I fly beyond the weſtern ſea,
Thy ſwifter hand would firſt arrive,
And there arreſt thy fugitive.

9 Or ſhould I try to ſhun thy ſight
Beneath the ſpreading veil of night,
One glance of thine, one piercing ray,
Would kindle darkneſs into day,

10 "Oh may theſe thoughts poſſeſs my breaſt,
"Where'er I rove, where'er I reſt!
"Nor let my weaker paſſions dare
"Conſent to ſin, for God is there."

PAUSE the ſecond.

11 The veil of night is no diſguiſe,
To ſcreen from thy all-ſearching eyes;
Thy hand can ſeize thy foes as ſoon
Thro' midnight ſhades as blazing noon.

12 Midnight and noon in this agree,
Great God, they're both alike to thee,
Not death can hide what God will ſpy,
And hell lies naked to his eye.

13 "Oh may theſe thoughts poſſeſs my breaſt,
"Where'er I rove, where'er I reſt!
"Nor let my weaker paſſions dare
"Conſent to ſin, for God is there."

PSALM CXXXIX. Second part. Long Metre.

The wonderful formation of man.

1 'TWAS from thy hand, my God, I came,
A work of ſuch a curious frame;
In me thy fearful wonders ſhine,
And each proclaims thy ſkill divine.

2 Thine eyes did all my limbs ſurvey,
Which yet in dark confuſion lay:
Thou ſaw'ſt the daily growth they took,
Form'd by the model of thy book.

By thee my growing parts were nam'd,
And what thy ſov'reign counſels fram'd,
The breathing lungs, the beating heart,
Was copy'd with unerring art.

At laſt, to ſhew my Maker's name,
God ſtamp'd his image on my frame,
And, in ſome unknown moment, join'd
The finiſh'd members of the mind.

3 There the young ſeeds of thought began,
And all the paſſions of the man,
Great God, our infant nature pays
Immortal tribute to thy praiſe.

PAUSE.

6 Lord, ſince in my advancing age,
I've acted on life's buſy ſtage,
Thy thoughts of love to me ſurmount
The power of numbers to recount.

7 I could ſurvey the ocean o'er,
And count each ſand that makes the ſhore,
Before my ſwifteſt thoughts could trace
The numerous wonders of thy grace.

Theſe on my heart are ſtill impreſt,
With theſe I give my eyes to reſt;
And at my waking hour I find
God and his love poſſeſs my mind.

PSALM CXXXIX. Third part. Long Metre.

Sincerity profeſſed, and grace tried; or, The heart-ſearching God.

1 MY God, what inward grief I feel,
When impious men tranſgreſs thy will?
I mourn to hear their lips profane
Take thy tremendous name in vain.

2 Does not my ſoul deteſt and hate
The ſons of malice and deceit?
Thoſe that oppoſe thy laws and thee,
I count for enemies to me.

3 Lord, ſearch my ſoul, try every thought—
Though my own heart accuſe me not
Of walking in a falſe diſguiſe,
I beg the trial of thine eyes.

4 Doth ſecret miſchief lurk within?
Do I indulge ſome unknown ſin?
O! turn my feet whene'er I ſtray,
And lead me in thy perfect way.

PSALM CXXXIX. Firſt part. Common Metre.

God is every where.

1 IN all my vaſt concerns with thee,
In vain my ſoul would try
To ſhun thy preſence, Lord, or flee
The notice of thine eye.

2 Thy all-ſurrounding ſight ſurveys
My riſing and my reſt,
My public walks, my private ways,
And ſecrets of my breaſt.

3 My thoughts lie open to the Lord,
Before they're form'd within;
And ere my lips pronounce the word,
He knows the ſenſe I mean.

4 Oh! wondrous knowledge! deep and high!
Where can a creature hide?

Within thy circling arms I lie,
Inclos'd on ev'ry ſide.

5 So let thy grace ſurround me ſtill,
And like a bulwark prove,
To guard my ſoul from ev'ry ill,
Secur'd by ſov'reign love.

PAUSE.

6 Lord, where ſhall guilty ſouls retire,
Forgotten and unknown?—
In hell they meet thy dreadful fire,
In heav'n thy glorious throne.

Should I ſuppreſs my vital breath,
7 To 'ſcape the wrath divine,
Thy voice would break the bars of death,
And make the grave reſign.

If, wing'd with beams of morning light,
I fly beyond the weſt,
Thy hand, which muſt ſupport my flight,
Would ſoon betray my reſt.

9 If o'er my ſins I think to draw
The curtains of the night,
The flaming eyes that guard thy law
Would turn the ſhades to light.

10 The beams of noon, the midnight hour,
Are both alike to thee:—
Oh! may I ne'er provoke that power
From which I cannot flee.

PSALM CXXXIX. Second part. Common Metre.

1 *The wiſdom of God in the formation of man.*

WHEN I, with pleaſing wonder, ſtand,
And all my frame ſurvey,
Lord! 'tis thy work—I own thy hand
Thus built my humble clay.

2 Thy hand my heart and reins poſſeſs'd
Where unborn nature grew;

Thy wiſdom all my features trac'd,
And all my members drew.

3 Thine eye with niceſt care ſurvey'd
The growth of every part;
'Till the whole ſcheme, thy thoughts had laid,
Was copy'd by thy art.

4 Heav'n, earth, and ſea, and fire and wind,
Shew me thy wond'rous ſkill;
But I review myſelf, and find
Diviner wonders ſtill.

5 Thy awful glories round me ſhine,
My fleſh proclaims thy praiſe;
Lord, to thy works of nature join
Thy miracles of grace.

PSALM CXXXIX. ver. 14, 17, 18. Third part.
Common Metre.

The mercies of God innumerable.

An evening pſalm.

1 LORD, when I count thy mercies o'er,
They ſtrike me with ſurpriſe;
Not all the ſands that ſpread the ſhore,
To equal numbers riſe.

2 My fleſh with fear and wonder ſtands,
The product of thy ſkill;
And hourly bleſſings from thy hands
Thy thoughts of love reveal.

3 Theſe on my heart by night I keep;
How kind, how dear to me!
Oh! may the hour that ends my ſleep
Still find my thoughts with thee.

PSALM CXL. Common Metre.

1 PROTECT us, Lord, from fatal harm!
Behold our riſing woes;
We truſt alone thy powerful arm,
To ſcatter all our foes.

2 Their tongue is like a poiſon'd dart,
Their thoughts are full of guile,
While rage and carnage ſwell their heart,
They wear a peaceful ſmile.

3 O God of grace, thy guardian care,
When foes without invade,
Or ſpread within a deeper ſnare,
Supplies our conſtant aid.

4 Let falſehood flee before thy face,
Thy heav'nly truth extend,
All nations taſte thy heav'nly grace,
And all deluſion end.

5 With daily bread the poor ſupply;
The cauſe of juſtice plead;
And be thy truth exalted high,
With Chriſt our glorious head.

PSALM CXLI. ver. 2,—5. Long Metre.

Watchfulneſs and brotherly love.

A morning or evening pſalm.

1 MY God, accept my early vows,
Like morning incenſe in thine houſe,
And let my nightly worſhip riſe
Sweet as the ev'ning ſacrifice.

2 Watch o'er my lips, and guard them, Lord,
From ev'ry raſh and heedleſs word;
Nor let my feet incline to tread
The guilty paths where ſinners lead.

3 O may the righteous, when I ſtray,
Smite and reprove my wand'ring way,
Their gentle words, like ointment ſhed,
Shall never bruiſe but cheer my head.

4 When I behold them preſs'd with grief,
I'll cry to heaven for their relief,
And, by my warm petitions prove,
How much I prize their faithful love.

PSALM CXLII. Common Metre.

God is the hope of the helpleſs.

TO God I made my ſorrows known,
From God I ſought relief;
In long complaints before his throne
I pour'd out all my grief.

My ſoul was o'erwhelm'd with woes,
My heart began to break;
My God, who all my burdens knows,
Beholds the way I take.

On every ſide I caſt mine eye,
And found my helpers gone,
While friends and ſtrangers paſs'd me by
Neglected or unknown.

Then did I raiſe a louder cry,
And call'd thy mercy near,
"Thou art my portion when I die,
"Be thou my refuge here."

Lord, I am brought exceeding low,
Now let thine ear attend,
And make my foes, who vex me, know
I've an almighty Friend.

From my ſad priſon ſet me free,
Then ſhall I praiſe thy name,
And holy men ſhall join with me,
Thy kindneſs to proclaim.

PSALM CXLIII. Long Metre.

Complaint of heavy afflictions in mind and body.

MY righteous Judge, my gracious God,
Hear, when I ſpread my hands abroad,
And cry for ſuccour from thy throne—
Oh! make thy truth and mercy known.

Let judgment not againſt me paſs;
Behold thy ſervant pleads thy grace—
Should juſtice call us to thy bar,
No man alive is guiltleſs there.

3 Look down in pity, Lord, and see
The mighty woes that burthen me;
My wasting life draws near the grave;
Make bare thine arm—thy servant save.

4 I dwell in darkness and unseen—
My heart is desolate within;
My thoughts in musing silence trace
The ancient wonders of thy grace.

5 Thence I derive a glimpse of hope
To bear my sinking spirits up;
I stretch my hands to God again,
And thirst like parched land for rain.

6 For thee I thirst, I pray, I mourn—
When will thy smiling face return?
Shall all my joys on earth remove,
And God for ever hide his love?

7 My God, thy long delay to save,
Will sink thy pris'ner to the grave;
My heart grows faint and dim mine eye;
Make haste to help before I die.

8 The night is witness to my tears,
Distressing pains, distracting fears;
Oh! might I hear thy morning voice,
How would my wearied powers rejoice?

9 In thee I trust, to thee I sigh,
And lift my wearied soul on high,
For thee sit waiting all the day,
And wear the tiresome hours away.

10 Break off my fetters, Lord, and show
The path in which my feet shall go:
If snares and foes beset the road,
I flee to hide me near my God.

11 Teach me to do thy holy will,
And lead me to thy heav'nly hill:
Let the good Spirit of thy love
Conduct me to thy courts above.

12 Then ſhall my ſoul no more complain,
The tempter then ſhall rage in vain;
And fleſh, and ſin, my foes before,
Shall never vex my ſpirit more.

PSALM CXLIV. ver. 1, 2. Firſt part. Common Metre.

Aſſiſtance and victory in the ſpiritual warfare.

1 FOR ever bleſſed be the Lord,
My Saviour and my ſhield;
He ſends his Spirit with his word,
To arm me for the field.

2 With ſin and hell their force unite,
He makes my ſoul his care,
Inſtructs me in the heav'nly fight,
And guards me through the war.

3 A friend and helper ſo divine,
My fainting hope ſhall raiſe;
He makes the glorious vict'ry mine,
And his ſhall be the praiſe.

PSALM CXLIV. ver. 3, 4, 5, 6. Second part. Common Metre.

The vanity of man, and the condeſcenſion of God.

1 LORD, what is man, poor feeble man,
Born of the earth at firſt?
His life a ſhadow, light and vain,
Still haſting to the duſt.

2 O what is feeble dying man,
Or all his ſinful race,
That God would make it his concern
To viſit him with grace!

3 That God who darts his lightnings down,
Who ſhakes the world above,
What terrors wait his awful frown,
How wondrous is his love!

PSALM CXLIV. ver. 12,—15. Third pa
Long Metre.

Grace above riches; or, The happy nation.

1 HAPPY the city, where their ſons,
Like pillars round a palace ſet,
And daughters, bright as poliſh'd ſtones,
Give ſtrength and beauty to the ſtate.

2 Happy the land in culture dreſs'd,
Whoſe flocks and corn have large increaſ
Where men ſecurely work or reſt,
Nor ſons of plunder break their peace.

3 Happy the nation thus endow'd;
But more divinely bleſs'd are thoſe
On whom the all-ſufficient God,
Himſelf, with all his grace, beſtows.

PSALM CXLV. Long Metre.

The greatneſs of God.

1 MY God, my King, thy various praiſe
Shall fill the remnant of my days;
Thy grace employ my humble tongue,
'Till death and glory raiſe the ſong.

2 The wings of ev'ry hour ſhall bear
Some thankful tribute to thine ear;
And ev'ry ſetting ſun ſhall ſee
New works of duty done for thee.

3 Thy truth and juſtice I'll proclaim;
Thy bounty flows, an endleſs ſtream;
Thy mercy ſwift, thine anger ſlow,
But dreadful to the ſtubborn foe.

4 Thy works with ſov'reign glory ſhine,
And ſpeak thy majeſty divine;
Let ev'ry realm with joy proclaim
The ſound and honour of thy name.

5 Let diſtant times and nations raiſe
The long ſucceſſion of thy praiſe;

And unborn ages make my ſong
The joy and triumph of their tongue.

6 But who can ſpeak thy wondrous deeds?
Thy greatneſs all our thoughts exceeds:
Vaſt and unſearchable thy ways,
Vaſt and immortal be thy praiſe.

PSALM CXLV. ver. 1,—7, 11,—13. Firſt part.
Common Metre.

The greatneſs of God.

1 LONG as I live I'll bleſs thy name,
My King, my God of love;
My work and joy ſhall be the ſame
In the bright world above.

2 Great is the Lord, his pow'r unknown,
And let his praiſe be great;
I'll ſing the honours of his throne,
Thy works of grace repeat.

3 Thy grace ſhall dwell upon my tongue,
And, while my lips rejoice,
The men that hear my ſacred ſong
Shall join their cheerful voice.

4 Fathers to ſons ſhall teach thy name,
And children learn thy ways;
Ages to come thy truth proclaim,
And nations ſound thy praiſe.

5 Thy glorious deeds of ancient date
Shall through the world be known;
Thine arm of pow'r, thy heav'nly ſtate,
With public ſplendor ſhown.

6 The world is manag'd by thy hands,
Thy ſaints are rul'd by love;
And thine eternal kingdom ſtands,
Though rocks and hills remove.

PSALM CXLV. ver. 7, *&c.* Second part.
Common Metre.

The goodneſs of God.

1 SWEET is the mem'ry of thy grace,
My God, my heav'nly King;
Let age to age thy righteouſneſs
In ſounds of glory ſing.

2 God reigns on high, but ne'er confines
His goodneſs to the ſkies;
Through the whole earth his bounty ſhines
And ev'ry want ſupplies.

3 With longing eyes thy creatures wait
On thee for daily food,
Thy lib'ral hand provides their meat,
And fills their mouths with good.

4 How kind are thy compaſſions, Lord!
How ſlow thine anger moves!
But ſoon he ſends his pard'ning word
To cheer the ſouls he loves.

5 Creatures, with all their endleſs race,
Thy pow'r and praiſe proclaim
But ſaints, that taſte thy richer grace,
Delight to bleſs thy name.

PSALM CXLV. ver. 14, 17, *&c.* Third part.
Common Metre.

Mercy to ſufferers; or, *God hearing prayer.*

1 LET ev'ry tongue thy goodneſs ſpeak,
Thou ſov'reign Lord of all;
Thy ſtrength'ning hands uphold the weak,
And raiſe the poor that fall.

2 When ſorrow bows the ſpirit down,
Or virtue lies diſtreſs'd
Beneath ſome proud oppreſſor's frown,
Thou giv'ſt the mourners reſt.

3 The Lord ſupports our ſinking days,
And guides our giddy youth:
Holy and juſt are all his ways,
And all his words are truth.

4 He knows the pain his ſervants feel,
He hears his children cry,
And their beſt wiſhes to fulfil
His grace is ever nigh.

5 His mercies never ſhall remove
From men of heart ſincere;
He ſaves the ſouls whoſe humble love
Is join'd with holy fear.

[6 His ſtubborn foes his ſword ſhall ſlay,
And pierce their hearts with pain:
But none that ſerve the Lord ſhall ſay,
"They ſought his aid in vain."]

[7 My lips ſhall dwell upon his praiſe,
And ſpread his fame abroad;
Let all the ſons of Adam raiſe
The honours of their God.]

PSALM CXLVI. Long Metre.

Praiſe to God for his goodneſs and truth.

1 PRAISE ye the Lord, my heart ſhall join
In work ſo pleaſant, ſo divine;
Now while the fleſh is mine abode,
And when my ſoul aſcends to God.

2 Praiſe ſhall employ my nobleſt pow'rs,
While immortality endures;
My days of praiſe ſhall ne'er be paſt,
While life, and thought, and being, laſt.

3 Why ſhould I make a man my truſt?
Princes muſt die and turn to duſt;
Their breath departs, their pomp and pow'r,
And thoughts, all vaniſh in an hour.

4 Happy the man, whoſe hopes rely
On Iſrael's God: He made the ſky,

And earth, and ſeas, with all their train;
And none ſhall find his promiſe vain.

5 His truth for ever ſtands ſecure;
He ſaves th' oppreſs'd, he feeds the poor;
He ſends the lab'ring conſcience peace,
And grants the pris'ner ſweet releaſe.

6 The Lord to ſight reſtores the blind;
The Lord ſupports our ſinking mind;
He helps the ſtranger in diſtreſs,
The widow and the fatherleſs.

7 He loves the ſaints, he knows them well,
But turns the wicked down to hell;
Thy God, O Zion, ever reigns;
Praiſe him in everlaſting ſtrains.

PSALM CXLVII. As the 113th Pſalm.

Praiſe to God for his goodneſs and truth.

1 I'LL praiſe my Maker with my breath;
And when my voice is loſt in death,
Praiſe ſhall employ my nobler powers:
My days of praiſe ſhall ne'er be paſt,
While life, and thought, and being, laſt,
Or immortality endures.

2 Why ſhould I make a man my truſt;
Princes muſt die and turn to duſt;
Vain is the help of fleſh and blood;
Their breath departs, their pomp and pow'r,
And thoughts, all vaniſh in an hour:
Nor can they make their promiſe good.

3 Happy the man whoſe hopes rely
On Iſrael's God: He made the ſky,
And earth, and ſeas, with all their train;
His truth for ever ſtands ſecure:
He ſaves th' oppreſs'd, he feeds the poor,
And none ſhall find his promiſe vain.

4 The Lord hath eyes to give the blind;
The Lord ſupports the ſinking mind;

He ſends the lab'ring conſcience peace;
He helps the ſtranger in diſtreſs,
The widow and the fatherleſs,
And grants the pris'ner ſweet releaſe.

He loves his ſaints, he knows them well,
But turns the wicked down to hell;
Thy God, O Zion, ever reigns;
Let ev'ry tongue, let ev'ry age,
In this exalted work engage;
Praiſe him in everlaſting ſtrains.

I'll praiſe him while he lends me breath;
And when my voice is loſt in death,
Praiſe ſhall employ my nobler pow'rs:
My days of praiſe ſhall ne'er be paſt,
While life, and thought, and being, laſt,
Or immortality endures.

PSALM CXLVII. Firſt part. Long Metre.

The divine nature, providence, and grace.

PRAISE ye the Lord: 'tis good to raiſe
Our hearts and voices in his praiſe:
His nature and his works invite
To make this duty our delight.

The Lord builds up Jeruſalem,
And gathers nations to his name:
His mercy melts the ſtubborn ſoul,
And makes the broken ſpirit whole.

He form'd the ſtars, thoſe heav'nly flames,
He counts their numbers, calls their names.
His ſov'reign wiſdom knows no bound,
A deep where all our thoughts are drown'd.

Great is our Lord, and great his might,
And all his glories infinite;
He crowns the meek, rewards the juſt,
And treads the wicked to the duſt.

PAUSE.

Sing to the Lord, exalt him high,
Who ſpreads his clouds around the ſky:

There he prepares the fruitful rain,
Nor lets the drops deſcend in vain.

6 He makes the graſs the hills adorn,
And clothes the ſmiling field with corn;
The beaſts with food his hands ſupply,
And feeds the ravens when they cry.

7 What is the creature's ſkill or force,
The vig'rous man, the warlike horſe,
The ſprightly wit, the active limb!
All are too mean delights for him.

8 But ſaints are lovely in his ſight;
He views his children with delight;
He ſees their hope, he knows their fear,
And finds and loves his image there.

PSALM CXLVII. Second part. Long Metr

Summer and winter.

1 LET Zion praiſe the mighty God,
And make his honours known abroad;
For ſweet the joy our ſongs to raiſe,
And glorious is the work of praiſe.

2 Our children live ſecure and bleſs'd;
Our ſhores have peace, our cities reſt;
He feeds our ſons with fineſt wheat,
And adds his bleſſings to their meat.

3 The changing ſeaſons he ordains,
The early and the latter rains:
His flakes of ſnow, like wool, he ſends,
And thus the ſpringing corn defends.

4 With hoary froſt he ſtrews the ground;
His hails deſcends with dreadful ſound:
His icy bands the rivers hold,
And terror arms his wintry cold.

5 He bids the warmer breezes blow;
The ice diſſolves, the waters flow;
But he hath nobler works and ways
To call his people to his praiſe.

Thro' all our ſtates his laws are ſhown;
His goſpel through the nation known;
He hath not thus reveal'd his word
To ev'ry land: Praiſe ye the Lord.

PSALM CXLVII. ver. 7,—9, 13,—18.
Common Metre.

The ſeaſons of the year.

WITH ſongs and honours, ſounding loud,
Addreſs the Lord on high,
Over the heav'ns he ſpreads his cloud,
And waters veil the ſky.

He ſend his ſhow'rs of bleſſing down
To cheer the plains below;
Hs makes the graſs the mountains crown
And corn in vallies grow.

He gives the grazing ox his meet,
He hears the ravens' cry;
But man, who taſtes his fineſt wheat,
Should raiſe his honours high.

His ſteady counſels change the face
Of the declining year;
He bids the ſun cut ſhort his race,
And wint'ry day appear.

His hoary froſt, his fleecy ſnow,
Deſcend and clothe the ground;
The liquid ſtreams forbear to flow,
In icy fetters bound.

When, from his dreadful ſtores on high,
He pours the ſounding hail,
The wretch that dares his God defy
Shall find his courage fail.

He ſends his word and melts the ſnow,
The fields no longer mourn;
He calls the warmer gales to blow,
And bids the ſpring return.

8 The changing wind the flying cloud,
Obey his mighty word:
With songs and honours, sounding loud,
Praise ye the sov'reign Lord.

PSALM CXLVIII. Proper Metre.

Praise to God from all creatures.

1 Ye tribes of Adam, join
With heav'n, and earth, and seas,
And offer notes divine
To your Creator's praise.
Ye holy throng
Of angels bright
In worlds of light
Begin the song.

2 Thou sun, with dazzling rays,
And moon, that rules the night,
Shine to your Maker's praise,
With stars of twinkling light.
His pow'r declare,
Ye floods on high,
And clouds that fly,
In empty air.

3 The shining worlds above
In glorious order stand,
Or in swift courses move
By his supreme command.
He spake the word,
And all their frame
From nothing came,
To praise the Lord.

4 He mov'd their mighty wheels
In unknown ages past,
And each his word fulfils
While time and nature last.
In diff'rent ways
His works proclaim
His wondrous name,
And speak his praise.

PAUSE.

et all the earth-born race,
And monſters of the deep,
'he fiſh that cleave the ſeas,
Or in their boſom ſleep,
From ſea and ſhore
Their tribute pay,
And ſtill diſplay
Their Maker's pow'r.

e vapours, hail, and ſnow,
Praiſe ye th' almighty Lord;
nd ſtormy winds that blow
To execute his word.
When lightings ſhine,
Or thunders roar,
Let earth adore
His hand divine.

e mountains near the the ſkies,
With lofty cedars there,
nd trees of humbler ſize,
That fruit in plenty bear;
Beaſts, wild and tame,
Birds, flies, and worms,
In various forms,
Exalt his name.

e kings, and judges, fear
The Lord, the ſov'reign King;
nd while you rule us here,
His heav'nly honours ſing;
Nor let the dream
Of pow'r and ſtate
Make you forget
His pow'r ſupreme.

irgins, and youths, engage
To ſound his praiſe divine,
'hile infancy and age
Their feeble voices join.

Wide as he reigns
His name be ſung
By ev'ry tongue
In endleſs ſtrains.

10 Let all the nations fear,
The God that rules above;
He brings his people near,
And makes them taſte his love;
While earth and ſky
Attempt his praiſe,
His ſaints ſhall raiſe
His honours high.

PSALM CXLVIII. Paraphraſed. Long Met.

Univerſal praiſe to God.

1 LOUD hallelujahs to the Lord,
From diſtant worlds where creatures dwe
Let heav'n begin the ſolemn word,
And ſound it dreadful down to hell.

Note, *This pſalm may be ſung to the tune of 1 old 112th or 127th ſpalm, if theſe two lines be ada to every ſtanza*, viz.

" Each of his works his name diſplays,
" But they can ne'er complete the praiſe."

Otherwiſe it muſt be ſung to the uſual tunes of t

Long Metre.

2 The Lord! how abſolute he reigns!
Let ev'ry angel bend the knee:
Sing of his love in heav'nly ſtrains,
And ſpeak how fierce his terrors be.

3 High on a throne his glories dwell,
An awful throne of ſhining bliſs:
Fly though the world, O ſun, and tell
How dark thy beams, compar'd to his.

4 Awake, ye tempeſts, and his fame
In ſounds of dreadful praiſe declare;

Let the ſweet whiſper of his name
Fill ev'ry gentler breeze of air.

Let clouds, and winds, and waves agree
To join their praiſe with blazing fire;
Let the firm earth, and rolling ſea,
In this eternal ſong conſpire.

Ye flow'ry plains, proclaim his ſkill;
Ye vallies, ſink before his eye;
And let his praiſe from ev'ry hill
Riſe, tuneful, to the neighb'ring ſky.

Ye ſtubborn oaks, and ſtately pines,
Bend your high branches, and adore:
Praiſe him, ye beaſts, in diff'rent ſtrains;
The lamb muſt bleat, the lion roar.

Ye birds, his praiſe muſt be your theme,
Who form'd to ſong your tuneful voice;
While the dumb fiſh, that cut the ſtream,
In his protecting care rejoice.

Mortals, can you refrain your tongue,
When nature all around you ſings?
O! for a ſhout from old and young,
From humble ſwains, and lofty kings.

Wide as his vaſt dominion lies,
Make the Creator's name be known;
Loud as his thunder ſhout his praiſe,
And ſound it lofty as his throne.

JEHOVAH! 'tis a glorious word!
O may it dwell on ev'ry tongue!
But ſaints who beſt have known the Lord,
Are bound to raiſe the nobleſt ſong.

Speak of the wonders of that love
Which Gabriel plays on ev'ry chord;
From all below and all above,
Sing hallelujahs to the Lord.

PSALM CXLVIII. Short Metre.

Univerſal praiſe.

1 LET ev'ry creature join
To praiſe th' eternal God;
Ye heav'nly hoſts, the ſong begin,
And ſound his name abroad.

2 Thou ſun with golden beams,
And moon with paler rays,
Ye ſtarry lights, ye twinkling flames,
Shine to your Maker's praiſe.

3 He built thoſe worlds above,
And fix'd their wond'rous frame;
By his command they ſtand or move,
And ever ſpeak his name.

4 Ye vapours when ye riſe,
Or fall in ſhow'rs or ſnow;
Ye thunders, murm'ring round the ſkies,
His pow'r and glory ſhow.

5 Wind, hail, and flaming fire,
Agree to praiſe the Lord,
When ye in dreadful ſtorms conſpire
To execute his word.

6 By all his works above
His honours be expreſs'd,
But ſaints, that taſte his ſaving love,
Should ſing his praiſes beſt.

PAUSE the firſt.

7 Let earth and ocean know
They owe their Maker praiſe;
Praiſe him, ye wat'ry worlds below,
And monſters of the ſeas.

8 From mountains near the ſky
Let his high praiſe reſound—
From humble ſhrubs, and cedars high,
And vales and fields around.

Ye lions of the wood,
And tamer beaſts that graze,
Ye live upon his daily food,
And he expects your praiſe.

Ye birds of lofty wing,
On high his praiſes bear;
Or ſit on flowery boughs, and ſing
Your Maker's glory there.

Ye reptile myriads, join
T' exalt his glorious name;
And flies, in beauteous forms that ſhine,
His wondrous ſkill proclaim.

By all the earth-born race,
His honours be expreſs'd;
But ſaints, that know his heav'nly grace,
Should learn to praiſe him beſt.

PAUSE the ſecond.

Monarchs of wide command,
Praiſe ye th' eternal King—
Judges, adore that ſov'reign hand,
Whence all honours ſpring.

Let vigorous youth engage
To ſound his praiſes high;
While growing babes and withering age
Their feeble voices try.

United zeal be ſhown
His wondrous fame to raiſe;
God is the Lord; his name alone
Deſerves our endleſs praiſe.

Let nature join with art,
And all pronounce him bleſt,
But ſaints, that dwell ſo near his heart,
Should ſing his praiſes beſt.

PSALM CXLIX. Common Metre.

Praise God, all his saints; or, The saints judging the world.

1 ALL ye that love the Lord, rejoice,
And let your songs be new;
Amidst the church with cheerful voice
His later wonders shew.

2 The Jews, the people of his grace,
Shall their Redeemer sing;
And Gentile nations join the praise,
While Zion owns her King.

3 The Lord takes pleasure in the just,
Whom sinners treat with scorn:
The meek, that lie despis'd in dust,
Salvation shall adorn.

4 Saints should be joyful in their King,
E'en on a dying bed:
And like the souls in glory sing,
For God shall raise the dead.

5 Then his high praise shall fill their tongues,
Their hand shall wield the sword:
And vengeance shall attend their songs,
The vengeance of the Lord.

6 When Christ his judgment-seat ascends,
And bids the world appear,
Thrones are prepar'd for all his friends,
Who humbly lov'd him here.

7 Then shall they rule with iron rod,
Nations that dar'd rebel:
And join the sentence of their God,
On tyrants doom'd to hell.

8 The royal sinners, bound in chains,
New triumph shall afford;
Such honour for the saints remains;
Praise ye, and love the Lord.

PSALM CL. ver. 1, 2, 6. Common Metre.

A song of praise.

1 IN God's own house pronounce his praise,
His grace he there reveals;
To heav'n your joy and wonder raise,
For there his glory dwells.

2 Let all your sacred passions move,
While you rehearse his deeds;
But the great work of saving love
Your highest praise exceeds.

3 All that have motion, life, and breath,
Proclaim your Maker bless'd;
Yet when my voice expires in death,
My soul shall praise him best.

The CHRISTIAN DOXOLOGY.

Long Metre.

TO God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, three in one,
Be honour, praise and glory giv'n.
By all on earth, and all in heav'n

Common Metre.

LET God the Father, and the Son,
And Spirit, be ador'd,
Where there are works to make him known,
Or saints to serve the Lord.

Common Metre. *Where the tune includes two stanzas.*

I.

THE God of mercy be ador'd
Who calls our souls from death,
Who saves by his redeeming word,
And new creating breath.

II.

To praise the Father, and the Son,
And Spirit, all divine,

The One in three, and Three in one,
Let ſaints and angels join.

Short Metre.

YE angels, round the throne,
And ſaints that dwell below,
Worſhip the Father, praiſe the Son,
And bleſs the Spirit too.

As the 113th *Pſalm.*

NOW to the great and ſacred Three,
The Father, Son, and Spirit, be
Eternal praiſe and glory giv'n,
Thro' all the worlds where God is known,
By all the angels near his throne,
And all the ſaints in earth and heav'n.

As the 148*th Pſalm.*

TO God the Father's throne
Perpetual honours raiſe;
Glory to God the Son,
To God the Spirit praiſe:
With all our powers,
Eternal King,
Thy name to ſing,
While faith adores.

FINIS.

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Sally Wright Born December 7th

Present by her Grandmother

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